

Dream Journal.

December 10th, 2013.

1. I'm painting a poster board replica of a building. It's composed mainly of browns and steel grays. With some light blue, white, and green accents. The buildings measure approximately 2 feet tall, and I'm covering a section of the building, what appears to be a section of windows with one smooth stroke. I switch to a polyurethane finish for the rest of what's the left section of the building. It comes out dark brown in color, but ends up with a glossy coated finish.

The scene shifts. And I find myself looking at assorted pieces of thin wood, or a cardboard display with dots or pins stuck in them, in different arrangements. At first I thought it was a "Paint by Numbers" kit.

Dream fragments:

- Interview child?
- Cierra in the role of a Dominant.
- I also note the following:
"Grouper and squid".
"Nice gentleman".
"Talk to Mom at some point".

December 11th, 2013.

Dream fragments:

1. I'm questioned by my Monitors about "three different views".
2. Helped my Mom move.
3. I'm "driving on the run, and stop to get gas. Look for where to pay at the pump. But end up going inside to pay. I need to pee, and proceed to go into the bathroom where I see the wall "open up" into a toilet.
The woman tending the register appears to be a "reverend".

December 12th, 2013.

1. Horrible dream in which I've gone to jail. Upon release, when I get back home, my Mom's gone. And my "niece" has moved ,into my room. Desk drawers have been gone through, as if the place has been searched. There's an odd, very "high tech looking record player" or perhaps, some kind of "disc writer" on top of one of the dressers. I asked my brother, Jeff, about what happened to Mom, and go so far as to suggest that he just wanted her "out of the way". We begin to fight. My business partner BillHuffman, appears out of nowhere, and attacks me with an angle grinder. He has me by the neck and i'm on the defensive. Fearlessly, I push my neck into the path of the spinning, angle grinder's disc. He's mad. But I end up getting the best of him, pushing him back. Then, a neighbor shows up. He proceeds to fall backwards, and is somehow electrocuted. I see bright flashes as he gets shocked. I quickly move and go turn off the box.

2. I'm at Wesley United Methodist church. Throwing away some construction debris. What looks like pieces of a platform or a soffit. It has some cable or angle irons attached to it. Anyways, someone's about to question me, when, Olympia (an old friend from Dallas, Texas), and two other women show up. They're all dressed up and wearing makeup.

Suddenly, the scene shifts to one where it looks like we're in Paris. Where I'm parked across some street next to a wall. She (Olympia) , doesn't seem to have any interest in me.

We're celebrating "Les Miserables", as I play it on the radio. There's a parade going on, as well. I see a "militant themed group" turning in front of me. Then, the music grows louder as the dream comes to it's conclusion.

December 12th notes continued.

These are mostly fragments from a long, afternoon nap I took.
I did dream, but there just wasn't much content.

In the longest of these dreams, I'm going to court. Afterwards, I'm reassured, when I get a hold of my Dad's Mom, "Gran". They finally "know about my situation", being locked up and everything. There's also a reoccurring theme, that I'm, somehow, in touch with my "mom."

In my notes, I also have written the following:

"Grenade in ass"

"Simpsons"

Last night's notations, included:

"Credit card"

"Watch TV"

And today: "Voice of God for Flanders"

and...

"Money can't buy it. Sex can't buy it. Drugs can't buy it."

December 13th, 2013.

1. First dream starts out with me fishing. It seems to be set in Laos or Vietnam, but it could be some country in Central America. I've wandered up a hill, back to a camp, where there's a small building made of wood that has a thatched roof. A friend asks me to watch a basket of goods. They appear to be handcrafted items, made out of wood or carved from gourds. They're items that he intends to export. Meanwhile, down by the river, it becomes apparent that some government officials are looking for these exact kinds of things. They're questioning villagers about their whereabouts. It's reminiscent of Cambodia. A blue item catches my eye.

There's a suggestion that trafficking is going. But it's later scoffed at. Near the end, a small group of revengeful villagers end up coming to a different

camp, located in the United States. But are "shot down". I have noted in parentheses: "Amnesty international".

2. I'm at a Starbucks/bar having coffee and a beer. There's a suggestion that I've won something. But the giant check is ripped into pieces. They gather the pieces up one by one, referring to a PDA for verification. I think I woke up, before they get the check all assembled.

3. I'm at a Food 4 Less, and I'm getting a bag of Garden of Eatin's "Red Hot Blues" corn chips. The bags seem to weigh different amounts varying between 16 oz, 16.9 oz, and 20 oz. There's also the sesame variety. Some of them in large flour sacks that must weigh 20 lb or so.

December 14th.

1.

Beautiful girl dream. (It's out of sequence). I'm on some land up in the hills. Sort of like a commune. It's very "touchy feely". There's a variety of small groups ... eclectic people. At some point, we play "Follow the leader", for no purpose, whatsoever. It's a calming environment. One girl I end up identifying with, well, she feels my pain. And we spend some time together. There's gentle touching, and I think we fall asleep together. I want to bring "mom" there, Margaret Hudson might already be there. They have respect for the elderly and dying. It's a beautiful place. At one point, she references "The Tooth fairy". At the end, I'm back in a small town, 20 or 30 miles away. I see a map that indicates roughly where it is located. There's yellow dots on it, suggesting sites on it to develop.

Then, I'm sitting on the porch of a house. Another house, down the street, is spewing smoke from its chimney. And across the street, is a house from yet another dream. One where I live in the basement. The house that has smoke coming out of the chimney, is commented upon. Neighbors say: "Call 911". Although it's clear, everyone knows it's a chimney fire. I pull out a phone

that I picked up, accidentally, from the property. I film a video. I think, to myself... "I'll have to take the phone back".

2. West and Herndon. A Lexus is in the dream.

3. Someone is interrogating me... going through paperwork as he investigates suspected elder abuse. Which I, vehemently, deny. Dude keeps smoking and I admonish him to stop. Halfway through, I realize it's all "Bullshit", just my monitors talking... I call them on it.

4. In a nice house. Olympia is there with some other women. We might communicate, but not directly. Going through a reader. I'm a bit forlorned, hoping there's more to it.

December 15th.

1. Interesting exercise in a semi-waking state. Various dreams. In one, I see "footprints" being "laid out". I think they represent changes or alterations, in how many times I view or experience something. Different layouts of the experiences.

I'm conscious, but not dreaming.

2. "F-Class", all the way.

I'm at a beautiful "Federal training facility". It's interior features construction, consisting of lodge pole pines. And I note that there are "very nice, cushy beds". I'm being given a tour, and there's a conference room in which, I believe, we are supposed to be attending a lecture. But we have opted to skip it. I see a map. It's a brochure of the different "F-Class" facilities. I'm looking at the ones located in Northern California. In the main hall, there's an entrance to an auditorium. I believe it's called something like "Wilhelm B. Meager". Later, in the beginning of the next dream... it's purported to actually be IBM.

3. "Street Fair".

I think I'm "tossing softballs at milk cans" or one of those shoot the star games. There's also a park with slides, water slides, and playground equipment. At one point, I give directions. I'm enlisted to go get a prepaid phone card at a store around the corner. It involves moving the car. My mom is involved. I stopped for strawberry shortcake. I plan on double parking to return with phone cards. It's late in the day.

4.

In a nice home. Brenda Joseph is there. So is an artist. Reminds me of a coffee/bar storefront. Olympia is there with someone. I'm leaving to go check on my mom. My car is towed. A picture I have is broken. I return it for use in getting tips. Missed the bus. Depressed. Return to field with bike lock key separately.

5.

Then there's a dream out of sequence. About a Guatemalan bag that is used as a mop bucket. Then eventually after so many uses, bag turns into a mop head.

6.

Walmart dream. I'm paying for items and have put in all of my small bills ones fives tens change etc. I go to put \$100 bill in and realize it is clearly fake. Machine itself check out is full. Attendant comes to empty it mid transaction. Line has formed impatiently behind me. I'm given a voucher for \$48.62 or \$48.72 or \$47.92 something like that.

7.

Dream fragment I talked to Klinger from mash.

8.

Dream in a house with Mom of students. There's no coffee. Quite possibly sound bleeding in from pod.

December 16th, 2014.

1.

Bad dream. "Mom" is possibly being euthanized. I see her nurses giving her some medications. I'm driving her old Honda Accord, but it's suggested that "the wires have been crossed, the battery is low, or the alternator has a problem". The car feels tingly. I call my monitors on it and say: "Bullshit".

2.

I have a discussion with my dad.

3.

I'm in an airport mall? Looking at shirts for Madeline and Elizabeth. At first, it's just T-shirts, but then also look at sweatshirts. They can be personalized, but I decide I want them "as is". I'm still not sure about the sale, but the seller already has them wrapped up. Nicely, I might add. The prices range from \$8.99 to \$16.99. I want the hoodies, but don't like the colors, and

think the gift would flop. I find out that she's "covering" for the actual owner of the store. I leave.

4.

"Tweaker Garage". I talk to a "new connect". I try to get out of there, but bike is all messed up. At the end of the scene, I explain all about "remote neural monitoring" to residents.

Dream fragment:

"Beautiful girl woke up with a chill."

She's a dancer, perhaps, maybe ballet or jazz?

December 17th, 2014.

1.

Blue cheese? Parmesan?

This is titled:

"Best Fucking Dream Cheese Ever!"

My "brother or father" has contracted a restaurant online. The accommodations are not matching up to what was advertised on their website. The French menu didn't have a chef, or even a real outline to it. The first attempt to cater this event fails. With the owner of the restaurant seen scrambling to pull it off, yet failing to do so. Second attempt has me alongside a prep area with a butcher block, that separates the kitchen and dining area. The chef has revealed some rolls of cheese that are red white and blue, and have a thick casing around them. He says: "You've been a good boy, and slices me off a sliver of the best Asiago cheese that I've ever had in a dream. Or real life, for that matter.

2.

I'm touring an empty house that I'm considering moving into. One feature is a bathroom that is handicapped accessible, with a walk-in shower. A guy is about to serve food.

3.

I'm at the top of the trail to Deep Creek Hot Springs in San Bernardino County. In the dream, it's been developed, however. Now, there's a golf course situated right at the top of the trailhead. It appears to run alongside the trail, down towards the springs, for at least a couple of miles. We're considering "soaking", making the hike the 4 and a half miles, but decide against it. We end up going in the other direction. At this point, the view

goes "aerial", and we have second thoughts, as we see some others in the group going down to the creek in a jeep. Dust flying. It looks fun.

December 18th, 2014.

1.

I see the hatch of a crashed plane or perhaps a submarine on dry land, maybe in a jungle like the TV show, "Lost". There's a bunch of what look like garbanzo beans (Look like dried "chickpeas", scattered on top of the large "valve-operated" wheel structure.

2.

In this dream, I think I'm in Cayucos. I'm ordering food from a "rectangular shaped menu consisting of nine boxes. It's painted on a wall of the restaurant, and looks like it's been there for quite some time. It's all lettered using Greek or Armenian characters, maybe Hawaiian. The menu is printed in yellow and red, and the lettering looks all faded. I'm ordering food for "mom". I know which box is her order, distinguishing it, as it has a Diet Pepsi in it.

3.

This might be part of another dream. The one featuring "mom's new house", on December 17th. There's two hair stylists, one of whom is showing me a really hot curling iron. She says: It gets to between 4,200 and 5,000 degrees . It's kept in some sort of a jar, and I have noted that it's colored "orange and mauve". There's another one that's green. I never get a chance to play with either of them.

4.

I get into a car. It's a white sedan, that appears to be an undercover vehicle. One that's "government issued". I'm with "Mark O'Meara". A big guy, who looks like Stone Cold Steve Austin. The dream segues into a waking moment, with someone in the pod saying: "Go ask Mark". Seconds later, when I get back to dreaming, I find myself out on Fowler Avenue in Clovis, California. The road turns muddy, and then proceeds to go into a tunnel. I switch directions, and go into a "mud filled tunnel". This one is located by Fresno's airport, and features escalators. On one of which, I pass large bottles of duty-free booze: Tequila, whiskey, and rum. I then see a way out, and it appears to be sunny outside. Although, earlier, it was all dark.

December 19th, 2014.

1.

I have no idea what this day's notes say, exactly. But I think I'm in what's a "GI setting".

2.

The notes for the 19th, say I have my "painting compressor out". I'm given a number to call "C010176" and informed that it's "local".

Fragments:

"Sub notes", that look familiar to me...

"A house, where Lisa Folcarelli walks by.

"Images disappearing and then reappearing".

3.

In a gymnasium, or conference room, that's full of "Targeted Individuals". We're sitting in small groups of threes and fours, sitting on the floor. I try telepathy with some of the girls. At one point, I try and pull out an ear plug I have in, only to find another directly behind it. "Or is it?", I ask myself, jokingly. I then kid around with some guys offering: "Yeah, if the government just started handing out \$100,000 checks..." I'm toy ing with the following idea: That, targeted individuals might be either, "the luckiest people in the world", able to win game shows, lotteries, etc... Or, perhaps, "the unluckiest".

December 20th, 2014.

1.

I'm in a seaside neighborhood, reminiscent of Morro Bay, CA. I later get this feeling, or idea, that it's one of my "dreamscapes". A setting, that I find myself in, when I dream. It's comprised of a group of houses that are located at the southern end of a town, situated on the Pacific Ocean. There's hardly any traffic. In fact, aside from some highway down by the ocean, (albeit, still on the bluffs above the beach) I see only a few bike paths. I recall riding on one of them, in a previous dream that I had a year or so ago. Anyways, there's some kind of alarm going off in the neighborhood. I think

it's for a fire. And it seems to reference something that I said to my monitors in reality. A discussion where I admonished them about the surveillance they're doing, and how they are trying to manipulate my dreams. They did it by attempting to tie in a specific memory, an incident where a girl caught on fire, wused to live in Chico At a house I used to rent, on the corner of 5th and Cherry.. So, I'm talking with a woman, as we stroll through the neighborhood. I have vivid images of this small, coastal community. I can also smell the scent of the eucalyptus trees present, as well, and the scent of the ocean in the air. She asks if I know of any seafood dishes to cook. And at this point, I clearly see (or have just recently seen "flash by", that old, yellow 5th and Cherry house I lused to live in)

Ok, here's where it gets interesting.

Upon hearing the word "seafood", a nearby fisherman, who is a spitting image of Steve Irwin, (but with an American accent) begins an extensive narrative about the decline of fish and shrimp populations in the area. This all takes place, as the long net trawler he's on, docks at an inlet nearby. He continues his speech, effortlessly, as the viewpoint of the video changes. This is accomplished by switching cameras. From the one currently being used, (which has a long zoom lens) to a portable camera that attaches onto his head. He positions the camera on his face, and then suddenly, zip lines from boat to shore. All the while, never missing a beat in his oration about the fish. As I wake up, making notes, I comment on how, "Even now, he could still be talking".

2.

I'm trying to see my "mom" at the hospital. I have noted that she's in Room 920, at Fresno Community Medical Center. However, the elevator isn't working properly. At this point, it becomes evident to me, that my monitors, those harassing me and working to manipulate the dreams I have, are actually trying to sabotage my efforts to see my mom in this dream. Doing so, by waking me up with the query: "Do you know how much the two houses are worth together as a monopoly? A dated reference, that has repeated several times throughout the 17th or so months that my family has been terrorized. At this point, I'll note that I get upset, and refuse to acknowledge those commenting and continuing their harassment while I'm in that semi-conscious state while dreaming. I didn't remember two or three dreams that I had that morning, on purpose. An action that, essentially, was my only recourse in response to it all. I recall just being bewildered at "how low" these people have sunk once again. Purposefully trying to keep me

from seeing my mom... even in my dreams. This, considering that the last time I saw her was in a hospital bed. One I feel they are, in part, responsible for putting her in.

Of note: It's 4 days before Christmas Eve and I remain in jail. It's like I've been systematically (and unjustly I might add) prevented from caring for my mom, and my 100 year old "Gran", as well. "Despicable", is too kind of a description for these folk. Whoever they are, may God have mercy on their souls.

December 24th. Merry Christmas Eve.

Yeah, right. So, things haven't gotten any better. I went to court today, and laid out some info for my public defender. Meanwhile, I've maintained the firm resolve with my tormentors that I adopted 4 days ago, after the Monopoly wise crack. I, continually, steer the conversation back to the facts. That they are (in the process) of murdering my mom, abusing my grandmother, and that the only way they have to change that status quo, is for them to get me out of jail. The computer programs, or monitors, whatever the fuck they are, continue to distance themselves from that reality. They joke, making fun of everything that I'm going through. But then don't help me at all. Insisting, they can't get me out of jail. Even though I'm damn sure, that they can. I am resuming the dream journal, however. But will note that my recollections are not very well detailed. Here's what I have for the past two or three days.

Not necessarily in order:

1.

I dwell on about my mom dying. I'm shopping for dance shoes and select a shiny, sequined, gold pair over the normal "black flats variety", like I had as a kid. The pair has the laces "running around the heel". Maybe a little "robin's egg or sky blue" trim.

2.

Someone is coming to visit or tend to "mom" in her hospital room. It gives me a break to go out and smoke a cigarette.

3.

Something about a "duck on a boat"? The resulting visual is of a rubber boot.

4.

A dream featuring pears. Shopping for them. I settle on some good looking ones of the D'Anjou variety. Think about the asian variety, the round ones that come in the foam netting.

5.

I'm at a vending machine, and I have my eye on an ice cream sandwich. Despite getting the sandwich, I've got my arm reached up into the receiving area of the machine, and am trying to get items that are "hung up", to fall down into the tray. I, somehow, end up underneath the vending machine, peering into the bottom of it. I see a couple of \$1 dollar bills that are missing a corner where it's been torn off. I look further, to the left, and see some money stashed in, what can best be described as, one of those plastic folders that are found in a car's "glove box". To hold the manuals, registration, and insurance information, etc....

6.

"Bicycle Rail Lock".

I've locked my bike up outside of a cafe that I've seen in another dream. A galvanized pipe runs along the front of the cafe's windows and landscape strip, serving as a railing to which one can lock their bike. I've gone and secured my bike to both the rail, and the trellis of a small climbing plant. A couple of guys try to hacksaw through the pipe, and it amuses me, because it's not even the section of pipe that my bike is locked to. They're struggling, and I can see that their set up is "all wrong". For starters, the hacksaw blade has the wrong tension. Then they proceed to place a section of the railing up on a workbench of sorts, try using a metal cutting blade fitted onto a circular saw. But it's clear, that the blade is already way too small. Entertained, I decide to call them on it, and give them some shit. I inquire: "Do you even know what you're doing?" and then ask: "What the fuck?" There may be some additional casual conversation. But on second thought, I think that was it. Except for someone asking me "about taking a polygraph."

7.

I go into space! I'm in an H.O.V. Now, I can't quite recall what the "H" stands for, but I believe the "OV" is for "orbiting vehicle". It's kind of like a small "tram", like the kind at an amusement park. It's the size of a large phone booth, and is but one of a few others, nearing a space station. I'm given some last minute information, a warning of sorts. It's imparted as a means to prepare myself for the smell that I'm to encounter upon docking the ship. They're warning me that it's to be pretty bad. They clarify even further, saying: "No, I mean really bad. It might make you sick. Like, "throw

up" sick. I proceed to dock, and upon "decompression" (or whatever that balancing of air is in space), I smell what they're talking about. And it's not that bad. I later comment (in real life) that it's about as bad as "E-Pod", noting "Ha, ha, ha". I'm with somebody, but can't quite say who, other than that it's a woman. And I get the feeling that there is an international crew on board. I think there's a ping pong table.

8.

Something about a "slap fight with a girl".

9.

This might, actually, be part of #8. I'm in a theater or restaurant, inside either a ballroom or the lobby area. There's several "uniform style" jackets, like the kind worn by bell hops. The jackets are there for the choosing. For us to wear. There's something about "briefcases with markers". I also have noted the following fragments:

"Pine or oak"

Or maybe it's "Pink oar"?

"MD"?

" OD", maybe as in an old friend from Delaware, Charlie "OD" Ohlone?

"Mystery."

"Rue de Lac"

"Rolling papers"

Then, there's a reminisce about my first job, when I was 15-16 years old and worked at La Rocca's Italian Restaurant in Fresno, CA.

10.

Two great dreams.

"Homer Simpson pratfall."

In this dream, Homer Simpson makes an appearance. He's with a woman, at least that's what I recall, and visually it's presented as a cartoon. It features them climbing a ladder, that leads up and over an ivy covered fence, that eventually lands them in a vacant lot on the other side. The scene is replayed several times and is quite comical. This scene seems to be caught in a loop. "Escheresque", the way Homer climbs the ladder, falls to the other side, goes "Dope", over and over again. Now his counterpart does it only once, I think. She goes up and over, and exits without any problems. Upon her escape , she exclaims: "You got to talk black, to get out".

Later, I make an association, identifying them as some old friends from 313 Bainbridge in Philadelphia, PA: "Mark and Chrissy". I have fond memories of the couple, their "Bonemobile" (A late 70's Olds 454 or some stylin' car like

that, and the infamous parking spot they used. See, there was this sign that said: "Do Not Park Here". Now, I don't know if they put it up, or what, but nobody would risk parking there, leaving them an open spot, in an otherwise crowded, urban area. L

11.

"Dreamfield of Corn?"

The setting is in some huge field of corn, or some other kind of grain crop, that is tall and waving with the breeze. It looks dry, like it's late in the summer, perhaps. Golden ears that are more like pussy willows , or giant sunflower. stalks. They undulate, sway in the wind, a gentle breeze rippling what is a corn silk colored sea, glimmering in the sunlight. I picture it as a bluff overlooking the Pacific Ocean on a warm afternoon. It's beautiful. As the sea separates, I can hear music. The Boys playing hidden in the distance. The music gets louder as I wade through the field, and upon reaching the other side, where it dips into a riparian gully (like it's a seasonal creek that leads to ocean; and eroded into a small valley) I go under and down through into the hidden concert. They're playing "Promised Land", and I'm next to the soundboard and some lighting platforms, what we used to call "The Jerry Zone". It's dark underneath the sea looking field I've just crossed. Lighting, music, stage in view, etc. To my left, I enter a backstage area as they go into "Roses". (At first, I thought it was Row Jimmy).

Then, someone comments about some glass beads, perhaps chillums, saying: "These are some odd chunks", or something to that effect. I guess that it could have been a chillum. Or maybe it was a dread bead, joint holder, or something that looks like that.. I get the sense they've been blown nearby. I see an old friend with a small bong that looks interesting. It runs at a severe horizontal angle, and looks like it gives quite a hit. He smiles after a toke. We acknowledge each other, exchange a few words, and that's it. I can't remember his name or where I know him from.

December 25th, 2014. Merry Christmas.

Good night (and day) of dreams. I'll start with the night of December 24th.

1.

The first is a waking dream, that occurred right before I fell asleep. A Hispanic guard, with white uniform gloves is seen reaching under my bed.

He's either retrieving (or maybe placing), a small set of luggage keys from where they've been stashed. He does this repetitively. Ends up leaving them under the middle bunk.

2.

In a two-story house. A group of us have retreated upstairs, because people are coming and we're cornered. There's two attic accesses we can use. And we're trying to decide which one to use. I've ripped the skin of my knuckle and hear someone say: "We're vegetarian".

The following took place after midnight, Christmas day.

3.

There's people coming and going from a mountain retreat. I recognize one of the women, who doesn't acknowledge me at first. Authorities are pressuring her to kill her horse and move to Redding. We've both been through a lot emotionally. In an effort to relieve some tension, the woman suggests: "Let's have sex". I responded with something like: "It's been so long, will you show me how?" I think for a moment about how nice it would be to have a sexual partner to practice with.

We're at a nice, multi-story lodge, and there's a hot tub below on a lower deck. We are sharing the home with two gay guys. The house and its residents are being gang stalked. The next scene is a montage complete with cheesy 80s music. We battle the neighbors, enlisting the help of our connections with California Department of Fire. (At least that's who I took them to be) It's, essentially, a friendly battle, was seemingly complicit scenarios being waged with those were engaged with. We fire a small missile that's supposed to explode a smoke signal. The parachute doesn't open, however, and it falls back down to the ground with a "thud". Even that's accepted in what's an amusing fashion.

Next, there's helicopters buzzing our compound. I say "our", because I think I'm moving in there. To be continued?

4.

This really isn't a dream. I talk about Gran dying, and fish for reactions from those who've been putting these memories (and/or images) into my head.

5.

I find "home". This might be a continuation of dream #3.

I'm at a house that I've dreamt about before. It's situated up off a property I saw in a dream that I had last time in jail.. That would be sometime between October, 2012 and April 2013. The one where I attended a music festival up north. It's a big family celebration. People are dressed up in costumes... red and white outfits. I think of a stereotype I've seen in a movie that featured Canadian" candy stripers". Even some of the "glub glub outfits". There's also a "Santa Claus brigade". People are mingling inside and out. There's huge expanses of lawns that border a lake. I start taking tons of pictures using a new iPhone app that converts .mov to .jpg. Did this knowing "mom" would really have gotten a kick out of it, (really get a kick?) and enjoy the pic. But my battery is dying. I proceed to focus, pick the quality to be used... I manage to get a nice shot of another duck landing on a lake at sunset.

6.

I'm with several inmates working at a large food warehouse like Costco? We're being supervised by some kind of federal agency. There's this information we have that "the food is bad". A guy with a camera is surveilling some of us, and I call him on it. He takes off. There have been escape attempts, and we're being guarded. I try and "take off", hide behind some tables (or under them?), behind racks of food, boxes etc.. At first, there's a curtain that I hide behind. But I'm soon discovered and they mace me. (It's interesting, though. I don't actually feel the effects of the mace at all).

Regardless, I have noted that "the chase ends" or is it "chase hold". "cheese head", perhaps?

I also have noted, that at the time, I have a tiny splinter in my finger that I'm trying to get out. End up doing so.

I have noted: "Misinformationists" I think I'm referring to what I refer to as "the monitors". These "agents", the one's who don't seem to listen to what they say. They may be, primarily, computer generated. AI stuff. They also, say something that I have written as "areole"? And as for the setting, I may still be at a Costco.

A continuing note on audio during dreams. By this time, after 2 weeks in jail, it had to have been those monitoring me. Using some means to communicate "voice to skull", as they say. Because the chances that it was audio bleed, (or sound drifting in from the pod). is very slim. I had earplugs by this time, and was as "clear of mind" as anyone can be after spending a couple of weeks in jail. Now, it might have been the TV... but not likely.

"Areole" might be spanish, the TV was tuned in to the Spanish language channels that week.

- This one is titled: "Blind driving"
- I'm headed to Stonebridge, the residence I shared with my Mom back in 2012, located in Northwest Fresno. Now this is interesting. At this point in the dream, those controlling the introduction of the memory into my head try to prevent me from reaching Stonebridge. They are sucessful in an attempt to "blind me" in the dream while I'm driving and approaching the intersection of Marks and Herndon. I'm waiting to turn left onto Marks, but suddenly, can't see. I simply can't open my eyes to see anything. I did manage to make it across the street and park, however. I'm pissed, though. Consider that "playing dirty". Ironic, in the sense that I'm never playing a game.

Then I see a number of cars parked outside of the development, and it becomes clear they are paving the roads. Which in my mind, at the time, seemed perfect. I develop a plan to exact revenge. Entertain the idea of smashing some of the windows on the nice, newer model cars with rocks. I look down a side stree. And it's odd, because here I have noted, that the street and neighborhood, are actually north of Stonebridge, yet south of Herndon. Kind of like Silver Hill Lane has moved to the other side of the wall that borders the development, along with the pool, it's bath house, the corner loop and road, as well as a couple of other houses.

Anyways, down the street, I head towards what I think is my car parked all askew. I'm still disoriented from being blinded, and come to see that it's not my car, nor a vehicle at all. What takes shape is a denim jacket that's draped over either what is a large sprinkler box or fire hydrant. Like a the kind of cover one sees protecting irrigation valves. I walk back towards the corner at Marks Avenue. And hear a deep voice, that of a black guy emanating from what's a roof eve. Specifically, the gutter and flashing that surrounds a chimney. It's partially hidden behind what I think is one of the redwoods they had for landscaping by the pool & bath house. As I recalled this, I noted that it could be from a street lamp that's kind of hidden there. I might say a few words of conversation in reply. Then I smile, and wake up.

December 26th, 2014.

1. Long conversation about food with guy working at a grocery store that supplies the food for jail. In this scene, it's apparent, that inmates can sell commissary or items from the kitchen to earn what's basically, "credit" for their own snacks and supplies. If they sell a lot of something, they can request items they desire in compensation. In the dream, I wanted soy milk. The guy who explains this all to me, suggests that I sell juice. So we go talk to "the blue suits", the trustees, the guy's handling food and commissary. We check the grape and apple juices and see that they are bad. This is surprising to me at the time, but it's not far fetched at all when you think about it. Spoiled juice being the main ingredient in jailhouse Pruno. I just didn't get the connection at the time.

Then, we go to the warehouse. And the conversation turns to topics that I have noted as "flour" (flowers, perhaps? As in marijuana buds?) And "fresh fruit"? We see a bin of what look like "large cornflakes". It's inferred that these are broken down into smaller sized "flakes". At this point in the dream, there's a discussion about what my ambitions in life were (are?). What my plan had been if events hadn't transpired the way they did. I get the indication that "they've heard it before. The monitors seem bored, and ready to get me out of the dream. There's music. And I hear the name "Gelda".

2.

I'm at a bar drinking. The same place as in other dreams, perhaps? Well, this guy gets "in my space", similar to a dream I had "last year", during my 2012-2013 stay at FCJ. He makes comments about queers. I continue to order a sandwich to go (on good bread), but the guy is really getting in my face. Other people get involved, and I'm not sure if I end up in a fight or not, but the police or a sheriff doers end up coming. In reference from my notes are:

"something about dessert"

or "charged"

I asked: "Can I get it to go?"

3.

Takes place in "Casey's" parking lot? Maybe a part of next dream? Or the previous?

Of note: There's a few references to "K.C." Or "Casey" throughout this journal. At the time, I automatically assumed they were in reference to either a KC I knew (an old friend I used rent with, now deceased) or

perhaps, "Casey's Bar and Grill". A bar I used to hang out at. But at the time of thie recollection, I had been sober some 6 or 7 years and hadn't been there in some time, obviously.

However, now having read the transcript over a couple of times, it's possible (And this may sound a bit crazy) that KC might refer to Casey Affleck. And the "Matt's" I've referred to actually in reference to Matt Damon. And the numerous ""Mom's" are actually memories of Angelina Jolie. The Dad's, maybe Billy Bob Thornton or other father's of Her children.

4. "Campy Rehab". While registering at a hotel lobby, another patient and I start acting like we're the staff. We do a MASH bit, from the movie with Elliott Gould/ Donald Sutherland. But in the process adopt a Perry Mason sounding voice. The joke is funny, and one of us is "cleared" to go up to the "4th floor". I might add, the setting, once again, appears to be the exact same as I had in a dream from a previous time in jail. One that took place in "an office". We imagine the "real counselor" showing up, only to find out that his credentials had already been used.

5. We arrive at an airfield. It's where we are to take off on what's indicated as a "stunt plane" ride. The open seated plane seats a total of 8. 4 in front and 4 directly behind. I'm with a date. Along with another woman who's a bit older. I'm going to end up riding twice. And so is another girl in our party. The first time, I hear all of the communication through the headset I'm wearing. The second time, the communication is to a new passenger. I enjoy the ride.

Back on the ground, we're by a golf course restroom. There's conversation about a woman who got sick up in the plane. One guy goes "Keep playing the game if someone gets sick". Then my monitors go into what I'll describe as a faux serious, or mock commentary.

"The Game takes on many forms. All of Life is The Game... Blah, blah, blah..."

6.

I'm in a convention hall. A familiar setting that I visited, at least a couple of times, during last year's 6 month stint in FCJ. (A dream journal that chronicles the "memory implant/dreams" I received between October 2012 through April 2013). Anyways, I'm sitting at a booth, one might find at a

convention of some sort, and I think that I'm getting ready for a date. Next thing you know, two hot babes come up to me, at approximately the same time. They're a little miffed that both are wearing red outfits. One's in a tight, red, satiny number and looks fantastic. I remember her having great makeup, and plump, juicy red lips. I think she was blonde. The other, is in a sick latex outfit with thumbtacks (or studs?) attached that stick out in some areas. She reminds me of Molly Ringwald, who I happened to have had a teen crush on back in the mid 80s. I immediately sense tension between the two, and quickly ask: "Just for tonight, could both of you ladies accompany me, and maybe act a little pissed off at each other? But we'll still have fun...", to which they smiled and agreed.

7.

I'm at a children's forensic tournament. Perhaps, a spelling bee. The children are busy, all learning code combinations. Each containing 3 letters, and then 4 and 6 number sets. Like one might see in "level 32" computer stuff. I actually noted a couple of examples: " cau1008-520817", "cau1008-520818" etc..

8.

This last dream maybe a continuation of #7. I've gone "home", to spend the night at a ranch. Reminds me of outside Quincy. Or up the road off of I-580 where I'll often stop to pee on trips to the Bay area and back. Anyways, the property is about 40 minutes or so from town. I spend the night, and then return to town the next day. Of note, the folks who let me spend the night, allowed me to let my dog run free throughout the house. I assume it's Buddy, but could have been somebody else's dog?

At this point it seems like I go back into dream #7 again. I've noted that we're "back at the country club", where the high school debates are going on. I hear one team take what sounds like "a non-traditional" topic approach, just like I used to do when competing in "Oregon Style Debate" back in high school, catching the defense off guard. I've run into a female acquaintance, who I've engaged in conversation with. As we're chatting, the next debate is going on with the "Affirmative Team" taking a more direct approach to the resolution. It's something that has to do with tax hikes. And as soon as they announce the platform they have chosen to use, the Defense flies into readiness. Pulling files prepared specifically for the approach just heard. We're reminiscing about debate and forensics, when

my friend spots a famous tennis player. She proceeds to go outside to meet he. I go and wander out to where there's a pool, and see something quite strange. There's a woman sunbathing, and her face is what can only be dst be described as "a square block of wood". I do a "double-take", and suddenly her face appears normal. I'm beginning to leave, getting ready to go back to what I'm considering "my new home", or at least where I'm staying for a day or two. Trouble is, I'm not sure if I can remember exactly how to get back there, having done the drive into town so early in the morning And having arrived for the first time, during the night before when dark. My concern is this: It's out of town, in the country, and might be quite difficult to find. So I plan to consult a map. And wander a few yards from the pool area, to some small "wire" or wrought iron type patio tables. There's one that has a small leash, and some dog poop underneath. I hesitate, but since it's the only open table, I take the chair to the right of where the poop is and sit down. There's a bit of garbage on the table, as well as under it. It's a beautiful sunny day.

9.

This last dream is vivid, yet incomplete. Lacking any real plot or story line. I'm at the top of a mountain. And decide to take the back way down. It's reminiscent of Black Hill in Morro Bay, situated above a golf course. It's also reminiscent of trails I used to hike on "Trinidad Head", the one's that run up and around the backside from wher the big cross is located. As transportation, I'm taking a Kawasaki Mule down a trail at either dusk... or more likely dawn. The road gets a bit foggy. I've worked my way down through some steep curves on these seldom used road [turning once or twice at what I've noted as "the Top"?] Descending through the mist, I come out at a place that I identify with. A stretch of cart path at a country club, I used to work at in Boulder Creek, in the Santa Cruz mountains. It's where a covey of quail used to cross on a regular basis. There's golfers in my way, and I'm trying to figure out how to get around them.

December 27th, 2014.

1.

This is classic... I write "long dream", then I follow up with notes like:
"Fire station"
"Olga"

And "Candy".

But then, I have no idea what that dream was about.

2.

The next dream I recalled much better. I'm at a safe house, getting ready to leave with the "FBI". We go over stuff, and I'm getting directions to somewhere, and I think the people I'm with go to print them out. In the kitchen, there's a pantry full of food. We're getting some grub for the road. I see those Iced Oatmeal Cookies. I'm hoping to get some iced tea. I think Brenda (Who would be most likely described to me by my monitors as "Matt's Mom". My "Mom (or the mom of whoever the hell's memory is being put into my mind while I'm sleeping) is in the back of a station wagon. I asked if she wants to drive, but it's decided she'll just rest for now, maybe we'll switch later.

3.

We're "off racks and out of jail". In Clovis, where there's a parade about to begin. A woman is acting as a parking attendant. She has a badge that says "Security" along with "1985". It's a star-shaped badge. I harass her and say she's weird. Then toss her badge into a field... that I have noted as "off of Shaw Avenue, just down from the Mall. The parade comes along, and has a variety of themed groups marching in numbers of 4 or 5. Some have instruments, noting "Drum and Fife". Others carry guns. There's an odd, eclectic looking mix of trombones, bazookas, and RPGs.

4.

I'm at a WinCo parking lot and someone's leaving in a Jag or Vette with a license plate that says: BLAK DYM. Here, I also have a note that may be part of the next dream... it says: "Drinking Tuaca".

5.

I'm checking into a room for some shows. I immediately begin flirting with the hotel front desk clerk. The room is a steal at \$29.99 a night. She says that I'll be in one of the "Log and Flume" rooms. The motif is "Piney" and "Lodge Like". I'm getting some iced tea from the continental breakfast area. And I'm doing it "the hard way". See, there's ice that's melting in a bowl. I try and strain the ice into a pitcher using my hand, and spill ice everywhere. Water is on the counter. I take a small pitcher that has two tea bags in it, and finally manage to make some iced tea. The girl at the desk is amused. And we continue to flirt. She has a burn on her hand. More a discoloration, like it's from a loss of pigment, or perhaps it's a scar.

6.

I'm at a backyard barbecue/patio party. I yell "big dick niggah at the top of my buddy list". I smoke a joint and talk complicitly with some "agents".

7.

Pretty negative dream that I had for a brief moment after lying down right after dinner. I'm in a high-speed chase, heading down towards Blackstone. I think I'm traveling down Barstow, and a car tries to cut me off, but I manage to avoid it. I turn right on Blackstone... then take another right in behind a gas station... and finally a right that has me barreling through a chain link enclosure where tires are stored. I get out of the car and am tackled almost immediately. I spin as I go down and the back of my head ends up hitting the pavement. I see my brain "splatter", but in reality, it's just a deep hard contusion that ends my life. (I guess I'm not conscious for the rest... because I wake up.)

December 28th.

1.

This can only be described as an epic dream. With at least four parts.

Part one. Hippie House.

It begins with us arriving to a house way out away from the city lights. It's dark. And I get the impression we're out for a night of stargazing. We go inside carrying sleeping bags, backpacks etc. It's a nice ranch style home with plaster walls, there's a few people coming and going, but I get the impression now that we've just missed a party or are waiting for one to start later. We're just hanging out, having conversations that I enjoy. We're waiting to talk to someone from the other room. Her beads are scattered on the bed. Some spill, each time one of gets up or sits down on the mattress. There's woven floor mats and rugs. Reminds me of Denny and Janice's from 23 years ago in Arizona. A couple of notes I remembered upon waking hours later:

I talked to Mercy about my mom's care.

And Phil Lesh is playing a New Year's Eve show. I think this dream is influenced by an article I read in Rolling Stone about Christie McNally and Michael Roach. It has the feel of an interview. He isn't there. After visiting, it seems like it's time to go. I've spilled some silver dollars that Pap gave me and I'm careful to make sure I've picked them all up. There's a rip or hole in

the pocket of my Guatemalan backpack. I cherish these mementos, and don't want to lose or spend them. There's approximately three people there.

Part 2.

At this point, the dream goes back outside to where I'm with Dad Brown, and my dog Buddy. I get the feel of, "Texas," in the landscape. There's an old wood frame house that we're parked outside of. And we're walking out underneath the stars among the cactus and sagebrush. Dad Brown is sharing some wisdom in a Raconteur style. Suddenly a giant ghost horse comes galloping towards us. It's huge. A phantom eerily colored, transparent, psychedelic... the dust from its hooves, the steam from its nostrils billowing into the dark moonless night sky. Buddy chases it. It's run past us but turns around and comes back, perhaps playing with Buddy...A game of "hide and go seek". Our relatives seem unconcerned, like it's no big thing. Jokingly, as they warn: "Better be careful, watch out for him." We go inside.

Part 3.

Inside, we're here to spend the night with a family of an old friend of Dad Brown's. He's very sick, perhaps on his deathbed, a couple of women are caring for him as we come into the living room and get settled. He's given medications that rouse him from his slumber. He's a dwarf or a midget. Dwarf, I think. Seeing Dad Brown, he practically leaps out of bed and climbs all over him. He's so excited to see him. "Tom! You old son of a gun. They wrestle a bit. An odd sight, what, with my grandfather so big and him so small. He wears himself out quickly and is given a sedative injection to put him back to sleep. We're set up for the night. I'm given a crotchet shawl or blanket to cuddle up with Buddy in the living room.

Part 4.

I'm going to a house to retrieve some letters. Evidence of some kind, perhaps. The plan is to sneak, in and out, without being detected. The normal looking house is heavily alarmed with the security sensors. I'm with Kurt, Olga's beau. We punch the codes, scan ID cards, there's three different sensors we have to hit with a laser scanner. We move our way up to the side of the house, where the security control panel is located. We're trying to get around to the back. Just as we access the box, which is underneath the porch of the house, Pete, the Japanese owner of the house comes out with his morning coffee. Kurt and him chat amicably. Never mentioning "the mission". I wake up.

2.

I'm at a hospital. Or an office? Not sure. But there's a room that I've either stayed in, or have visited. I'm trying to cash a check, but have misplaced my wallet. I go up to a window to do that, having just my Social Security card, someone's business card, and I think, my Costco card. I then, wander the hallway, and eventually return to my room where I find my wallet intact. Nothing is missing.

3.

I'm in a courthouse with "dad". A cartoon character is in the middle of "Playing the Game", which I believe references the process one has to go through if busted by authorities for something. My dad is in "the jury". Or him and Great Uncle Jerry are at what I'd call a "final preliminary" or "frame"? The proceedings appear to revolve around some tests that need to be done as a precursor to surgery. Tests and X-rays are being scheduled, and at first, he's in the role of "patient". But then, as "the doctor."

4.

"CAT D.P"?

5.

This dream takes place in a college setting, but ends with a walk through the Sacramento K Street mall. Complete with Disco music in the background.

6.

I'm outside a dance or yoga class. I'm waiting on a friend, needing to inquire about something. I go in and see her seated in a room off to the left. (Noted is that this dream may be set in the same place as in a dream had last time in jail. The one where "eclectic stuff" was being sold. A guy in front of her wants to say something to me, but I ignore him.

December 29th.

Three pretty good dreams captured out of what were several. In no particular order.

1.

This one is titled: "Huge to Do". This dream takes on the feeling of the popular HBO series, "Curb Your Enthusiasm" (which I find hilarious, btw) But in it, I feel like I'm the character, Raymond, from "Everybody Loves Raymond". Anyway, we're feigning being sick, to get out of work. Or we may already have the day off, but still have to return. I'm not fully dressed, and am wearing a robe. There's a project we have to attend to, something having to do with the removal of some glass panels for "safety reasons." They're part of a handrail that runs alongside a walkway, and serve to separate a handicap ramp from some landscaping on the other side. Somebody has decided to use the explosive "C-4". Which is agreed to be "overkill" in this situation. What's also quite interesting, is the job is located at the city offices for the head of the local Fire Department.

I've gone back into the building to pee, having done this once already. I sneak into what is the Fire Chief's private bathroom. It's adjacent to his office, where there a few people are gathered. Perhaps, cleaning up after the explosion. One of them appears to be a maid. I guess I'm bummed about having to come into work, at all, and proceed to take what I've described as a "comical revenge". I do this, by stealing a large, plush bath towel. One that's used by the Fire Chief. It's very big, white in color, with a gold "F" embroidered on it in cursive lettering. I bundle it up under my bathrobe, hiding it in order to escape detection. As I walk down the street, I'm definitely portraying the Larry David character from the comedy, in what's the final scene of an episode. The theme music starts playing, as the camera pans out and then it fades to black..

2.

I'm reserving a room with a debit or credit card. One, that I haven't used in a very long time. The woman at the counter is candid, as to whether it will work or not, commenting on how long it's been since last used. But indicates that they will accept it. Then she comments: "You're good to go", adding how, "she has a sister or friend, who can help with my taxes". I've noted that this may be what I refer to as a "looped tape". An audio selection that repeats itself over and ove again until turned off.

Some additional dream fragments:

1.

"Something violent". It has to do with my monitors/harassers and their repeated attempts to get me "to act aggressively" in my dreams. I wake up and proceed to scold them about it.

2.

I plant a garden. One plant gets too dry and dies. It's a Hydrangea, I believe.

3.

We're playing with lasers in an auditorium, perhaps a gymnasium, somewhere dark. There's one that emits a beam that's roughly, the size of a quarter. It passes through a kid's hand and body. It's red in color. Another produces a blue color, and resembles electricity. It can be "touched", which subsequently breaks it into multiple branches that form a cone shape that's within a "3-D spectrum". The slightest touch sends it splintering. A woman attempts to just barely touch it, hoping it will simply bounce off and re-direct the beam... but that proves impossible. We have fun, however, trying to do so. I think I see smoke, or "vapors" when the red beam passes through the kid's shoulder, but it turns out it's my mind playing tricks on me... at least that's what I think at the time.

December 30th.

1.

I'm with my "mom" and some friends of ours. We're at a restaurant that has a "coffee bar", separate from the main dining area. We're on our way to the Club One Casino in downtown Fresno for some sort of dining event. My mom isn't quite ready, so we're waiting, and considering whether to order coffee or not. I'm beginning to suspect that they're throwing a surprise party for me, getting tickets so I can see The Grateful Dead in concert.

2.

"Johnny Takes Down The Mad Robot Scientist With The Help Of The Feds". Johnny and the Feds are on the same side in this one, okay? I've figured out, that the guy who's fucking with my mom, lives behind us. He's in a house that's over the back fence, across a dirt lot and an adjacent canal. I picture it as the field next to where Paul Everett's RV used to be. I head over to confront the guy, but somehow, I've picked up dog shit with my hand, and I never quite get it cleaned fully off throughout the entire dream. The guy's house is at the top of a steep driveway. Putting him in a "line of sight" to my mother's place. He seems unconcerned about what are, clearly, illegal activities taking place on his property. For instance, there's a truck in his driveway that has several large TVs in the back of it. They're big in size, and look like the old front projection models. They're stacked, precariously on

the bed of the truck. It almost looks like a movie or theatrical set. Now, the assortment of large electronics and appliances was fastened securely together. But it still looked sketchy. What, with it backed up into his driveway on such a steep slant? I mean, it just looked like it could topple over at any moment we go inside. He has a female 'accompaniment'. I call him on his involvement with my mom. He tries to seduce me, sending his female robot to my side to keep me company. I try to make my way outside (opposite the South West deck we entered from) and see that the day is gray and misty. It must be Winter. I brush off the attentions of the robot girl, and subsequently... she collapses. All in a pile. Head, torso, legs, and arms all disjointed. I kind of feel bad but then, when I walk past, I remind myself that she's clearly inanimate. A project of the mad robot scientist. We get back to the garage and see the truck pullout and repark. Looking exactly the same. At this time, I offer: "Picked a fine house for this kind of stuff". A reference to his fencing operation, with it being located in such a public location. Having the ridiculously steep driveway, and leaving his garage garage door open all the time. The truck full of TVs, etc... The conversation continues, and he soon explains that his only weakness is the guy from Venezuela he's "crossed ", and how the guy doesn't know where he lives. I see my chance to gain some leverage over him, and tell him that I know where the guy lives. He seems skeptical. But I try and bluff him, saying, "I can be there in an hour and a half... An hour and 45 minutes with the wet road conditions." He still doesn't buy it, but he seems more worried. I bluff even further..."the last quarter mile might be unpaved... but I'll buy chains just for this trip if I have to...". He's still unconvinced. I say, "Fine. I'm going to go. But then say, "On second thought, you know what? I think I'll just stay here....Because you're busted already."

The Feds arrive soon after. I say something like "We got you mother fuckers!". Do you know what BCI and EBL even mean? He answers sheepishly with , "Yeah, it's a link used in gaming; how I can program my robot. I countered, vehemently... and with pride, I might add: "It's a vast network of information being shared. A collection of resources made up of Human minds" and, "You're Busted Dumbass". The dream ends with me walking up and on to the Southwest Deck with two agents (male). I'm still trying to clean the dog shit off my hand. I joke with him about the robot girl. They reply in a serious overtone about the "condition of my hand", noting it's part robotic, and continue, "We'll have to get you a replacement that's 100% human". Dunh. Dunh. Duhhhhh.

3.

This dream is out of sequence and should be number one. I'm in the infamous jail auditorium, gymnasium setting. There's folded bleachers, lockers, and glass panels. I've met with my public defender or some other legal entity and received some personal items. My bag of curling irons. I responded upon looking through them I'll take that.

I'm in conversation with another inmate and notice some dudes got a few of them out and one plugged in. My car has my back and we almost throw down. The guy will probably get dp'd. I go to stash him, either in a locker or see about getting them put back in my personal property. I worry they might get found during inspection. I also wonder if they are too big for personal during inspection.

The following is either a continuation of the dream, or another one I had right after. I'm playing middle man for \$40 worth of blow. It's packaged in two dimes and a 20. I'm with some other cadets? Taking a day long series of tests that end with an oral presentation. I'm not too worried about the written stuff, because I know I'll Ace the oral. In fact I'm on my second round of tests. I bust into the coat. But it gets mixed when I open the small plastic bundle, with ceiling insulation. Note: my ear plugs look like little balls of coke made from ceiling insulation. I get a little high. Drop some, then end up apparently stashing what's left in a medicine pill container. It looks exactly like popcorn installation clumped with coke. Except the coke is round in a tablet shape that has the consistency of mirapex. I hit it again. But have made my way into what looks like a school library. It's the end of the day and I'm getting ready for the last debate. Some staff are rolling in filing cabinets or bookcases that have magazines on them. They've been outside, free for people to pick up. The periodicals turn out to be comprehensive copies of our nation's declaration of independence, constitution, laws, and history of our nation. Rights, etc.. they're in different formats. Some in espanol, others presented as if aimed at a particularly region or demographic. I'm looking for the cleanest copy. Some are dog-eared, faded. Or pod from people looking at them. There's some beautiful prints of old lithographs eagles holding flags, that kind of thing.

For some reason I note that I desperately want to drink. a dream fragment has me seeing the guy maybe whose pills I have, going to an apartment on the side of the building maybe the restaurant and dream number one. I'm envious. He's going home to drink after work. Relax. Do normal stuff.

December 31st happy birthday me.

1.

This dream is interesting in the sense that I don't think it's me as the subject. It's the second floor of a house and I'm looking for a pair of matching shoes or boots something I did often at home. Someone's bummed and comments he can't go out today. A girl goes out all the time and can't get him to. The rooms a mess, close everywhere. Someone calls out garsky? There's a wood stove, he finds a rain boot two for a pair? With some mold on one. I think he sets one by the stove to dry a bit.

2.

This dream I tagged as a repeat. I think it had Olga in it.

3.

At a lakeside setting. Something's not right Regis and Kathie Lee are going to make it right. Possible New Year's reference from tv?

This dream as well as aspects of dream number four could be taking place on the steps of glassboro state college.

Random note: discography of Nick ferreira.

4. A group of guys CIA agents talk nonchalantly without really saying anything about the program. How you might have to do it once or twice to get it. Relate personal experiences of someone new to it. They're treating me as the novice. I get to sense that it's all a hoax. I see a restaurant off to the right about a hundred yards away that says thompson.

To dream fragments. Something about manila folder tabs small pink or red ones, maybe two or three files. One larger, longer tab. Orange or yellow I think. And Olympia or Olivia or otella telling me she'll be staying through New years or my birthday?

January, 2014.

January 1st 2014 Happy New Year.

1. A comical bit in which I'm seeing a psychiatrist, but soon managed to turn him into the crazy guy. With the help of his female assistant. We have a good joke doing so.

2. This dream has the feel of an American Dad episode. I think it ties into other dreams. Especially dream number four from yesterday. It starts stateside but then goes overseas much like the American Dad episode that night. I'm beginning training with the CIA or continuing it and we've disembarked from a fishing boat into a Mediterranean port or perhaps black or Caspian sea. There's some confusion, and I'm not sure who I'm supposed to go with. There's five or six agents dressed like stan from American dad. They're standing in front of a wooden structure, a retaining wall, or Pier made of several telephone poles placed right next to each other. Or some other dark Woody background. Their attire is incongruent with the voiceover which instructs me to, while overseas in a foreign country, dress like the guy in murder she wrote. Which I take to mean in a stereotypical madras shorts, Hawaiian shirt, out of place socks and shoes, straw hat, complete with zinc oxide, camera perhaps and tourist map.

Then the dream shifts into some sort of medical screening with a fear Factor meets school lunch quality to it. There's several serving platters the kind you see at a deli or luncheon, with a variety of noodles. At least that's what I thought initially. It then becomes apparent that some of the offerings are moving, as in worms of some sort, or slug or bug that one is supposed to eat in order to clean out what's intestines for a gastrointestinal exam.

They're also easily identifiable in the x-rays. The voiceover suggesting try the liver flukes, they really show up nicely.

3. Mark Cuban's pirate ship.

No I can't ascertain that's all that this is about. I don't even really see Mark until the end of the dream. But at some point, I'm up into the rigging of a schooner or some other pirate type ship. We're trimming a sail or something and there's a piece of wood that has rope running through it. The tension of the sail relative to the ropes position. I'm using a steeple Chase's swing to lower myself down to the deck. I land on a shelf or bar full of glasses, some bottles etc.. it's somewhat precarious to stand on and I have to be careful so that plates of glass forming the shelves aren't knocked off from the glasses or books or bookings that support them. In the process of maintaining my balance, a 32 oz quart bottle of coconut pineapple juice nuisance spills onto my crotch. I get down and while going to clean my jeans I tell Mark where

his assistant about the job I was trying to do. Just tell him to get a chair up here.. in 5 minutes I'll have it done.

4.

Familiar dreamscape house under construction. Reminds you of other dreams like top storage areas of theater at Trenton state college. I hear Jeff gobles talking to construction. Guys bullshitting about how certain jobs should be done, how much to charge, materials etc.. I'm going through some personal items in the way and find an old eyeglass case. An antique it says on the inside Roosevelt optical 19 Roosevelt square Roosevelt california. I need to go to the bathroom. I'll go to use a toilet that is topped off from those in the house who are nearby. A fellow inmate peeks in an excuses himself.

5. Odd note: deli antipasto. Then the dream goes Tom and jerry. Three mice or rats fall out of a trouser leg perhaps. I hear it's been 72 hours since I've eaten. I go and protect the smaller, helpless hunted. I kicked the guy's ass. I guess details are hazy.

January 2nd.

1.

Vivid floating dream. I'm clearly up by Mount shasta. At least that's where I place it. It's a high Alpine setting and I recall seeing the eddies up to my direct left west. I would consider lake siskiyou, but black butte, justina, and Shasta are behind me a value or two away. There's a small river that flows down from the Oregon border but this is a major floodplain. A wide expansive river. And it's super quiet. It's as if I-5 is no longer there and it's replaced by a huge expanse of water coming down from Mount Ashland. We're floating on whatever we got. And encounter other floaters on the same western edge of the river. Seemingly flush with wildlife. Seen it, undeveloped. It started out of cabin maybe by Stewart springs? And it takes some time to get to the place where we turn around and head back. My assessment now is that to go further upstream would require going against the current. At this point, one can look down from the water's edge, I see some movement. A deer or small game darts into the underbrush. And then, unmistakably little hulk. A short, younger, dwarf like version of The incredible hulk. On the float back, we inquire with some people picking on the shore if they have an extra flotation device, as the one used by someone

in our party isn't working that well. They have a small kickboard. We declined, figuring the one we're using is just as good of an option. At this point, I'm not sure if I've gone into another dream, or I've just made it back to the cabin where we began. But I go upstairs, but not before seeing a basque cookbook maybe la tienda guild?

2.

I'm working on a job at an apartment complex where several fcj inmates reside. The manager is a woman who seems a bit overworked, stressed. This is a job referred to me by billy. But I'm on it alone. He's working less and less because of his girlfriend, his age etc.. I screw up immediately. We're trying to shut off the gas, I create a major leak from one of the three large meters. I run, trying to scream 911 call the fire department but in somewhat overwhelmed by the gas and have trouble trying to convey my message to the apartments residence. The other inmates as well. I finally reached a manager inform her I f***** up. The next scene has me back at the meters, talking with PG&E. Then kindly showing me my mistake.

3.

Dungeon deluxe. Short scene inside s&m layer. One guy getting his ass beat, while sucking on a shoe. Either the same guy or another one next to him being given a pair of heels to put on. The Dom informing him you're going to see how it feels to wear heels. The place is brightly lit with stations of leather and latex. It's f***** hot!! I'm bummed. I wake up.

4.

I'm in a hotel room with a woman and another couple who have an adjoining suite. It suggests sexual activity, but the dream is short.

5.

I'm setting up for a concert running cables to effects modules. Something about how we need a 23 ft box to run the proper cords, electricity, etc..

January 3rd.

1.

Upon hearing that I wasn't needed for court this morning, I relaxed somewhat and picture myself at a usual dream setting: restaurant, cafe, etc.. it comes in a long voice over. Maybe from the tower in reality. It implies in a playful, dominant, i mischievous tone that I better get ready and that it's my turn.

2.

Classic beachside bar setting for a dream. But the place is also a convenience store of sorts where one can buy cigarettes, soft drinks, lottery tickets. I'm covering for whoever is working at the counter. And I've either purchased or set aside some items for someone. A pack of dejarum clothes, another pack of Marlboros or Newports and a lottery ticket. I go out into the street and walk, meander my way through the crowd. Go to the end of the Street and walk back towards the place. At some point, it becomes morning. My car has been towed. I talked to the parking Guy where a tow truck driver. It's a friendly conversation. I just missed it, the deadline.

3.

I am effectively given a budget to run the game.

January 3rd, Evening.

4.

Dream opens with me looking at an aerial photo of a wooded valley with two visible lakes one reminds me of either Castle crags or heartlake. The lower lake is near a few roads. One marked in ink has silver Hill lane, another Alpine road. Other pictures in the hard bound book about 10 in by 14 inches by one and a half inches thick are tough to make out. Without definition. The book is by or compiled by Bill Waters.

Random dream note: I saw my blog.

January 4th.

Found out mom is back in hospital with pneumonia. Well not directly saying so, my brother was clear in his indication that he didn't think she might make it out. Her quality of life is bad. Fearing what might be a public breakdown in your jail and not wanting to face a million questions, I talked to jail psych services, and we decided that a move to South jail annex where I resided 13 to 14 months ago would be in my best interest. Interestingly enough, I made it into a pod that I had done fairly well in. I haven't talked to Jeff today. We'll see. I guess it's appropriate that with the new environments, I get a new dreamscape. At least, I don't recognize it off

hand. It's a desert setting, San Bernardino perhaps. Barstow, needles it's the backdrop for for a halfway house for dreams two and three.

1.

I'm out in the Hall of South annex jail, and I get to see G3 and g4. I'm looking for jessica. It's a different setup than in reality. With the last cell wrapping around the end of the quarter like a cul-de-sac. In the dream, Jessica is there. In reality I don't believe she is.

2.

I'm outside the satellite jail / perhaps a work camp. My monitors inform me it's supposed to be a sissy camp. At one point I'm laying on a mat in the sagebrush looking at the ranch style dwelling. Two women I take to be in charge smile as they walk by. The the dream continues with me writing in a truck bed on some jail mats or at some point, perhaps on a trailer, as am I level to the ground. We're rolling over at a moderate speed. We get into town that has a store with a guard Tower interior like in Fresno county jail. Where I've come to purchase butterscotch and diet pepsi. We're heading back to the ranch.

3.

I'm outside the ranch house again. And I see two women walking out to a clawfoot tub in the middle of the field where it appears they're going to bathe skinny dip. It's in the middle of a pasture next to a small Grove of trees.

4.

I'm inside the ranch house I think and there's a pregnant woman lying on an examination / massage table that I'm going to have sex with. I'm ready and so is she. I'm being coached as I lift up her legs and try to insert. It's playful and erotic, I can feel the tip of my penis titillating her clit. I'm a little rusty, but we get going before I'm woken up :-)

January 5th

1.

I'm on a rooftop or balcony in a major metropolitan city. I say that, because I'm looking out to what would be the backyard or rear of the building, and only see other, taller buildings. To the right there's a building with balconies, fire escapes, 45 stories taller. It's constructed of what I called old stone. To the left, I hear music coming from the back entrance of a large brick

building. I think it's the boys. Or at least Bob and Phil playing. I hear who I presume to be Bob introduced to musicians whose names escaped me Stiller and Dill perhaps dealing and time perhaps they start to jam and then stop. Someone says something to the effect of it takes that long for us to lose it or figure it out once we lose it. After they've paused for 20 or so seconds adjusting their sound setup, tune etc I get the idea and note that Terry car is involved. Prior to the music, I contemplate purchasing or renting a floor or sections of one of the old warehouse/factory sites, and converting it into a living space. Remember philly?

2.

I'm either driving or hitchhiking to an undisclosed location off of a major highway I'm guessing highway 101 California. We get off and on to a smaller state route I think 148? Then turn again left and then another right so we're headed perpendicular to the main highway. While turning off onto the ancillary roads, I passed some guys. At least one of whom is riding a bike. We meet up with him again and get into a fight. A real brawl at what appears to be an old rundown Cafe. Something like the mammoth orange or that old reef City cafe, or even shalom. Haven't got the upper hand, I get the hell out of there, absconding with the road bike. I should know, that during this dream, I refer to someone being there with we, but don't recall seeing or knowing who that is. I also don't know how I actually traveled to where the fight was. The road bike gets a flat. And a resort to traveling by foot. I'm back to where the road joins up with the highway. I bushwack up to the highway to save time and notice I'm there a prison. I get up to a bluff across into 10:00 of where I was. Is she a giant TV screen, like a ballpark jumbotron with a naked woman on it. I see a house that I've decided to head over to. It's dry grassland. The kind you would find anywhere in California during the summer along 101 or the interstate.

Dream fragment: might be during conversation with those at house or with parties encountered in next train. But I clearly remember referencing kpfa and kfcd in fresno. Explaining how they were pioneers in public radio perhaps the first in the nation and sister stations.

3.

I'm doing some work for some people. Cleaning out items in a shed. Rinsing it out. Some gardening, irrigation? All around a shed there's some outbuildings. I'm quite about whether I've ever stolen from the job. I'm working by the hour and then being honest.

There's a microwave Tower nearby. I hear some secrets are never revealed.

January 6th.

Two great dreams.

1. This dream is centered around fishing. Actually the catches in, and the focus is on cleaning, freezing, packing, and yes preparing some excellent fish. Several fillets are already on ice. They look like albacore larger linkage. The skipper of the boat looks like Charles hilke or my new fellow inmate wayne. I'm working with another guy calling fish by the armload or maybe wheelbarrow. Moving them from boat to dock, boat to boat, or perhaps to a dark side home? We're using their kitchen to do the prep. They have a nice selection of stainless steel pots. Well hauling a bit more than you could carry, the coworker I'm with drops a few fish, which we joke about. I in my notes with don't know exactly what's going on.

2.

The next dream takes place, oddly in what I take to be the area by Fresno State where my car ended up with a flat. And where I was arrested. I'm looking to rent an apartment for a party or event. While walking around checking out the neighborhood, a couple strolls by with a frisbee. I want to go throw it with him. I cut back behind the apartment and go to join them across the street on campus. Approaching the street, however, I'm distracted by a guy in a tree. You know the street minds who stay still and then creep you out when they move? Or Han Solo and Star wars The empire strikes back? It becomes a parent that there's some sort of protest or veterans rally going on. With people gathering for a parade or celebration, perhaps. I never got to play frisbee.

January 7th.

1.

In an odd eclectic house I'm in a cy war or at least an exercise simulating one. There are some melee leading up to the end of the dream, the part I remember. I bust a table, grabbing a leg with a bolt (carriage perhaps?) Sticking out of it. I'm going to swing on my opponent but he has disappeared from the chair he was sitting in. I know that he's enticing me to swing in a small blanket that appears to move a bit. But if I do, it would be

my dog buddy gone for 6 years now in the chair. I think he's already heading for the door. I called the fight. Noting my dog couldn't be there in that chair. Of interest is that the buddy I would have swung on would have been a puppy version of him.

2.

Bizarro dream in which me and a fellow inmate are attempting to siphon cold water out of a line in order to get hot water. I'm not sure why. But he's cold and sucking on a hose. I go and get a blanket form. It becomes apparent that I'm on the Nash Bridges rave boat headquarters set. The point of view pans out and I noticed all the uniform personnel are wearing exaggerated judge dread-style costumes. As the point of view reaches the apex, the guard starts dancing, clearly choreographed. Hypnotic, and aesthetically pleasing to the eye.

3.

In this dream, I turn out to be a bona fide hero. For some unknown reason, we have to move. As a last ditch effort, to save our home, we've resorted to posting pictures of my family, me as a child etc.. in protest to our eviction. It's raining. The way it used to in Chico or the Santa Cruz mountains. We're humbled for that matter. Or just have been. There's rising water, as happens in flash floods. Outside, a neighbor crossing the streams and informed, loses her balance and drops her baby into a roaring turn running through the yard. I promptly jump in and quickly go underwater to save the child.

4.

This next dream has me roofing a house. Unfortunately, I'm a volunteer supervising some kids. Perhaps babysitting. All I know is kids, ladders, and rooftops do not mix. I'm trying to safely set the ladders up. As others are attempting to climb them. Materials are being set Right where I need to work etc.. I can't help but think of the kids on roofs reference, for example Stevenson ranch.

Dream fragments

"In jail"

Calamari

Next

Nero

Remove tattoos

As an American highschool

January 8th.

It's surprising to me that I'm settling down to write about my dreams. That's considering the fact that my dream or at least the one I shared with my mom for the past few years, won't be coming true. I found out from my brother that mom's not going to make it.

1. It's encouraging that I dreamed about her. And we're happy. In a home together. With the parade going by. We're like, look and go up to take pictures. There's funny cars in the parade. The dream had a good feel to it.
2. Long involved story in which unemployed at what appears to be a large spa. A retreat of sorts, that provides facilities for weddings, dinners, etc.. I'm working as a go for handyman of sorts. Throughout the dream, I wander through the complex that has hot tubs, pools, and dining rooms. There's a warehouse, perhaps even a greenhouse considering the fresh flowers I see at one point.

Two jobs I'm found working on: what involves stitching together a plywood roof that sets above a hot tub. The privacy screen is the same shape of the page wire enclosure I made for the peacocks at Santa Cruz biotechnology. I may be installing some small mood lights or wiring some small speakers or electrical over the tub. The second is a mission I'm sent on by the guy I'm working under. He's completing an intricate mosaic, something by another tub in the ground, and have sent me off to look for the appropriate piece match the color, which is difficult being a tan color with some reds and grays in it. During my search, I go into a back warehouse, that reminds me of a barn or greenhouse electric. I look at old plates, cups, broken glass. Things that might match in thickness and color. I also look on some workbench areas reminds me of old laundry for some more matches. I collected one or two. That I think might be suitable, breaking samples or pieces I might grind down to fit to bring back to my supervisor. I passed through a banquet room where I encountered a couple of women who are in charge. They're the owners or managers of the place. In Long a table are several bouquets of flowers laid out with swatches of fabric, and chips of glass or china. Their samples of motifs or arrangements. Or a decision is being made regarding what materials are to be used to redecorate. The dream ends with one of the men suspicious of me. Insinuating I took too much time to find the samples. That they're not going to work. Comments about me working by the hour.

After the dream, I reflect about how I switched from meth to coffee, have a regulated my sleep more.

3.

I'm at a duplex. And the cops are called. Whatever disturbance brought them, leads me to telling him how it is and my arrest seems. This, despite the fact the cop is clearly intoxicated and acting out of emotion. There's talk of getting the next door neighbor's side of the story, but I don't want to bother them at such a late hour. I talk him through it. The guy who wants to arrest me. I use a familiar line from pulp fiction at least I begin to, but wake up before the end I say everything is cool, right. Why don't you finish with fuzzy cool. He doesn't help me. There's mutual understanding between all parties concerned. My moderators and I comment upon the fact that the difference about the condo and the other two duplexes I have had trouble at, and perhaps the reason why the situation turns out to be more amicable in the end, is the fact that in a dream the front doors to the adjoining homes, at least in the sequence, are side by side. Red and blue or perhaps pale green in color.

4.

I'm out taking a drive to get some air. I suspect it's in modern development, can't place where, but have a feeling it's to the south. I know it's good because of the lack of shrubs, trees the streets are wide, sidewalk herbs seems clean. There's a field nearby. Around the corner, the large waterfall peace and talk I see them twice, once on my way out. And then I pair that's nesting up on my return while driving I run into someone who I chat with. Scott is the name that could easily been due to the fact that that happens to be a summation. In the end of the dream, I break down and cry about my mom or maybe one to you. My notes lean towards the ladder. Despite mom's current condition.

January 9th.

1.

Barely a dream cool I'm in an elevator and I'm getting my foot examined. Okay. I understand now this. I've recently been an elevator four times as I went over to main jobs to get my foot looked at. The person examining my foot it's using a stethoscope to listen to my heart rate, the interesting part is that he's doing so at the bottom of my foot. And then under the big toe.

2.

Hi. You are beautiful. I mean that. Don't worry. It's okay. We'll get through together. It's not about forgiveness, it's not about blessings. Just is what it is. And we are. Whether we like it or not. Personally I kind of like it. Then all about the s in gs. All right. Back to the blog post.

3.

I'm in a backyard with a pool. Don't get me wrong, it's still jail. I'm able to walk down two cells to the TG cell the backyard segways into something more resembling like lion or tiger cages. Like at an old city zoo. Their cell is nearly vacant and they're no bedding, just three or four dudes hanging out at a table. They're doing well. There's a large tub in they're cell.

Back by the swimming pool, I'm chatting with a young hispanic and made about Facebook and Mafia wars. We discuss how there's one box he was a mystery. Who is second in line and can't be touched. I suggest that's maybe who I am. In the game. I asked him if he has a cell phone and can contact somebody on the outside in text message. I act out my death. During all of this I get a wonderful sky shot. Seeing a beautiful starry night sky. I tell the inmate to contact his buddy and tell him that I've been in jail but I'm not dead. If you see what that does to the game.

There's a wrought iron gate that opens and closes on a track. But there's a short. Some wires have frayed ends. The gate starts and stops during its operation.

4. Another jail dream.

But it's sort of a field trip too. It begins I think, ffcap or at a setting similar. We leave a row of offices walking across a pedestrian bridge and down a set of stairs. A guard has helped me and another inmate gather some laundry, three baskets. As well as soap etc.. we descend to street level and get on a bus. It almost forget a basket and have to go back. I'm not sure if we ever got on the bus. If we did, we disembarked after only a block or two. I'm on foot now I'm in a parking lot. A companion goes to look for a laundromat around the corner. I see neon signs across the lot that say cleaners and the outline of some coat hangers in rainbow colors. I think it's a laundromat, but it is, in fact, a dry cleaners. It also advertises alterations. Next door is a restaurant and bar. Very friendly folk inside. My friend has made it back. Informed me he struck out as well. We asked a waiter if he knows of a place, hours of operation don't really matter to us. It's about 6:00 p.m. and we're in a major city, or has a Google maps to find one. He says let's ask carlos, he knows the neighborhood better than anyone. Carlos is at the bar, halfway

down on a stool and gladly swivels a quarter turn and gives us directions. There's one around the other corner. You think I'm an exit. Cross the parking lot and are about to cut across the neighboring lot when we see it is fenced in.

We finally get to the laundry, consider fluff and fold option. We are a little concerned about making it to wherever the bus was going. I think a movie or some play.

January 10th.

My mom died today. This morning at about 6:00 a.m. I found out around 10:00 a.m. the correctional officers working our floor pulled me out for an interview. They let me use a phone to talk to my brother, with whom I discussed details of her internment. He was able to get a plot not too far from where Muncie and Dad Brown are buried and pettitiouss I don't know if I will be let out to attend her funeral.

I didn't talk to JPS kind of a requisite visit with them. Considering my lockdown status in one of the psychic cells in jail. I got to tell my story to them. Which helped. But then went back to my cell.

I didn't sleep like I have been doing. I crashed out, tried to dream. But upon rising 4 hours or so later, I have recorded only three dreams. Those after a bad dream this morning I had around 8:00 a.m. note: this dream was used on me again. These three dream scenes were lighthearted, though.

Encouraging considering my mom's passing.

1.

I'm lining a cookie sheet with aluminum foil. It's in preparation for a jailhouse no big pasta dish.

2.

Some of us are golfing. We may avail ourselves of the services offered by a virtual caddy. I'm looking through the avatars. Perhaps representative of the style of approach taken. Music accompanies the various generated hosts.

One is a group of dancing skeletons.

3.

I pull up to a building. In the parking lot is a long older model white Cadillac with a white California license plate that says 4TC.

January 11th.

I slept okay. Still waking up to various distractions. The first series of dreams seemed overtly sadomasochistic. One, the third I think, had overtones of drug use. I admonished my monitors for either their ignorance or cruelty. I mean my mom did pass away some 36 hours ago. An event I can easily attribute to their work on me. I still have difficulty believing that it's a series of monitors. Tuning in for a period of time, only to be replaced by others who didn't know the time of day or score of the game. Highly compartmentalized is one thing. Unintended ignorance is another. I did this several times today. Inform them. I think they know by now. Otherwise gee whiz.

Okay on to the dreams.

1. At first I considered this to be two dreams. But I can't distinguish between them, so I'm making it one. There's a prevailing theme of s&m, corporal punishment. At one point, I'm topping. Or at least being dominant over another man. It's suggested that it's Henry rollins. It's a long dream, I walk into a building that is jail like inside. But not really in the confinement since. Although I'm sure it could be. There's the familiar jail picnic tables about a wall of bars like the one that runs down the middle of our cell I'm instructed to straddle one of the benches adjoining the tables and as an active submission stick my arms through the bars to be handcuffed. My imagination at this point wanders to the idea of being anally raped in the good way. As well as subjected to corporal punishment. At this point that I woke up and scolded those monitoring me. A little too soon I'm handling her death rather welcome. Saving my grief in morning for a silly shortcomings of those monitoring me aren't too difficult to excuse. I decide to record the dreams after all

1. And it blends into 2.

I remember some kind of formal ceremony p scene. My notes suggest an initiation right with she comments: you're one of us now. Which now, feels rather comforting. Dream or no dream.

The rest is random visuals. The guy who I take to be my sub for the night is dressed after being burned and beaten. There's something Brandon, or possibly written, but it looked like Burns on his ass. I'm instructed to take this home. I'm getting home I spank him close to the red marks already on

his body. Efforts done hesitatingly without too much force. I'm in an unfamiliar role.

At one point it reminded me of a church setting. Perhaps, because of the attire worn by two other individuals during the ceremony. Some kind of initiation right.

Dream fragment: random image of heavy mesh fence with spacing perhaps an inch or so apart chain link and style.

3.

I'm sent on a mission of sorts. To secure a rental from some listings I'm to look at, the first is an upstairs apartment. It's vastly different from the newer, modern designed home, I just left. This apartment had totally misleading information. I take the entire rent to be \$850. They want me to pay \$650. But it's clear that there's a few freeloaders there. A puppy and a kitten are peeing. Another cat rooms to house. At first I try and be copacetic, but quickly changed my mind. Oh you have cats? Oh that's not going to work I'm allergic. It is noted that the next door neighbors are running a grow operation as well. I'm not looking forward to going back to the first place. And having to inform them that it is a no-go. People pleaser that I am. That house is nice and clean, designed, like peach walls, and white baseboards. Rounded drywall corners. It's very nice.

Two dream fragments:

A guy I'm hanging out with has a huge massive dreadlocks. I comment, wow you know I've been hanging with you for three or four days now and I never noticed you had dreads. Continuing in my mind with actually I might have said it out loud, or have been considering saying it. I had treads. 23 of them. A little embarrassed by my forwardness. It's a habit I'm continually addressing in reality. I know, however, that I don't have to note that 23 is the number of the lion.

I lunch forward with a karate chop of sorts. I then describe how that last punch twisted my back.

4.

I'm strolling down the main street of an old timey village I go into a portrait studio. There's a painting on an easel that's almost completed. A family of five has sat for it. All that needs to be done is have the faces filled in. I want to get a portrait done of myself. At least a sketch. I get emotional when I realize that I want to get it done for my recently deceased mom.

Random dream fragments:

Good read

Guys

To go dinner

5.

Swimming in a large pool with Scott my fellow inmate. Floating on a raft, rather. I put ear drops in my ears which are mistake for eye drops. We retrieve them. The cat floats near the top. The bottle sinks about a foot down. But then close to the surface where Scott or I grab it. The litter some part ends up still to be missing, but I know they are still usable. Thinking about the bottle of sterile, even after having been underwater.

The pool is large. Perhaps olympic-sized. My monitors lead me to believe that there was a lot more to this dream than I reckon there was. It ended with a good feeling about it. Nice. Considering.

January 12th.

1.

Landscaping in a hospital.

So I'm in a hospital setting, cultivating some of the plants there. I move compost and humus several times. Layering it into the dry hard clay soil there currently in. They desperately need water. So badly, I want to hold off working with the soil until they get some moisture. I know there's Dusty miller, and I think some marigolds, begonias, maybe some cosmos.

dream fragment talk to nurses noted: previously indicating prior to dream number one

2.

In a family home type setting. My dad and Jeff begin to let on to their knowledge about my vetting process for work with the cia. We talk a little. It's more raised eyebrows. My dad joking what did you think? I was really working for FMC at 2,000 market? Jeff doesn't say much at all. We sit down for a holiday dinner. Doing grace, I choose to not hold hands with my family. I'm busy separating grapes from the stem like I used to do at grand's. I look up and see my dad also playing with this grapes.

3.

I've driven Sierra to a nice house on a cul-de-sac where she's beginning a new job or she's worked there for a day or so. It's extremely important for her to be punctual, and work early. So, we go into a posh restaurant to get a bite to eat.

The food is awesome, and while a little pricey, not too exorbitant. I haven't paid by the time she needs to go to work. I go out with her to the street, where she gets a few things out of the back of the vehicle. In the short time I am gone, my plate has been cleared, as the restaurant is closing up. I find a waiter next door, at the lounge, more casual side of the restaurant. Inquire about my food and bill. Assuring him I wasn't about to skip out. He's amenable. And while my entire dinner may not be replaced, the chef/owner comes out and begins to serve a particularly tasty appetizer. Explaining the process as he works. The place is nice. Tablecloths, cloth napkins, nice glassware etc.. there's an older couple at the table next to me eating late I take it to be 8:00 or 9:00.

4.

Dumbass propaganda about meth

A montage of sorts. A t l o faces of meth. The last one resembling the odd fellow tailing me on highway 99 when I took Sierra and Reese up to Stockton to score oxy. He had a mustache and pronounced Adam's apple with an ecv sticker.

5.

At a familiar gas station/restaurant/motel dreamscape. There's a large oak tree by the cafe. There's a school bus, my old lexus, and at least one or two other cars. One with tarps on it. Something about a fridge or Olga? We're pulling our money for gas. They're heading to the next set of shows or home. I'm definitely heading home. I've already gassed up to about 2/3 or 3/4 of a tank. Which is probably enough to get me home I figure. I've held back \$25 and donated the rest of pool together \$114 or maybe \$134 for the bus and other car. I go into paying upon coming out have found a new looking iPhone 4 or 5. I give it to a rainbow looking guy. But if I'm getting back to where everyone is, he realizes he has no intention of finding the rightful owner and let the others, including who lost it, no he's got it. I didn't remove myself from the scene.

I inform my monitors on how, as nice as their efforts were, that a dead tour dream wasn't the most appropriate storyline. They had it all wrong. It's not my tour anymore I explained the difference. Not surprised by their naivete or ignorance. Stereotypes are stereotypes after all. They didn't know any better.

Dream fragments or comments by monitors.

A comment on deadheads?

Something about a supervisor regarding jail?

6.

I'm camped. Like we used to for festivals or shows. It's closing up and there's only a few vehicles left. I get up and run barefoot out and around the field next to us through patches of goat heads, which I stopped to pull out of my feet as I cross back into the lot that I'm in.

7.

Kinky ass scene with me sucking on a red dog. With bubblegum? Or something in my mouth that's also bright red? Always and arousing, erotic desire of mine. Sucking strap-on or dong, dildos, etc..

January 13th.

1.

Tweakerville.

I'm in a strange town or neighborhood. There's tweakers about. It's half exaggerated, like the perception I had of Abe's one day. Someone has ditched to stash to spill down a stretch of parking lot or shoulder of the road with little or no traffic. Kind of reminds me of Golden State boulevard Old highway 99 South of Calwa. A glance to the roadway for a second, and think of Matt hunting crack, continue on my walk. some follow up, they're going to mug me I guess. Although I don't know why, when I swear off against eight of them, we all in the faceoff but the laugh and become friends.

A truck that's loaded all wrong tries to take off spilling its load. I'm amused. It clearly wasn't balanced, tide, and tarp down correctly. The scene is reminiscent of another dream where the ridiculously loaded truck of TVs. This may be an example of alternative interpretations of subconscious plot lines, introduced by the monitors, during my dream state and are of a sexual nature. For example tied down, load, tarps?

There's still an Arab suspicion about my presence. But the plot changes at the end of the dream. I'm looking for addresses to send a package. I'm looking in the back of the car I think. Opening and closing its doors, I'm trying to find both parts to a small box. A top and bottom. I have parts to two different boxes, not sure if the pieces match up right. Someone sent me jet li the one as a gift.

2.

The sliding door of our cell is half open. I'm, like, let me in or let me out.

3.

Sunday social or a carnival in a small town. I'm with a federal agent and a quaint town. Here's a street fair of sorts going on. I wander around an octagonal shaped building. Sort of a covered picnic or wreck area. Of the downtown area. On top of it is a huge sphere, plain gray, without any distinguishing marks, labels, or colors. I make my way to an empty lot where I've returned or dropped off a rental or loaner car. I'm getting my Lexus back and need to exchange the keys I think. I leave the car's keys on the dash. My car is nearby, but the keys are in a lock box that's in the lot next door where many people have gathered for the social. I'm in communication with my escorting agent. Who I seen near the box. I make my way through the crowd before waking up.

4.

I smoke meth or crack with my brother and dad through elaborate hand blown bongs.

5.

A flood (at least I'm assuming it's a flood) has forced us to screen a river for Bud crystals perhaps Keif or resin?

6.

Neighbor disturbance. An a***** neighbor is f***** with us. He wears a mask and yells at us. Then reemerges from his house acting normal. He f**** with my yard, spraying a hose at us. I'm thoroughly unimpressed. While soaked, I'm just disappointed at what a jerk this guy is. I go across the street to talk to another neighbor who works with cdf. He doesn't want to get involved. Before that, I toss a boomerang from inside the house into my front yard. The comment is made, regarding my mom. I wake up, noting she's dead, and I'm in jail.

January 14th.

1.

Wonderful sexual dream in which I'm in a woman's room, there's a sexual setting. Music, lingerie, curling iron, flat iron. I'm bummed when I wake up in jail.

2.

I'm painting a church. I've got most of the walls done, and I'm addressing the ceiling. They're massive, vaulted with a dozen or so fixtures hanging down at the end of steel rods or thick cables. I think I'm trying to rig up

some masking. Suspended tarp above the room. The reason I chose to infer this, is because of what I'm doing. I'm going around to each fixture, and from the floor level, I'm tossing a weighted hook and line up and over the lighting. It makes sense that I was suspended tarp this way. I think rad is supervising. We may have one more helper. The color is an antique white / Swiss coffee/light tan?

3.

Standoff at door. Reminds me of 1277 Van Ness in Fresno California. In a closet? Add for TV show? People are breaking in. The door has a slot in it just like the one we get chow from in jail. At first, it appears that they are poking through the slot with sticks or bamboo. But then they're in the house. They stick they were using, or perhaps splinters from the door broken in, is now several long sharp pieces. I use it to parry and stab with. I injure them.

4.

Longer dream with Buddy and old truck the f-150. I'm at a house to pick up buddy and sam. They're running wild from yard to yard and I'm parked in the middle of the road. Traffic goes by on either side. But he jumps in. He stepped or rolled in s***. Or I have gotten some on my hand somehow. Sam isn't coming with us. I think I went to Joseph giddes. I was at the residence to accuse someone of neglect. I think of the dogs. Or my mom. I jump in the truck, but my transmission is shot. I rolled backwards unable to break it or put it in gear. At a turn, we fly off backwards, descending hundreds of feet. Right before we crash, the truck levitates down. Reminds me of a campground or Beach on lake tahoe.

January 15th.

I'm with Keith at the old spruce house. As my notes go I'm in the process of getting him a sign. Our neighbor Ivan comes over rip. But really, I don't recall it being ivan. The guy needs some party masks made. Keith has started to draw an outline on a piece of mahogany Luan. Which I was in cut out with a jigsaw saber saw. It's a really good sketch of one of those faces for the comedy tragedy. Tragedy completed, comedy half done. In permanent sharpie marker. As we sit down in the kitchen / dining area, and some food is being prepared, I suggest going and buying them. Since multiple masks would be needed. Now I'm thinking perhaps the wood cutout

was a sign or party decoration oscars? I suggest that party City would have them for under \$5 or maybe even the dollar store. Ivan says, we're old and we don't go out. That would involve driving. I tell them how it would be a real kick to have a table set up by the entrance, with the masks and various supplies to decorate them glue glitter etc. I even joke, I'll go get them and pay for them, as opposed to having to make them. The pork is tough and bland. Reminds me of dinner at work Castle in England or was it windsor? I have a vivid image of the cutlets or ribs being unwrapped and being prepped.

2.

I'm with a girl walking up to a newly rented apartment. The right side has a rickety gate with the sign saying under construction, sorry for the inconvenience, please use other side written with marker on poster board. I like the woman. The plan is to get her bike and maybe one for me then go get my bike in which case we'd have to repair a flat. I'm in the hallway, which has been redone with smooth concrete walls with rounded corners. On one of the rounded corners, I visualize two pencil height marks made clearly on the gray rounded corner. I see the materialize, as if made in the future to Mark a child's growth. Odd, though, the top Mark is made first perhaps two children? My new potential Amore is in a room down the hall getting some items for our outing. We then go out to a garden by the rickety gate and fence. She checks privately while I look over some of the remaining root vegetables? From the previous season. A beat, or chard, maybe carrots visual could be from another dream. I'm ready to go, but she asks if we can wait a little longer. I later get the impression she might have had a relationship with him and is being polite, not wanting to hurt his feelings. I wander out of the gate. The sun has been pulled off in his lying in a drainage gutter of sorts.

January 16th.

Dream in which I wake up screaming.

1.

I'm in a jungle alongside a creek. There's a drop in elevation and there's cascading waterfalls that exit the pod. The water goes under a door in the wall, the sleeping areas inside the jungle out. I'm with a group of people, who are just out of you. A mistake them from another group, the enemy?

They're approaching a door above the wall. I see a large cat's tail and I try to warn the group. I try to scream 2 or 3 times finally letting out an arrgggh. Oh. About 15 minutes later, I get into a fight and I'm beating up pretty bad and moved. New pod. I'm playing basketball with somebody. There's two balls: one inflated, the other in need of air. I go to do a layup and miss. Try again and make it. We had a friendly bet. The winner got possession of a small terrier.

January 17th the day of mom's funeral.

With a few exceptions, such as the smoke and take flight, the dreams today were bad. Once I probably rather not have had. I hesitate to remember them, but then, I consider myself a professional. So their inclusion comes second nature.

1.

The smoke

The first one is brief and begins with a musical interlude procol harum's wider shade of pale with its unmistakable organ part. Unmistakable may be a bit strong. I initially thought it was the cures song the one Molly ringwald plays in the stand. Anyways, a joint is produced as well as a lighter. By jason. I hit it, getting a small piece of weed in my mouth. He hits it lightly but it's warned about testing and disposes of it citing his concerns.

2.

The Chase

It's not much of a Chase really. I don't remember the details until I've gotten out of the car and I'm running into an old abandoned factory building. There's a chain link fence in front of it that runs alongside a fairly deep gutter or drainage ditch might be more appropriate. There's tarps hanging down off the fence and what I'm assuming are the eaves of a covered area. That runs for two or three feet from the front face of the factory. It's apparently a homeless camp of sorts. I can see headlights from cars on the road backlighting figures hiding out in the asphalt ditch. The factory is reminiscent of the citadel or a spooky cartoon stereotype. At this point I'm unclear if the dream has ended and the following is part of a new sequence or not.

My monitors try and bribe me to new things is written in my notes. Followed by camping tarp weird pin which looks like a giant lipstick or cream colored

bullet vibrator, perhaps? And then I have written bad stuff do you noting I didn't want to remember the details considering what day it is.

3.

The family picture. I wish I hadn't had this dream. It had me at odds with my brother on the day of my mom's funeral. We're at a nice house, reminiscent of the one overlooking Moro strand or there's a brisky point home. I say that because there's a staircase on the outside that the sins alongside the house. In this case, to the driveway, or road below. I'm about to leave when I see everyone has on what I consider ugly 70 style mustard colored clothing. No there's a lot of mustard in jail. Perhaps audio bleed from the pod? Although for some reason it's classified as Violet in color.

Regardless, the attire is for a family portrait there going to. Before mom's funeral that afternoon. I object, because I'm not being included. I have some leftovers wrapped up, that I need to leave with. I think I drop some of them. I go to descend the staircase and end upset.

4.

Take flight

I'm in an old blue pickup truck. Like an international harvester or stepside Ford or chevy. The dashboard material is either torn or so Sun worn that it's hard vinyl is peeling up around the edges. I take off and almost immediately airborne. I'm heading straight towards an island with a concrete mountain top terrace, but pull up at a steep angle. Twisting, turning, doing barrel rolls, and flips. I take him distant mountains, beautiful vistas. It's what I imagine Japan to be like, noting volcanic geographical features. But it could be any large Bay or sea with mountains and circling an area. I head up to a large dark thunderhead, I think of the electrical energy within it and pass close by it before executing another dizzying set of maneuvers that eventually had me on the edge of what I pick to be the stratosphere. I have a little lightheadedness from the lack of oxygen and begin my descent to earth. I have a few more maneuvers and approach the ground rapidly, but assume I land fine. Jethro told played during the sequence aqualung, and then maybe songs from the wood.

January 18th.

I'm adjusting to my new program. It's super quiet here at night. Conducive to sleep. I'm still feeling out of my new schedule. Like the stillness and silence for reading at night. But I'm drawn to a day program given the excellent Sunshine we get all morning long. I have faith it will develop as I

heal from my injuries, get commissary, feel it out. The dreams were there. Some too long to accurately remember all the plot and details.

Dream fragments: inmate cornbread mistaken identities

1.

I'm getting a tour of a sort of Renaissance faire. I think I'm in the bathroom and I have noted up and down riding. A picture it a sections of writing on a grid. Boxes of text stacked a top one another. The next tent might be where mistress tawny makes an appearance. Although her presence might be more appropriate at the Munch dream I had later. In this tent are a few dominant women. They tell me in no uncertain terms: if you want something you talk to us. Adding, for between \$150 possibly 180? To \$200 you can get a variety of services. Scene with a bullwhip?

Then I enter a gym setting and take my place among others bedding down for the night. It's crowded, and my spot is next to an Asian transgender male to female. Her last name begins with a p. There's talk of how I'm next to her. She tells me how she's always been with the pains or prices and because I came in late, I ended up next to her. It's clear we're going to cuddle. I tell her how I'm so hard as our beds which are a little more than bedrolls and sleeping bags. It's the floor that actually begins to rotate around the gym then I wake up.

2.

Career counseling

I labeled this one OMG. It's just way too long. What I do remember is a gymnasium career counseling day. There's different tables set up. It's crowded, there's also a performance that's going to be staged. It reminds me of glee. The spotlight goes on Andrew wins who is doing a bit like Greece, but him and two others are doing an exaggerated short display of EMTs doing something. I didn't run and take a long knee slide, right out of the room and stop at a woman I initially call Oprah, but it's a smiling olympia.

3.

The munch. Seen with bullwhip?

I'm attending a Munch with mistress tawny and joy. It's more of a private meeting. There's talk of how somebody paid an extra \$2,500 to cover some debt. This actually happened at an AA meeting or some large amount.

There's a guy there who I try to talk to about my experience. As well as attempt to impress upon joy, once again, how I felt that it was a significance

to her because of her and anonymity being compromised. Not by me verbally, but as my monitors scanned my mind.

4.

Female correctional officer doing laundry. Someone smoking a cigarette. I have a loaded bowl of pot. Talk about \$50 eighths.

5.

Adjusting antenna. Find galvanized screen to use and some wire. Worried correctional officers will consider them weapons.

6.

Laying insulation in attic above closet. Foil foam panels and fiberglass.

January 19th.

1.

I didn't sleep in today like I normally do. So dreams were light. Still adjusting to more of a daylight schedule, spending a few hours up each morning to enjoy the sunshine. It seems to be the common schedule. This dream could easily have been a repeat. At least with some elements. Escape from New York set. With a mudslide closing the highway out of town. We referring to me and a female companion, try to negotiate the traffic. But it stops dead and I quickly try to turn around. The opposing lanes are closed: obliterated by mud and/or construction muddied by the rain? I get back the way I was coming from, 100 to 200 yards or so, and call back for my friend. It's dark and difficult to negotiate the train. There's a large yellow truck which I note by yelling meet me by the yellow truck.

2.

A couple of jail dreams. One I note with positive. Reclassified charges against me so I'm not really a bad guy. Another one had something to do with rain, umbrellas maybe? Someone hanging from the ceiling or sky?

3.

I'm at a Costco and I've gone to get soy milk. Two half gallons. There's only vanilla regular left. But as I try to put it in my car, one is grabbed and bagged like if buying electronics at Walmart. The other one is set aside, or taken by another shopper. The coolers empty, save for the cardboard box that the case comes in.

Now the checkout area at the back of this store, kind of resembled one of their taster tables, has become a receptionist desk area. Like at a doctor's

office. I'm chatting with a guy and a girl about the milk being out of stock., There's no more soy milk, could you possibly check to see if there is any in back? Like the light vanilla? The conversation is friendly and I go to make one of my slight references to my brother, but the woman says how I see the resemblance to my brother. The other guys on the phone. While I'm waiting, he refers to taking mushrooms. I reassure him I wouldn't rat him out.

January 20th.

Great night of dreams. Adapting well to new schedule.

1.

This first one had me a little rattled. I felt it was manipulation, or at least suggestion made by my monitors. It involved a coed type of housing. Possibly psych hospital. I'm inside, where there's an argument over bunks. Another female and I go to sleep outside. We walk across a lawn or past your down and elevation some to the very corner where we lay down in the too farthest bunks. A guy tries to make advances on me. Hovering over me so close I can feel his breath. I see a hole in his neck. Like a puncture wound. He tries to kiss me or threatens to kiss me. I have to shake my body to thwart his advances. I awake and admonish my monitors.

2.

I'm living behind who I take to be the americans. In a small apartment, a mother-in-law unit. Maybe even just a shed or small shopper greenhouse. I'm inside the main house hooking up their tv. I have to use an old VHF to UHF box. The kind where you screw in the winegard tape to the top of the box and into the coaxial. I've got to go. They have some reception. I explained to them that they need to adapt, modify, or go dish. We discuss satellite, versus analog, and other dishes. The best options. I show them how they can tweak it. Moving three wires two different positions for receptions. It's a huge place.

As I exit through the family room, a side room / rec room..

Actually, I noticed the door is cut out around where the door knob is. A 7 inch by 7-in square cut in the Luan plywood the door is made of. I think, how odd. And note a doorknob that needs to be installed. This is as I head outdoors to the back.

3.

Quick dream; almost while awake. Something about a travel light. But then it quickly changes to a scene that has a clear visual of an iron workers shop with metal shavings littering the ground. That quickly changes to a woman in an ASL box translating a staged presentation.

4.

Theater workshop.

I'm attending a weekend or maybe a four day, or perhaps week long theater camp. I'm skeptical though. It's a nice facility, but I get the feeling the program isn't very well put together. The rooms we stay in aren't secure either. Some, mine included, are separated from the quarter by only a blanket. It becomes evident on day number two, that someone has stolen nice flat screen TVs that were installed. A little bummed, I go to tour the facilities. Find the bathroom which is really really nice. I go downstairs and look out some back windows where I can see the music hall. It has a few people practicing. I need to practice my monologu. I've already ditched class. I continue to wander around from room to room taking in the scene, there's eclectic drama people artsy types. Those organizing the programmer still working on it. Painting, installing floors. The rooms where people rehearsing gather are coming together nicely. Quite posh, actually. But I'm increasingly cynical. Not sure I'll stay or even give my scene. Others are picking up on the vibe. I'm used, I'm cia, of course I'm sketchy or something to that effect.

Out front, there are Kitty cars parked around a modest circular driveway. The grass is a bit unkempt. I saw all this as I pulled up to the place initially. It's incongruous to the Elegance they're striving for inside. As I left the building, I smelled some stain or varnish that prompted me to pull out my earplugs, one of which was a little bloody.

The scene quickly changes. I'm on a rooftop with a good view of an urban la neighborhood under development. There's old factories, fenced asphalt yards, a theater in view. The top of the building creatures some building accents. Corner pieces, Corinthian style. The service advertising. The yard next door might be where they do the shipping. The building I'm on probably the manufacturing of masonry statuary cornices etc..

There's two kids riding bikes below around what looks like a fountain.

5.

I'm at a beachside Mall. I try on a watch it's not really me. It's got a small face on a big band. My mom would have liked it. My dad is trying on a draping coat. And it's pretty excited about it. Ask how it looks. Wants to see

me try it on. I'm walking around the mall without going outside, not wanting to trigger security or alarms because I'm still wearing the watch. I passed a booth selling turkey legs, maybe, or rotisserie chickens? Someone has a rented frisbee. Seek security guards keep a watchful eye on me. I go back to where I got the watch and take it off. Citing my concerns that I have rehearsed as I walk back over.

6.

I'm at a rocky shore point where I decided to go swimming. Skinny dipping I think. The current is rough. People are talking about a shark they see. A crowd has gathered on a sightseeing platform. Like next to the Golden gate bridge. It's not an ideal area to swim at. It's a tide pool type habitat. And with the tide, it's difficult to submerge. I want to go out to a deeper area. I'm concerned about the reported shark sightings.

January 21st.

1.

I'm at a house that I am considering moving into. Olga is there and a couple of other people. And kc. My monitors suggest that Casey is part of a witness protection program. That Olga and him were busted at Carol's house. I asked olga, did he rat me out? I go to leave, talk to Casey. Wake up and try to monitors for disrespecting the dead.

2.

I'm in chase. It's kind of like a video game, but real life. The setting is underneath the freeway, in some sort of industrial area. I say under a raised roadway because I navigate in and around columns supporting something. Could be light rail like the bart. At first, I use a grenade to dissuade my pursuers from following me. But they are relentless. My monitors switch me to an RPG with an eight grenade clip. I start launching them all over the place. I have control over the explosions. Some blow up. Some are smoke. My monitor says: careful with the mustard gas. In retrospect, this could have been audio bleed from the pod. We fart a lot. One woman goes: Ahh oh s***, when she realizes I launched one landing at her feet. The monitors say something like, watch out for the non-combatants, and I sort of defuse the explosion by nonchalantly saying: c, no problem? I end up at whole foods at a kiosk. I'm waiting for someone or something in a waiting room.

3.

I'm looking at a book that has kinds of cock rings in it. Like a catalog. I can't make out my notes. But I like them. Get turned on. My monitors and I discuss briefly, they say: how they are all about that. That they're called wedding rings. We got a home for you?

4.

I meet a girl. I like her a lot. She has short hair. She's charming and we talk as we walk around the pool. I'm being given a tour of sorts. I end up with a ball gag in my mouth that gets snapped once. I can't get my mind off the woman. Two verbal comments:monitors: parasites and paramecium somewhere between and later.

5.

I was going to rent a room, but laundry interrupted it.

January 22nd.

1.

I'm testing a pool's water for chlorine using one of those little plastic kits with the different shades of yellow. It's odd, though. Because instead of putting drops in the sample, I unscrew a cap of the bottom (this would be similar to the cap of a contact lens case) and remove a small tablet. Reminds me of some orange sunshine, but it's yellow. It crumbles easily into the water. This gives the water its color for comparison. Monitors make crack about sinemet.

2.

I'm heading to Sacramento, and as a scenery becomes familiar, I begin telling of my recent trip.

3.

Waking dream. I'm talking with joy again. I describe the harassment. She confirms it's a mind f***. And she knows who is responsible: nelson? Daniel? Harold? He's into that hardcore. I look at Dead tour dates and I'm bummed, admonishing my monitors for their cruelty. Back to the end of dream number one.

My monitors tried to imply that bobsingarelli was involved with the removal of myself from my mother's care. That the yellow tablets represented sentiment. That they picked up on the phrase to solve in water, check how much sentiment was going out, compared with my mom's prescriptions, and inferred that I was stealing her dopamine for some recreational purpose. I

quickly corrected them. Noting dissolved pills, lost pills, once my mom couldn't swallow her commonplace. That Dr Alvin knew this, as we worked in close concert with each other. Bob did too. In fact, I actually went to Bob and asked about second-hand sentiment exposure as possible reason for some of my inexplicable experiences. Visual and auditory. A defense rejected by The Honorable Don Pinner upon my initial preliminaries back in November of 2012 and December 2012.

January 23rd.

Note: between the newly acquired Java and a trip to the roof at 8:00 a.m., my sleep and therefore dreaming states were upset. It's difficult to get into a nice dream state in this pod, I'm discovering. But I'm sure things will return to normal after a little more time here.

Despite what I just said, I had some pretty good dreams today.

1.

I was up this morning about 1:30 a.m., thinking it was later. Closer to 3:00 a.m. shop. I went back to my bunk after doing some reading, and thought I heard my name called. I fantasized about getting the kosher diet I had requested. As I dozed off, I have the following dream:

A large sack is given to me. Note I absolutely adore when I'm red, and an unexpected voice chimes into comment upon some nasty thought I'm thinking. Even if it's just a fleeting one. Like just now, I thought large sack, and a female monitor went Jesus christ, john. It makes me smile, and think that there still is an s&m element to all of this. Especially given the true thought behind the thought. Wink, wink tweaker girl. Anyways, the plastic bag is filled with an assortment of free food. Whether or not it's kosher, I can only guess. There's packages of tuna, cookies, Ginger snaps, Tupperware with what looks like chopped veggies or fruit, pineapple maybe?

And then an assortment of what appear to be religious items for setting up a small altar for prayer or meditation. A shall a thin Violet material, two small brass plates perhaps saucers? And a few other things I put the shawl over my head and shoulders, feeling a little guilty that I'm not Jewish and have received the items.

suddenly, and Israeli army dude walks into the cell, and introduces himself with the assurance: if you need anything, I'm right down the hall and

beepard. I got your back. He's roughly my age, camouflage fatigues, beard, black beret, and I believe armed. It's reassuring, indeed.

2.

This dream has a religious overtone to it. And immediately upon its completion, I discuss what the intent of it was with a monitor. Two different takes on it: one. That I'm a spiritual leader. To that the world is moving towards one ideology, one political party, one religion, one God state. The dream itself has some comical moments as well you will see. I'm a midst of throng of religious followers. I'm accompanying a woman to check out the spiritual leader of some movement. In the crowd, I turned to my left and see Will Ferrell and hare Krishna attire. His face overly animated about seeing the individual appearing to the Mass symbol. There is a lot of people. With heavy security. In my notes, I have written Krishna - one God thing denoting the moment I was in discussion with my monitor, directly after the dream. I'm privy to an intimate meeting with the leader, and as closest advisors. I see and learn of a planned pilgrimage to a volcano. There's a geological component to it. Finding some sacred stones. I offer it might be better for myself and a team of geologists to go visit the site, instead of a ton of people. This, considering the possibility of volcanic activity.

3.

I'm boarding a bus. I'm struggling with my backpack, and other items. I one hand the change into the fair receptacle. I'm mistakenly put a nickel instead of quarter in I searched my pocket for times, etc.. to make up the difference. Upon doing so, I head to the back of the bus if being crowded and take a seat. Interestingly enough, it's also the front of the bus with another driver facing the rear. There's a black cloth with a small square cut in it. I'll note that our shower curtain was replaced yesterday. It had a small hole torn in it at eye level where one could watch TV while showering.

January 24th.

I have a cold.

1.

I'm hiking through The woods, looking for potential campsites. I'm a ways away from the river, hoping to find something quiet and out of the way. I continue my walk up the river and encounter hundreds of beige tarps, indistinguishable from the mud generated from a recent rain. I think they're

either tents themselves, or extra rain gear for lighter tents underneath. I find the main trail and inquire about randy, crazy Randy. But keep walking past this congregation of campers. It's got a bad feeling to the area. I run into a couple I know. The guy who used to call me ganesha. Steven? Perhaps? He turns to me with his big eyes and says in a serious manner: we're not who you think we are.

2.

I'm tuning up my car. Revving the engine manually, as if I have access to the throttle on the carburetor. There's also AC outlets I'm checking out.

3.

Find money in my wallet an old wallet like 45 bucks

4.

Ride to job fair.

Government jobs. I have my paperwork with me. I've selected: have you ever thought of something.. to give to the guy who is sitting at the check-in table. It's a copy that I had enlarged the text. The cup here must have been low on ink as well it's a bit faded. I handed to the guy who initially gives me a bit of a runaround. He's like, sorry we're not hiring mentally unstable people. When I answer him using the loudspeaker system, he smiles and laughs a bit.

5.

I have written: remodel at betsy's. I've never been to betsy's. I'm trying to address a specific job. But whoever I'm working with needed serious help with the one he's tackling. He's removing doors on cabinets. They're hung all wrong. A window needs to be taken out like at the cabin it needs a 4x6 ledge / sill to support it. It's not the greatest window. There's also tile work.

There's missing ground. Old adhesive that needs to be cleaned off. Marks where they scour the tile, marking it a bit. It's a f***** up job in my estimation. One that will take quite a bit of work.

Afterwards, my monitors and I discuss my abilities. I make a mental remark about how it's ironic that Tom Marcella bought a sawzall for a similar kind of a f***** up job. One that I had declined to try, not being skilled enough, with no insurance, contractor's license etc. That, combined with the whole sawzall went missing, Tom moved in Philip Philip went in the police etc.

January 25th

Apricots and ganja

1. First dream I could really get into since being sick. 36 hours or so. I'm tending a grow inside a home. H says sunny pot x I think this means cross. Oh! I was crossing sunflowers and marijuana producing huge plants. I'm working on them in a bedroom or garage. There's mylar, talk to plants, humidity might be a concern some of the tops look over water to rotten. I'm pruning up the plants with a paring knife. The dream goes into another scene where I'm walking through a living area into the kitchen towards the front of the house. There's a pile of pictures on the floor. One features Brittany and a beautiful white dress. There's old photos of my family. I think of mom.
2. Dream fragment has me baking cookies. Mixing dough etc.
3. The next dream, or sequence of dreams, is a doozy. I say sequence, because I have a spare dream fragment I can't quite place with anything, so I'm including it at the beginning of the much longer, well remembered dream. I've numbered the parts of the dream, something I don't normally do, so I can make better sense out of my notes. I'll note that I was so excited about my recall in this dream, that I started writing notes while still in the dream state. Of course, I flew into a flurry of note-taking upon waking and realizing I hadn't written them in reality.

The title I've given this dream is called apricots and Jerry Dyer. Jerry Dyer was a police chief of Fresno and it's now mayor.

Part 1. I'm hanging out at a farm. A setting I've had before. With a large barn adjacent to a small, rural house. Possibly, the setting of the previous dream where I'm tending the plants. I want to work, feeling lazy. As in a dream I had a year ago while in jail, there's some bedding plants I want to put in yardage whatever that means. In the barn maybe the house. I've seen old international harvester refrigerator, with a big solid metal handle.

Part two. There's not a lot to do around the place. Any projects that need to be addressed are either too big to start, or it's too late in the day. The fruit and vegetable stand is already stocked for the day. The other workers seem lazy. Not me, as I originally thought. The fruit stand has a variety of items including one rutabaga.

Part 3. I also noticed a bunch of apricots that have just been harvested. Boxes of them. I get an idea. Instead of actually clocking in, I'll see if I can trade the work I've done for apricots and perhaps the rutabaga? So I go to talk to the boss, see if I can go home. He's busy talking with someone. In effort to possibly get more work. I casually reveal the fact that I can run a cultivating tractor. Make my barter offer at some point, check out the quality of the apricots. Gathering some for my pay, perhaps.

Part 4. At this point, my monitor clearly chimes in with his effort to move the dream in another direction. I had already noted that the guy I'm working for is weird. But my monitor goes so far as to suggest he's an evil wizard who casts spells. I recognize the voice and in an effort to identify it as my monitor with certainty, I ask around the pot if anyone had said those exact words or had heard them on tv. They hadn't.

Part 5. At this point, the dream shifts into another segment. I'm walking out to the rural road the farmer situated on. I get into a waiting vehicle, where I discover I'm sitting next to Jerry Dyer, the police chief of fresno, california. As our driver takes off down the road, he explains how he's been hiding out. In a house over to the right. One to the left. It's odd, because the car turns around and heads back to a gated property almost directly across from where I just left. Why we didn't walk across the street, I don't know.

Part 6. Jerry is dressed casually. Jeans and a hooded sweatshirt Gray. Maybe a knit hat to keep his head warm. As we walk down a long driveway that wines through a large landscaped yard with acres of lawn, we check casually,

advancing up to a huge colonial style home at a leisurely gait. At one point, I inquire if you knew, or was related to Gary dyer, from sanger. An old acquaintance of mine from church.

Part 7. As the path ventures close to the fence and road, I see some gray, old dog poop on the grass, before the drive bends back towards the center of the front yard on its final approach to the mansion. Curious disappointed. His security system, with its motion sensors and clapper function aren't working. The yard in front of his house are dark. We'd soon discover why. They've been deactivated by a shadowy figure who emerges from the corner of the front porch, who I'm calling mason. Although, upon seeing his face, he's not mason, an old friend from tour. The guy jokes how he lost his sunglasses, either me following him, or vice versa. Whether this is why the lights are off or not, I don't know.

Part 8. The house is practically empty, and I get the impression it's mine for the renting. From first glance, it's four rooms on the first floor the layout is as follows:

Far left bedroom or front room.

Bulk of house is the main living area with a basketball hoop and parquet floor in the living room.

To the right of that there is a staircase ascending a small room as well as the kitchen and large refrigerator.

To the far right is another bedroom.

Of note in the house:

There's a framed album cover or perhaps concert bill for led Zeppelin in the kitchen.

There's a safe in the bedroom.

The fridge door is open, with little in it.

High, vaulted ceilings.

The place looks a little like the White House from the outside. Stone exterior. The front yard terrain could easily be used as a par 3 golf course. At least a few holes.

Their steps leading up to a large front porch.
Kind of reminds me of the Long Island house I visited, The carriage house,
oh so long ago after a Hempstead show.

January 26th. Dream pregnant. Recently, I saw Pap's blue bathrobe in a dream.

1. It's night and I'm in a backyard with my brother, playing with my dog buddy. We're having a lot of fun. And then two crazy ladies try to smother with loose clothes. Disconcerting to say the least.
2. Seems like a long dream. We are partying at a golf course, complete with a fire pit. Lots of booze, although I don't recall drinking. We're woken up the next morning by golfers going to tee off. As I gather my stuff, I uncover a stash of tequila several bottles of cuervo.
3. I'm riding my bike somewhere. Damn, I forgot to figure out exactly where. But I know I'm on herndon? Heading east, and stop at a tire shop. The guy is real cool. Stops what he's doing and helps me. We identify the holes upon inflating it. The hope I had was that it would hold air until I got to the dollar store. I asked him if he's got rubber cement. Somehow, we figure out a fix. But it's ridiculous. Like we've had to line the tire with a balloon, we blow up the balloon, and then deflate it. Stuff it into the bike tire. It works! I think he's going to charge me 15 bucks, maybe 10,

January 27th. Not very good recall. I do remember drinking a mason jar full of iced tea. Peach, I believe. In a park. Or in dark? But it quickly changes to waiting for child in jail. A guy jumps down from his bunk with a jug of

laundry detergent. Whisk. One inmate is rubbing another's back with lotion. To which my female monitor replies: doesn't a man's hands feel good johnny? The guy with the detergent is dabbing a few drops on his fingers and rubbing it under the legs of his boxer shorts. It's a jailhouse cure for ringworm.

2. Yard scene after breaking? Car gone? I have no idea what this dream was about.

3. The golden meat rack. I'm in a familiar Mall setting with a friend. We noticed a guy who has just stolen a gold bracelet or necklace. We follow him and the girl who is his accomplice to a low-key shop off the hallway from the main mall thoroughfare. It's a clean corridor with white walls and a white door with frosted glass, a small sign says we buy Gold hangs by the entrance.

I think the couple have a tough time to negotiating your way into the place. But give us the referral to talk to the broker. They comment, he's tough, but fair. We gain admittance and sit down in a back office where we pull out what we're looking to sell. It's a gold meat rack. I open it to show him, and he pulls out a piece of the gold cheese. I don't recall seeing the meat actually. It's layered between the four pieces of gold bread, and in peace, the hill. He comments on how the cheese alone is worth buying the rack. It's really nice quality. Then offers \$55,000. I had thought it would be more like \$50,000. So agree to the deal. My female companion is astonished, thinking it would be worth more like 30 to 35,000.

January 28th.

"Do not mistake success in the structure to be success on merit."

Quote by male monitor.

1. MASH TENT

This dream came in the hills of some to do in the pod. I'm missing bag lunch, some summits left, others replace them. So at the beginning of the stream, there was a brief scene of some bunk switching, someone moving their stuff. There was also a brief elements of the interior of our 12-man cell, or pod, juxtaposed into the background setting of this dream. Which for all intensive purposes can be described as a first aid army tent. Like on the show MASH. Indeed, it was if I had just walked onto the set of the show. Could be even more specific, an episode that was a flashback or part of a dream sequence. You know, with a light filter on the camera so everything looks a little fuzzy, wider and brighter than normal. There's a few different operating tables set up with two or three surgeons and nurses in green gowns attending them. There's a collection of forceps with wads of cotton clamped, hanging from a wall, as if on display at a hardware store. Suspended from a black wire steel grid that serves in the capacity of a pegboard. I don't want to disrupt the sterile setting. And no one seems concerned about my presence against a wall about 20 ft away, removed from the operating arena. I'm at a wash station of sorts, where there's three buttons. One controls the lighting, one dispersive sanitizer out of a tube that runs down the wall from above, the third what I take to be sterile water from an identical tube, in small amounts so the area remains clean, dry, and well-kept.

2. Leslie C

I'm staying in a house where I've reunited with an old friend, leslie. I'm happy to see her, it's been 17 or 18 years. And three or four since learning she split from paul. In the real world, I have no idea how she's doing or what she's up to. I'm scrambling to find a pen or pencil that works, and a decent piece of paper to write my phone number and info on. I've had this exact dilemma in a dream before. About a year ago while incarcerated. I'm frustrated, I have a lot of emotions swelling up at the time. A long-held crush, my current situation, I think she knows, can sense my pain. I tell her, how fucked it is, as I continue to write down my number and info allegedly without the papers smudging.

3. Dead show.

I'm at what is expected to be a great show. In an intimate small venue, what appears to be a high school or college gymnasium with bleachers that pull out from the wall. At least that's the recollection I'm getting. I say that because there's no railing on the side of the seating.

They play one song, perhaps a sound check, everybody is real low key. As the music starts, I jump up from my seat and head down to the pretty much empty dance floor. The band stops playing and we all wait. I got to spin a little. And talk to some other heads about where we will dance when they play. Where the music sounds the best. There's ample room where to set our stuff. A guy expresses his concern about keeping bags and jackets, etc away from traffic areas. Oddly noting, they step on our stuff, looking for keys, which I take to mean they're looking for car keys so they can go break into our vehicles while we're busy getting down to the music.

Note: the next day, as I'm writing this, it seems quite plausible that this is, once again, an attempt to manipulate my dreams with my monitors talking to me while in dream sleep. What I innocently interpreted as a reference about my sweatshirt, shoes, etc stuff we normally set aside to dance can easily be seen as a much more seriously toned attempt to turn my dream into one involving a drug trafficking culture I know absolutely nothing about. Taking the phrases: people looking for keys as in kilos and, they're stepping on our stuff, along with a couple of other comments in the next part of the dream. In that context it gives Credence to the contention. Or is it just a dream?

I head back up to my seat. It's always difficult maneuvering up bleachers. Stepping over people's legs etc. I'm off balance as a kid goes to descend the seats. He almost falls off the edge, I grab him and sort of swing him down to the floor below. I looked over to a dear old tour friend. I think his name was rick. He makes her remark about how stupid kids are these days. How headstrong. No colon at this point I wake up briefly, perhaps even use the bathroom, before going back into what I take as the same dream.

Dead show, part 2.

I'm visiting with people, waiting for the band to begin it set. We're smoking pot, good bud. The people I'm with comment about my blog. How they've read it. Ethical concerns and neural monitoring. The dream begins to

dissolve into random fragments: I'm going to lollifirst aid. I'm cleaning the cheese and meat wrappers out of my sack lunch. When you go to the bathroom which is occupied by another cellmate. There's the first aid staff. No music yet, but no one is going anywhere, it's real chill. I note again how they've read my blog.

January 29th. Trying to get back on track with my sleep.

1. Dream fragment colon multiple tickets for a show like Hampton 89.
2. Family gathering at Suzanne and Lloyd's. I'm going to go to the store to get stuff. Milk water. There's big jugs of iced tea in the refrigerator.
3. Dream fragment: there's a dog that I'm instructed to follow instruction is by monitors.
4. In the pod, we're taking mock swings with homemade bats. I grab the TV stick and slip on the end of a bat it fits perfect. I'm showing it off and accidentally get hit on the head. The loud pop hurts my head.

January 30th. Customs Canada

1. Do you remember the guy who ate McDonald's for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Then went on to host a short-lived TV show doing similar investigations? Well, he is among four Canadian customs officials who are preventing my party from returning to the United States. He informs of the two, maybe maybe six day delay because of a holiday to our courses of come on, no way. A mark crossman type assistant employers the official to let us return, offering: my dad can send you our CT scans by tomorrow. Which I later take to mean that the reason for detention is due to concern over some sort of chest flu going around.

The whole scene takes on a hostel type feeling to it. Despite our attempts to depart, it's clear we're not going anywhere. It's a nice lodge, though. But upon two, maybe three of the people leaving, with just that one guy Darrell perhaps? The only one remaining. Things get weird. There's some grab ass going on. It gets aggressive. but I'm never quite sure who's in control. In fact, it becomes evident that we are overpowering him. We plan on putting him into a compromising position and then taking photos of it. In effect, framing, him after wrestling him, chasing him around the room. We haven't

pinned down. The end of the dream is a scene of us topping him. Set up to fist him, or violate him anally. His mouth stuffed with material from a jacket, blanket, or pillow. Oddly empowering feeling.

2. Directly after this dream, I have a waking one. Two kids on bikes, speaking with each other, with either a Spanish or native American Indian accent, possibly Southwest approach me in the gym outside our pod. They say: here's those numbers from main jail, tossing the papers which are on two brown welfare sheets in the air at us as they turn their bikes and leave.

3. silly dream in which I repair renovate a favorite sex toy. It takes place in the 99 cent store parking lot. I'm wandering around looking for the parts I need to assemble the ball.

4. I was rolling dice. Craps or 1424, and one.

5. A rattlesnake slithers around my bunk, out of the covers. I grab it and quickly asked for a cup from a fellow inmate. My rationale: milk the snake of its venom so it won't be as dangerous.

6. Something about babies. I want to say that involved some sort of reorderable bib or overalls that one can talk into. Record a message, or serve as a communication device. A real baby monitor.

January 31st. I'm not sure if it's been my ongoing disappointment in the progress of my case it's been two weeks since court, with two weeks to go and I have no inkling what will befall me. Or is it dismay that my monitors won't come forward and fill me in on the facts regarding my ordeal, or perhaps I'm just catching up on my non-dream sleep. But I haven't had those long dreams I'm constantly hoping to capture in memory. I will take this opportunity, to say that the new and improved John look at land show has been swelled! And while it may not be as structured, and therefore linear completing the numerous segments each day in order, which does eat up a lot of time, it's new setting with John's new digs a present from Chief of Police Jerry Dyer and a dream last weekend pulling the ranch and farm, familiar scenescape from numerous dreams over the past year, not to mention the exquisitely designed and landscaped Bliss institute. The bush institute featuring our first monitor to become a regular on the jlfl show Doctor Deanna cross AKA Helen? And the yet to be discovered thumbtack mansion, and surrounding lands that offer a beautiful Vista for me to while away the hours during my numerous stints in my bank when I'm either slept

out or unable to doze off due to the noise, an active mind, we're time constrain such as proximity to Chow Time. It could be argued that this might represent a transition that is taking place, or at least suggest the possibility of one. In which I endeavor to write more from scratch, if you will rather than continue the recording of my nightly dream states. Although I think I would have a hard time not indulging in my nightly and daily exercise. It seems more appropriate to increase the amount of time I put pencil to paper, overall, sacrificing nothing creative in the process. I'm still far from my goal of 1200 words a day. But then again, one must consider the setting and its distractions, limitations. I don't even have a decent dictionary or thesaurus complete with the ongoing harassment by my monitors and a future devoid of certainty with regards to My overall mental, physical, emotional, and spiritual welfare. That said I'm beginning to despise that term by the way I'll quit bitching and whining, and get on with these four short dream fragments:

1. I'm going to Stockton.
2. I bought coffee or lunch for my brother, he's giving me a check for \$500. I'm with the female friend Lisa perhaps? And we're getting ready to watch the super bowl or some other big event from the tailgate of my old Mazda b2000. We're on the side of the road. There's no other traffic, so we have the unique opportunity to secure the perfect spot from which to take in the program from a large screen off to the right of us. we've laid out a blanket directly behind the truck. But decide that moving the truck forward about 15 ft would give us the optimum vantage point. So I pull Maggie forward. And then we drag the blanket up to the tailgate.
3. Just before dusk, storm clouds to the West from behind the I&I ranch house. I'm writing down some notes as my vision is altered to what can best be described as a pixelated screen on a computer that is showing defragmentation. Different boxes, color coded sorting themselves out. That occurs in a split second. Right before I see a beautiful lightning ground strike in the distance as a storm approaches.
4. Odd scene in which a pastor or minister is making an inmate pray or get ready for baptism, by having him kneel in the shower.

February, 2014.

February 1st. My female companion and I are on our way home, driving down the rural Lane that serves as a driveway for small collection of homes and businesses. We passed what looks like a small warehouse. The building is set back on its lot, one enclosed by a chain link fence. One light illuminates a man standing outside the locked office that sits at the front of the building. We figure he's waiting for a ride.

We're only stopping at the house for a few pminutes. To change clothes or grab a few things before going out that evening. As we leave, some 45 minutes or so later, we asked the guy what's up? If he needs any help. A lift or use of our phone. He can't quite hear us from the small porch, and signals for us to pull into the adjacent driveway that runs up close to the building, and directly to the larger shop garage next door to it. You to us as a neighbor, we accept his invitation to go into the shop out of the cold to talk. He seems relieved to have his offer the ride, and now, no longer having to be diligent, waiting outside for his prearranged left home, is amicable, wants to make a call inside the garage and let the other party know he'll be on his way soon.

Inside, he shows us his bike. We begin to joke about accessories. He makes a funny comment about writing shoes. You know what they say, tuck in the shoelaces or hit the pavement. I may have heard it wrong. I tell him how I only ride and my shit kickers. And I have an ashtray on the handlebars, and finish with how I get all of my gear from drunk okiebiker.com. I begin to wake up, pondering the possibility that drunk Okie biker could be code for date of birth. And then I should keep my ears open for some informative numbers. Perhaps to my new identity date of birth or that of my martyrs. I know, i know... A little crazy.

2. I'm visiting with some really cool, nerdy people I later associate them with a Dom I met online and at a Starbucks one night later having a bite at del taco. Fresno woman, I don't quite know why I guess I found her to be a bit nerdy. I don't remember any significant details unfortunately. Just said it seem like we were in a constant state of getting ready to go, but never actually leaving for anywhere. Very handful, though. I chat with my monitors about them in response to their questioning: john, you like nerdy crazy people don't you? And were those kind of people. They quiz me about a pilgrim presents employee who let a bunch of the family spinners in one

particularly tough show at college. We finished the conversation with me offering, reminds me of people folk who work at google, get to ride segways and have DARPA grants.

3. Get another dream focused on getting decent TV reception. Something we work on dozens of times a day in jail. This time, however, I'm working on a setup for my mom. Stopping an old coaxial cable that's about a footlong, so it has a 6-in piece of copper wire exposed. I'm using some wire cutters which are quite sharp and at one point pinch the skin between my thumb and index finger due to the fine precision of their mechanics. At first, I cut through the cable completely. The second try, I get it right, and countering only minor difficulty as I strip away the shading that I'll note is much thicker than modern day cable. It's old too, dusterizes from my work, indicative of how it's dried out desiccated a bit over the years. The desired result looked like it was designed for attaching the to the UHF screw on the back of my mom's TV. The copper serving as the antenna.

4.. there's discussion of wet marinade versus dry Basque versus pappy's. We had a similar discussion in the pod the other night. And today, on the wagon train, there was talk about seasoning the stew meat.

February 2nd. These first two scenes, I felt were more blatant attempts by my monitors to interject a drug theme into my dreamscape. I get that now, reviewing my notes, as well as from what has become regular conversation that we take part in immediately upon me waking. Sometimes not even waiting for that! While not negatively affected by dream manipulation, in fact, quite the contrary, it's some of the only interaction with my monitors I encourage. It's still astounds me that I'm not offered a modicum a respect and can contacted by them directly. I can only hope that day will come soon.

1. Waiting at the bodega.

Disjointed dream about running errands for a woman at a store across the street I've had a dream with a similar plot line, one in which I end up purchasing a lottery ticket at a familiar bar/convenience store. I'm giving specific instructions to get some items, including a couple I'm not to ask questions about. One, it's a small block of what appears to be hash, which I

stashed in my backpack. This item is exempt from the checkout process, which is akin to going through customs. I'm nervous, but working with a team consisting of myself and two others: one man, one female, the latter who's more of a silent coach throughout the process.

So we cross over to the store, which is crowded with people stopping, getting your orders ready. The bodega is sort of a One-Stop shop, bill pay, cash check, send money please. It's unusual in its check out procedure, however. Small items are purchased over the counter, larger ones gathered as one makes their way to a room that is closed each hour, at which time those inside are allowed to finish their transaction and depart with their goods. I've already gotten the stash, not stopping to examine it or even identify what is actually in it. It's rectangular small it's a box that is golden in color and has the consistency of a block of incense. It measures, in my estimation, 3 in by one and a half inches by 5/8 of an inch thick. When I stashed it it wasn't any big deal. I didn't make any attempt to conceal it while putting it in my bag. I just opened a zipper pocket on the pack and nonchalantly dropped it in.

By this time, most of the items for checkout have been acquired. There's only the matter of making a financial transaction, one in which I'm handing over cash to get an ID account, one with my identification and the money posted to it. Like a driver's license with no ATM point of sale ability. The voice of the female partner guides me through the steps of requiring it. Who to hand the money to, who to watch: there's two men working the counter. Each transfer of hand is to be observed carefully. To ensure it's done properly, the end result obtained. There's no real reason to suspect I'm going to be ripped off, but the whole procedure makes me a bit anxious as the clock nears the hour and which time the checkout room closes for another hour. Missing it will be an untimely delay.

The pace quickens a bit. The gentleman behind the counter are hurrying to get as many transactions done before what takes on the feeling of a post time at a racetrack. My order is being processed, and while it happened so fast it's difficult to ascertain whether the steps were done properly. But with one last look at my paperwork and card, the second guy, who's in charge of such matters, declares... okay, you're good. Hands me my stuff and motions for me to take my place in the waiting room. I get through the door, I have to work, actually like in a courtroom, just as my companions and with a few additional items that they quickly hand to me. The guy forgot the loaf of French bread much to our dismay. It's unclear whether he'll wait another

hour for it. Most likely will get it somewhere else, a non-state store. I take my seat. Despite being the last person into the room, have a good number estimate it won't be waiting for more than 15 or 20 minutes.

2. This next dream takes place in the familiar prison camp setting. There's a mess area, under a standard mobile canvas green army tent. A road bars separate the dining hall from a quarter that leads to an intersection, a t, perpendicular to the wall where we keep the car. My bags of coffee however. Metal pins, the round ones: MJB Hills Bros come in. There's some milk crates that double the shells, some have a side removed bottom so that items can be passed or accessed from the adjacent hallway. We're getting ready for an inspection, so we're taking precautions by stashing some contraband weed I believe. The inspection is also some sort of commissary exchange. Empty coffee cans are replaced with full ones. Short consolidating the coffee in order to procure a full can. This works to our advantage. There's just enough to cover our stash. And while the COS might look through an almost full can, they will sell them look twice at one a quarter or third full. The plan is good. But the inspection comes early. I'm caught red-handed, my attempts to distance the can from us, or me from the can fail. I have no choice but to accept that I'm busted. While waiting, the guard says something to the effect of you from the west south side? You must like your meat dark. Then I have noticed something about music, I go on record.

3. This next one is more of a fragment. Featuring a recurring character in my dreams. A man who my monitors and I call crazy randy. he's acting all crazy, with this penis exposed I keep telling him put your dick back in your jumpsuit. He goes to jump on us bouncing around like a character in a video game.

4. Very short dream fragment. I'm following a van, and I'm running my bicycle. I see the plate clearly. It's a government play with a decal denoting the Secretary of defense. It's a dark black van, there's also an Olympic ring decal on the window more of an etching actually. The driver looks at me as I waved him. He's in the 60s balding a bit. Salt and pepper hair the foam mustache. I picture him drinking coffee.

February 3rd.

1. Spinner dream.

2. I'm looking for a spot that concert or horse race, perhaps nascar. Something with a huge infield. There's lots of beautiful women. Some I try and hit up on before their boyfriends or dates come and find them. A&w Root beer. Two coolers, some bottles and cans. Varying degrees of chill. I have a bottle glass bottle with diet Pepsi maybe Pepsi old school style? We also have a nice box of toothpicks. Our seats, blanket spread would be more appropriate, isn't in the best spot. It's near the entrance at like 5:00 to 6:00. But we picked it, because I think the stage is in the center. A person, voice says I later understand that this is my monitors again. You've been hypnotized. I keep hearing in a few times. And then the dream breaks into truly hilarious bit. One of the guys has bought a vacuum cleaner. I see him falling for the pitch. It's ridiculous. But several attachments and what looks like a bag that blows up like a Mr potato head, with the attachment sticking out from various holes. Kind of sounds like bagpipes? It takes on the feel of a ronco commercial.

The guys like, I just had to buy it, the girl with him goes: you've been hypnotized. The vacuum is truly ridiculous.

3. An introduction of a band is going on. The last person is Dave who hauls his computer up onto the stage.

4. I'm in a jail cell. Co it. There's only two other people I can see. Two women. Friends of mine. We're playing an odd game of fetch. I throw my glasses, and one of them brings them back. I do this once. Then I'll fake a throw. One of them lisa? Looks everywhere for it. I've been dismayed when she realized I played such a stupid trick and had merely dropped them near my bunk.

I'm like oh, don't I get something for being so sneaky? You don't want to get under the covers with me. The other woman does Jill, we fuck a few times. Foreplay. Then I stop. Much to my monitors just may. She's titillated by the denial. My monitors suggest that I am a switch after all. That I like the element of control.

February 4th. In the Spirit of past journaling I've done, and taking the advice of my monitors, I'm going to try to expand my writings to include a bit of commentary on how I'm doing. I'll probably skip day-to-day activities in the pod. Unless something significantly relevant, and focus on my general

mood, demeanor, as well as any other mental notes on my general well-being.

It has been suggested by those who have taken such interest in me as to follow the monologue I have inside my head. That's such observation might be a benefit if and when I do start taking any medication. Logical in every respect. Such notation could help me track progress. Made on improving the constitution of my psyche, as well as be a diagnostic tool in case I find myself acting irrational. Or have a change in behavior, mood, or physical state that might indicate any negative reaction to such meds.

Today was off-kilter a bit. The show was 10 due to a lack of sleep. An unusually loud and made a disrupted to sleep we all share during the late evening and early morning hours. It should be noted that despite efforts to adopt some sort of night schedule, I'm fairly on a day program. Although mine tends to include a lot of sleeping. It's 2:00 in the afternoon. I wish I dreamed more. But I have four to write about not bad considering.

1. I'm working on some old windows, the kind with the weights counterbalancing the heavy wooden frames. Oddly enough, I consider this a familiar dreamscape. Although it's not a very well developed dream in fact I don't recall anything dreaming about that before. Needless to say, I'm working with the windows uncounter balanced. To repair or paint. I find a switch however, that starts about vacuum that quickly sucks the window into place so well, it comes off track. There's concern about glass coming out. It also taxes the electricity, give me the lights in the room.

2. Fairly long dream entitled The catch. Which replaced, to an extent, I have memory I have of catching a large rainbow trout as a kid. It's real early in the morning. And we've arrived at a cabin site with a shed, kitchen / prep / mess area, some buildings have lots of cobwebs and contain tackle that's overwinter. Need another guy go down to the Russian Creek where a nice sized hole is eddying in the southern side of a large diving rock. I'm using a rooster tail, and barely get it in the water before hooking a nice size trout. One of two I see in the shallows of where the rock enters the water and the angle. Fish always seem to look smaller in the water, but from the fight I think I have a pretty good size one. I hand off my pole to my friend, and jump into the water grabbing the line. I wrap the line a couple of times around my hand and with a Yank, set the hook.

I get the fish up onto the Rock, and into the control of my fishing buddy. Then clamber up onto the rock myself. He goes to prepare my catch, I head back towards the collection of wooden shacks to repair my line. Apparently

the lure had been lost during the landing of our early morning score. Someone informs me about some people arriving. Who I soon to find out own the area. But I'm currently in a dusty, almost ramshackle shed that is host to a small fly tying bench, the smallest one of the hooks, line, and weights. There's a few weighted lengths of line with single hooks on them. I find a bit of what looks like owl or pheasant perhaps to tie to it. I'm suddenly worried about how the camp looks, with the arrival of people in bending. As I get outside, it's clear I'm way too late to pick up a police site. Kids are everywhere, and a congenial couple and another friend female, have unloaded coolers, camping gear as well as foodstuffs into the kitchen area. There's a pizza half eaten, fish sticks, and other sundry items. Kids running around. My buddy is cooked the rainbow and it looks and tastes I managed to gobble a big chunk delicious. We talk a bit. The dream is with my mom there. It's an uneasy feeling as I realize I'm dreaming, mom having passed away three and a half weeks ago.

I've been going to a long discussion with my monitors about how I remember a similar catch when I was young. How I stubbed if not broke my toe real badly, which put it into my fishing that trip, much to my dismay. As well as exploring a host of other Early childhood camp memories involving my mom and dad. Indian guides. Dinky Creek etc etc

3. I'm at a detention facility of sorts. Maybe a mental hospital. We're not locked in or anything. In fact, is the dream materializes, I'm walking to the women's housing area which is alive with activity. Despite being kind of dark and cavernous inside, sexy, it is well lit on the perimeter. Good luck coming in through paint windows. That show Rose of benches and tables. There's several swimming pools, hot tubs, shower areas. I'm sized up by two dominant females. As I'm passing by entrance pool. I slipped down quickly and take a dip. I'm admonished by someone supervising a few women in the pool. I deflate any tension by acting as if I had done absolutely nothing wrong. Smile, and go on my way. I make my way through a gay area where I'm approached in the dining hall. They make some comment about beans or something. I don't get it I soon exit the facility to the street level. Now reminiscent of an exterior I've had in other dreams. Last year while in jail with cobblestone type streets. Now I'm at an introduction, it says t Street and it's perpendicular to the Bowery. I witness a sort of time lapse video, in which a Subway or other like rail line, and some buses make their way quickly to the intersection. The Bowery itself has a distinctive look to it, with what I assume is a signal or Bell Tower the scaled shingles.

4. Sexual dream in which I'm on a bug, face down, and I've masturbated orgasmed once already. Constructed to use the cum as lubricant, psychically, I don't recall actually being told to do so, or instinctively, perhaps? I've inched up to where the load of come is and rub my dick in it. I guess I can't use my hands because it's awkward inch forward on my belly. The goal is to come at three more distinctive lines drawn on the bed.

I'm inch to the end of the mattress, and suddenly find myself on a bed at a hotel room. Here's the thing, the bed is sticking out onto the second floor walkway outside our room. The maid's coming. Not just that, the bed is inside a car trunk. I closed the trunk from the inside enough to conceal myself as the maid passes by. I wipe up copious amounts of juice from my belly and crotch with the corner of the bedspread. I know to myself how it's an odd call. Should I rinse the bedspread myself? Should I tell the maid? I came twice. The first load and at the last line. Horse race?

February 5th. I slept hard last night. Cumulative effect of catching up after having my program disturbed, and a healthy intake of food from commissary. My monitors were fairly quiet, after their usual football in the late evening. The average at least one slip up a day, usually when they opted to run a program on me, an automated response generation that drives the words, topics, questions it uses from the files that choose to draw from. That last point clarified: I don't believe they necessarily use all my information when running these chatbots or general hosts. It's possible they decide how far to go back, or specifically drawn a certain time. Of course, there are times when I imagine it's full throttle, using everything they know about me. But I would hope the process, which sometimes takes on the feel of some sort of cognitive behavioral therapy, is monitored by people. Especially, considering how truly hurtful some of the statements I hear can be. Given the recent passing of my mom, unlawful incarceration, etc

Irregardless, I didn't dream as much as I would like. Although I'm hoping for a late morning, early afternoon session. A couple of times what might have been longer dreams were disrupted by waking up. Recall ability diminished.

1. Fragment bag of vanilla cookies, initially mistook for a large bag, larger bag of famous Amos. Transitions into me being at some house, a gathering of people outside, a guy goes in to give a speech. Audio from the pod leads through at this point and ruins dream.

2. Keith, messy art, cigarettes. Trying to tell story about party at home, backyard.
3. Waking dream, I see a ghost walking down the hallway, kind of look like Scott 20 years.

February 6th. I'm not in a real good mood. I don't dare don't care to discuss why. Lots of dream fragments. Not a lot of substantial dreams.

1. See a bunch of olive branches bundled together standing up right next to a door. Monitors kind of claimed responsibility for it.
2. Looking out from a downstairs room into a beautiful redwood forest. Walls are like garage doors that are open a few feet.
3. Waiting in line to get car washed. On villa. Have to go around two parked cars. My car is like a bed.
4. I'm with Mom, comforting her. Cleaning drool from her mouth. There's some almond roca on the nightstand. I break down, say something of regret.
5. In a sex shop or some bear. The guy behind the counter is unpacking various items. I know what I want, but the guy in front of me is asking a bunch of questions about a novelty ashtray or something.
6. On a golf course, crowded. Kid hits a great shot.
7. Voice over my dad's voice, or imitation of it I should say, regarding motion sickness in something begins with a b maybe birds, and something to treat it.
8. Blank CD / DVD cases half off. Getting a deal, buying almost all from those behind counter.
9. Staying in the house. I get bummed I have no job, no place to stay.

February 7th. History is best recorded down the road from whence it was created taking advantage of the perspective offered by time I'm going to Grand mood right now. After being blasé blasé yesterday, I'm on top of my game. I slept well, drank well. Got a different bunk yesterday afternoon. Which I love. It has night light even though I haven't had a chance to use it I did a spread for the pod last night. Everyone ate good. Had a quiet night. The sun is shining on the paper upon which I write this. It's pretty good for

being in jail. And my dreams reflect that I feel, even if the subject matter is a bit bizarre and unbidden.

1. I'm at a suburban home. Two story. And I'm taking a walk to the store or smoke or something. Upon my return, I see a suspicious looking guy in camouflage hiding behind a tree spying in the house. I walk right up to him. He exclaims, apparently to two Carpenters working on the second story edition or remodel above the garage: here's our early morning jogger. I respond: I don't sleep much at night, to which she replies: your friends are at Bob's. Bob is evidently someone we met before I left. A couple of notes: it's on the guy was hiding behind the tree, from the workers at the house? If he was trying to hide from me, why would he be on the street side of the tree? I'll admit his camo is good, however the light gray, black matching the winter bark of the large tree maybe it's sycamore? I know it's winter, or at least in a drought sticking tricking area, it's cool and the longest tan hibernating bermuda.

Reaching the second story, I comment on how the works going. It's clear now that it's some sort of remodel. The ceiling of the garage is supporting what will be the floor joist for the new edition. I comment, inquiry: so what did you find squirrel runs, dead possum, bird nests? I'm envious, wishing I could have my bags on working in the morning air, sawdust and it's distinctive pine or fur smell. Drinking coffee and shedding layers as work raises one's body temp ah construction.

2. I got in a fight. Left before guy could regroup.

3. I'm at fashion fair. In the parking lot. I share it eyes me, I drive to the front of the parking lot. He seemingly, head's over towards me. I roll my window down and talk to him, he passes me and gets in line for a drive-thru atm.

4. I clearly hear what's the purpose of feeding the inmates at 3:30 in the morning. I respond gives the night guard something to do noting the day shift gets off at 6:00 p.m. . Without visits, mail, new arrivals, court appearances, which the day crew contents with. Except for meals and a few exits and intakes the night crew doesn't have a lot to do. Inmates are often asleep.

5. Talking about Snowden was someone looking at latex paint peeling on an exterior pedestrian garage door. Clearly hasn't been primed properly

6. Cuz I went back to sleep this morning, I pondered whether I could fix my new bunk so it didn't make a funk sound when I sat on it. There is also a technician in the walls working on something metal yesterday. This could

have led to the nature of this dream being so oriented towards metal. But I have an alternate reason. One sexual in nature perhaps suggested by my monitors.

It starts with me addressing the bunk. I need to use a c-clamp or Jack to bring a gap in the metal together. I go into the living room where I find the tool being heated for too long, the iron is begun to liquify like solder, I try to reshape it reform the bottom part of the visor clamp of Jack so it's usable. So it will grab. The metal is still malleable, I haven't formed into what looks like a little foot with toes facing up. Like a little paw or something. I use water to cool it down steam is off of it. Those into the air. It's heated on an odd little setup. Reminiscent of an old survey stove for camping. But bigger with wind guards about the size of a coffee can and milk bucket, small galvanized bucket. Internet joining room, at a table I found many from ipod. He looks sort of disturbed. I go to Pat him on the back, but he expresses that he doesn't want to be touched. He's not the same Manny I knew. He's got crazy in his eyes. meanwhile, nearby some dude is lifting a shower stall and holding it up against another one like a tea there's talk of welding. Seems ridiculous to me. Back to my ridiculous project. Which doesn't get addressed. Apparently I need to get something from the hardware store. And here's where I become seemingly to me pull a fast one. In essence breaking out of the jail I'm currently incarcerated in. Mind you during much of my dreaming, I'm lucid, almost awake. I know I'm in jail and this tend to have an influence on my dream state. If I wasn't locked up, this dream which has me checking out a county or state vehicle from the motor pool would take on a different meeting, but after having been behind bars for almost 2 months now, it has an underlying feeling, the intent of escape. I'm getting away with it? Out of the interior setting now, I'm at a garage. I asked for a van or truck, I don't have to any ID really. Just something scribble down on a piece of paper. A nominal \$10 for Castle I'm guessing and the more than happy to assist garage manager hand me a set of keys. It's not until I point down do I look down that what I'm wearing, worried it might sabotage my chances. Much do I delight, I'm not in a red jumpsuit. I take the keys, pass some other people walking into the garage. And go looking for my ride. I don't know what the procedure is. Figure I'll just walk around and observe how vehicles are checked out. I get the key is universal, to another lockbox or something or to a pump. And that I can take whatever vehicle suits me.

February 9th. I took a day off yesterday. Saturday the 8th. The reason wasn't simply, I needed a break. In fact with my recent switch to my current bank I'm relishing my dream state, I'm comfortable in my new rack. Has light for reading. And the sun streams through the clear glass brakes that line the top of the quarter adjacent to our cell. The move had me in a good mood. Friday. But then my monitors, those who continue to try and unsettle me, surveil my mind, callously commented while I was reading one of the books that I passed my time with incarcerated with happy mother's day. Unthinkably cruel thing to say I'm still at a loss of words to even begin to ponder what anybody would do such a thing to anyone who had lost their mother a mere four weeks earlier.

So I didn't make a conscious effort to remember my dreams. Or right. Or engage those interrogating and vetting me. For about 24 hours. Difficult, to say the least. I still had my usual compliment of dreams. But your comment upon briefly before continuing on to those I made notes on today. What can I say? Even in the face of such disgustingly inhumane behavior, I'm still endeavoring to do my part, and what I can only hope is some sort of psychological experiment that I'm unwillingly being involved in. Or vetting for national service that requires such in-depth probing of my behavior and psyche.

Dream fragments February 8th.

1. Heavy s&m in which I'm dominated, spanked harshly, while being forced to masturbate I liked it! Hard!
2. Large swimming pool with lots of people in it. Reminiscent of Matt's pool, or one from another dream. Tall photinia hedges in closing it. Jan thomas? There's horseplay underwater. Trying to hold each other under etc it's a great time. Beautiful blue sky, fresh air, sunshine, cool water.
3. I'm in an auditorium, as if to see a basketball game. I'll get him to go to the concession stand to get a drink. I step up the bleachers diagonally, pausing near the top to carefully negotiate around a man with his infant daughter toddler?

February 9th. I'm having some guests over to a house where Grant is. She's not crazy about how many. Outside, various police and fire department personnel are disrupting those coming over. I go outside and act if there's absolutely nothing wrong with those coming over so late. I get the impression they're trying to be intimidating with their presence. I joke with the side of the house needs painting, this in response to seeing a ladder. They're amused and not amused at the same time. I can almost hear them say or perhaps I hear my monitors say get a load of the balls on this guy.

2. At a cafe, waiting for bagel and soup to arrive. Hoping bag was hot, fresh. Guy is pretentious noting all the bells and whistles signaling my food being done.

3. Driving fragment. At Sunnyside or some other Drive-In. But the screen is digital. Not projection. I can see it being on just not with anything but black background on it.

After the first dream. My monitors tried to imply that the dream was representative of there being a vast network of social sciences behind the harassment of me and my family. I calmly note how ridiculous this is. Asking: what's up with the standard care that resulted in my mom's death? I ignore their remarks and contentions and go back to sleep.

February 10th. Almost too much streaming? They seem to layer on top of each other. My notes were Hasty as usual, making them difficult to read, transcribe. I really need to spend more time on them. Especially the first dreams of the night.

1. At house: take me to cuba, I asked about whether or not I'll be allowed to do service. I think about rumors article, underlying intent of dream. It's about getting me out of the country. Dream transitions into a kitchen being redone. Getting estimates for it. This is right out of a year in province the book. As in a prior dream, the actual work to be done is ridiculous. There are drawers that are accessible from either side...

(At this point I go bless you too to the monitors after hearing bless you from them)

Of a wall that separates a kitchen / dining nook from a small sitting area. Maybe the sitting area is the dining room? I'm going to have to reframe the entire wall to do it right. Might as well do the work myself, I look forward to it, even when bitching about it.

2. Dream noting it's showtime. Take shower with crazy girl in bed?

Notes are as follows:

See she's

Rack of dishes

Green ambrosia

Monday dreamer, your back dreamer?

3. Building with hidden unused snack bar. The area is tiered like a coliseum.

Perhaps, I'm security? I'm walking along the concrete hallway that circles around. It goes at a slant, between levels, like Oakland coliseum. It's perhaps outdoors. I step into a closed off area. A sports bar that's not open yet. I'm moving to get another patio area. Here's the thing called as I entered one of these areas, I use one of the doors to prop another adjoining door open. Out on a terrace, I can hear other people talking from a patio this one level up and about 150 ft away. Probably bleed through audio from the pot. whole scene takes on the feeling as if I'm opening up a restaurant. One that has a quick grill, or sandwiches burgers and lunch there can you grilled up for those walking by. A more formal sit down and dine area that opens up for dinner, along with the late night lounge with music and limited menu.

The grill is just firing up. With different pig pork entrees for \$3.95: like a chili cheese dog. Bleed through audio or did I hear genius idea for a restaurant? I immediately, without reason of course, identified pork products as police.

4. Got seats for a show. This after walking through a flea market of sorts, like dead tour. The items laid out are very strange, however. I see a bag of corks? Small eggs. Perhaps for breakfast, already bailed baked?

I'm with two couples. And as we make our way to our seats we pass some metal lockers that are mini bathrooms I guess. I decided to wait until after we got our seats. Which although are in an odd spot. Are like box or private balcony seats. There's six seats for the five of us, I don't have a date apparently.

5. Daydreaming about Mount shasta.

Dream pregnant: go with us. Go with bus? Drinking beers after show eating breakfast?

February 11th. I'm in a bad mood. Naive as I am. Or just that trusting? Apparently I have too much faith in humanity. The humanity of others I figured that someone would have a decency to come forward. I mean, it's

been a month after my mom's death and no one, no one has offered any sort of condolence, sympathy. Not one psych has asked me: John how are you coping with your mom's death?

I just thought that we, as a society, we're better than this. I think my dreams reflect this lately.

1. At a bar? Nope. Jail stuff. Might have gotten bar because there's a pool table involved at some point. And a hotel, given the presents of maids at one point.

The real action is at the bars, at the front of our cell. It's count time. Somewhere up at the front of the cell block, inmates are readying to delay count, with a bomb scare. Some guys have made bomb jackets. Stuffing things that look like explosives under their shirts. Batteries, D's and C's. Like the bandoleros of the old west. They're way too excited about it. They know only delay count. I've slid under the bars to get in, not opting to participate in what I look upon as more of a riot. At this point I pick up some pool balls. Styrofoam this cute ain't straight in line, the lyric from Mississippi half step by The grateful Dead comes to mind. I passed some kind of laundry being gathered or done. It was laundry night the night right before as I'm heading to my bank. And then stash the pool balls in a maids laundry card. At my bank, it's practically empty. Maybe one other inmate there, just out of you in the perfect.

2. Short dream fragment. But an emotional one.

I'm talking to my monitors. I want to go check my mom: realize I'm in jail. I can't understand why they're such dicks about it. I try to leave to see her. Eventually, I wake up and I realize she's dead.

3. Given ride to bike shop / junkyard. Get out of car.

4. Airport bar with Guy drinking waiting for luggage?

5. Walking through Big lots parking lot. There's different wedding spots. A couple comes by, being shown the different spots by a woman and a golf cart. We're sitting on the curb and comment on how the sprinkler in the landscape bed doubles as a water feature.

6. Outside of cell in another new, jail setting. Maybe a prison. Talking to a monitor reporting to be Olga highly, deputy sheriff with the Fresno county juvenile probation department. She tells me I'm in real trouble, but gets the impression to read between the lines. She says she's pulled all the strings she can. Some real big ones. Someone says, you're not interested in stamps now. Our encounter is nonchalant, however and other inmates know her.

February 12th. Met with JPS last night. Who informed me I have an appointment with psychiatrist on thursday. Courts on friday. Still no word about what might happen. It's disturbing, waiting for an interview with someone from Conrad, which means conditional release program. Someone I have yet to meet holds my immediate future, whether that be a release to an outpatient or impatient home, or a trip to atascadero, with a state mental prison facility is . All they will know about me is what they gleam from a few files they peruse.

I'm okay. But that doesn't change a developed desire to sleep as much as possible until any of the three expected events occur in the next 48 hours. I'm self-medicating with a dreaded yellows. One last night before bed, another in the morning. They do knock me out and affect dream recall a bit. I amused myself last night during my meeting with JPS, I was asked how much sleep are you getting? Possibly in response to my medical request for sex services where I note I'm having difficulty sleeping. Which I am. But an answer to the question of how much? It wasn't a surprise really, that after some quick calculations I came up with 12 to 13 hours.

1. Random dream that's all I remember
2. At a bar with Justin here and a friend of his. I tell the bartenders. I don't feel any animosity, in fact, I believe he's come forward and it feels like we're on the same team. The owners of the place are mushroom people. One guys face is melted away. He only has one eye. I'll note he's a big guy. Reminds me of a ship's captain. A woman is wearing a mask. Halloween in appearance. Of a woman with deep bass lines giving her a scary appearance. I get the idea that she's wearing the mask because she's disfigured badly. But she's making a point. My face is really fucked up. But I'm not going to wear a pretty fake face just for aesthetics.
3. In a garden, presumably of a monitor's house, I see a beautiful specimen of comfrey. The female monitor at least her voice comments I had to do some searching to find a good photo/picture of it. Or I had to look no further than my garden. Not sure which.
4. Urban/downtown mcdonald's, which takes on more of a boutique feel. Like in London or Paris, I walk up a handicap ramp. I'm confused, carrying a small knapsack I may be homeless. I order, and go to get money out of my wallet. I accidentally reach into the wrong bag, and start to pull out a soft

Velcro wallet. A woman comes to my assistance noticing I'm not in the right bag. We find my wallet, which is healthy.

5. This next stream has three separate components. The first component occurs as I get up and use the restroom, then get back in the same dreamscape. There the second two parts take place only a slight transition, two actually as the dream goes from outdoor to indoor to outdoor. I'm on the second floor of a dormitory building. Much like the one I stayed in during my first semester of college. It's got multiple cuts, small beds, maybe six of them. There's a couple of bathrooms with shower stalls. There's also some standard nightstands, small desk areas, a dresser perhaps. All items, and the layout is what are envisioned a coed mental hospital facility to look like. This assimilated from movies, tv, verbal descriptions given to me by inmates who have been to one, plus my imagination memories of various storms, hospitals, etc..

A girl is hitting on me. We're going to hook up. She tells me not to worry about a condom, because she likes it in the ass. It avoids all the itchy scratchy stuff she says. I take that to mean vaginal irritation of some sort. I'm in the mood, but need to pee. Suddenly I'm outside looking up at the room next to us, that has a view into our dorm. The two situated on an L or wing. And I'm back in the room, we're on a ladder looking in or drone hovering cam? Or I see two guys entranced in video games. I visualize the sex. Fill her tension and want for release. Recognize it in the timber of her voice. I wake up to go pee.

If I'm getting back into the dream, I'm passing by some playground equipment. A slide, teeter totter. Back in the room, there's still coed, casual sex play. But between a group of creative high schoolers at an arts camp. Governor's School of the arts in New Jersey comes to mind. One girl is rehearsing some singing, another some acting with me included. There's dancers as well. I'm going to take a shower, but the lights off. At least in most of the bathroom I go to take another shower and the other bathroom area that is lighting. There's compartments for cows, slippers, wash rags, toiletries. It's small, but it's a well-equipped clean bathroom. I must know that at this point that my notes and memory indicate numerous entering and exiting of the dorm. Towards the end, we passed the playground equipment and are going next door to the Berkeley building I've become enamored with. A fixture in my campus dreams. The building is under construction we have to sort of sneak in. We looked around before deciding we better just leave those working to their jobs. There's the usual construction debris and

setup. Tarps, sawdust in the air, plastic hanging, plywood, and 2x4s. I think this is the point where the dreamscape goes back inside for the previous part with me showering twice. Because we re-exit the building one final time it passed by the playground equipment. We use the teeter totter and slide. Both of which are under a covered driveway or porch overhang. Like the kind you find when you pull up to a hotel or in. The slightest small can be moved like a shoot to the left or right. Looks like a trough on a concrete truck but smaller. As we walk out from under the porch eves, there's talk of going to some theater or restaurant or building. Quite some distance away. The woman with me says something to the effect of we always go that way. I count her with, this will be different, fun, we'll take the long way. We note our path around the lake, several blocks into the metropolitan area before cutting down to our destination I remember the dreamscape is being dusky and dark with orange glow in the air.

February 13th. As quickly as I gained some peace, at the most trying of mental and emotional states, my monitors ruin it by saying something that in all honesty, should be unforgivable.

1. Holiday decorations appear to be made of hash. They smell like hashish. There's a suggestion that I had taken them from somebody in jail. I want to check it, and I look for a lighter. Turns out to be clay. One minute it smells like ash, the next minute clay.
2. It's night. A neighbor wakes me. Him and several others are dressed in red. And say they've come home from the game. One one interjecting, that the auditioned for the raiderettes. I think: they should offer me a shot sometime. Jokingly, I'm sweeping up, putting stuff into a bag. I remember seeing commissary back. A candy bar sticking out of it. There's some kind of representation going on, the bars accounting for the interests of those in the game. Those in red. Buddy is running around. The doctor from Scrubs, the asshole guy is host of the family.
3. We're having some difficulties with some neighbors. We order pizza late to count them. They're spying on us, messing with us. So we're messing with him back, but in a harmless way. Looking through the trash they put out, we

find old fashioned magazines. One with a ridiculous Alfred Hitchcock / Mickey Rooney typeface advertising a boot or shoe. I then have written mom dilemma three times. The dream ends with my monitors saying: "Put two and two together, your mom's not dead."

4. This really reflects two or three dreams that occur over the next couple of hours sexual in nature. One's in a cell looking through an old drawer for curling irons. I never get to use him. Or masturbate. This seems to be a common tactic used by my monitors. Say something or manipulate my dreams in such a way as to upset me. Then counter in following sessions with themes, settings, they think will appeal to me. Make me forget. I'm in a bad mood. But at this point, I'm not really in the mood to even remember or record any notes. I'm still searching for a greater reason. One that can justify my position. The one that you found me and my family. I'm so willing to make amends, move forward from this point in time. But it seems that it doesn't matter. What I've accomplished. What I've shared. Who they know me to be. They just keep doing insane stuff like the references to my mom.

February 15th. Finally, feel better after a 48 hour head cold.

1. I'm at a job. It's a hay barn. And we're doing some cleanup, I know it's a hay barn or tractor storage because it's open on one side. There's not a whole lot of work to do, I'm not in a good mood. To make an impression on the overall look of the place, I start raking up some large leaves lying on the windward side of the garage. Magnolia or husks of palm fronds. Casey rip comes over and begins to instruct me on what I'm doing. Or just tell me: why bother? I snap at him. It's out of nowhere. I'm yelling to the other guy this is never going to work if you're going to have someone telling me how to rake leaves or whether or not I should. It's like 5 minutes of work bitch bitch bitch. I'm upset at my outburst, especially given Casey is no longer with us.

2. Unjust bust again. Some snakey looking guy comes to handcuff me. I resist. I try and call 911, not even hesitant about being in the right. I proceed to go around a group gathered around a table, and beat them up. I don't like the fact I've had to resort to violence. I never got the chance to call 911.

3. There's two computers. I'm trying to get going. A desktop and my notebook. I need to run a mini CD and can't decide whether it will boot from

the DVD drive or the floppy? On the left. My monitors remind me, at the end, that I'm in a waking dream state.

February 16th. Back in the zone.

1. I've made a decision to change bunks to either talk to somebody or watch tv. Here's the catch cool the size of the day room are separated by a railroad crossing. West avenue, I believe between Ashland and shaw. So I get my mattress setup. I go back to check on my stuff after a little time, and someone has moved on to my bank. I explained my stuff there and look under his mattress. I have several towels later there, like I used to have lined on Mom's bed. There's some wetness, as usual. At the time I don't realize I'm looking at those towels. I recognize him, but not his mom's layering until later. A note: my mom had horrible incontinence due to her parkinson's. And refused to wear a diaper often for layered towels instead. You're a small bench, there's some stuff stacked up. Some of my paperwork is there. A peachy folder. Which my monitors comment about, strangely enough. They portend that they don't know what one is, leading me to believe they're not american. The previous could be a ploy, however. Or just not in the computers vocabulary, yet.

2. Try to reprogram me ha.

I'm at a residence with my mom, or it has been her home. And there's a concerted effort to reprogramming. Or get me to move. A woman moves my belongings from my room. Locking them away from me. She's black, a little heavy set, dominant, strict doesn't remind me of anybody I know. I have words with the group gathered, The intervention, but then the scene rapidly changes to the exterior of a home depot.

The momentum is still there, but it's transformed into me wiring a bunch of money, or having a lot of credit or stock in home depot. I smashed the glass and several large windows, letting everybody come in and buy stuff. It feels like a victory, a stance against injustice. Like I'm a revolutionary or at least a robin hood. The dream ends with me watching some guys load up some lumber.

3. I'm in jail and we've got to walk to chow. I'm the last one, a fellow inmate tells me to hurry up. But I can't find my shoes. I think someone has taken them. There's one old shoe laying there.. like the old sandal on the roof next

to the yard. I feel stupid when I turn and see both my sandals and shoes, tucked away, on my bicycle in the day room.

4. I'm staying at a hotel. I've taken the liberty of spending the night in a room I found open. I've taken most of my stuff down to the car, parked across the street. I'm going back to get the rest and realize I'm too late. The maids are in the room. At first I'm not sure if I'm in the right one. I checked three or four rooms. Some singles, some doubles. I reconsidered getting my stuff as two kids have seen me and ratted me out. I look across to another hotel to check to see if I'm on the right floor. Maybe I was on the third floor? It's tough to tell. I'm excited up with the second floor of the Travelodge across the street. I could be wrong, so I go to the stairs and head up to the third floor. Uhhh, there is no third floor, just the rooftop parking available. My stuff isn't that important. A pair of shorts, shirt, maybe toiletries, nothing special. Instead of dealing with the manager and staff, I decide to jet. As I'm crossing the street, I see a clear wrapper in the gutter. It has a \$20 bill in it.

5. Wonderful, easy going dream, where I'm going body surfing. We start out on a shore. But after seeing how nice the water is, and a few good sets, I decided to take a swim. As I get into the break, a few huge waves come in. What's more amazing is two or three sets come in backwards from the north smashing into the cayucos Pier. To get out, I'm maneuver closer to the pier. Around a temporary dock / viewing grandstand. I passed by a couple of dudes smoking pot. The wind blowing some loose herb away as they try to roll a fatty. I gestured, trying to pick some up and toss it back towards them. It's in a somewhat comical fashion. They don't seem to concerned. I guess I've boarded the floating dock to get to deeper water. At one point, I cross some mud flats/grasslands. A note about the backward waves. While the sets coming off the beach are typical, yet huge. These ways have ricocheted off the cove, bouncing back so that they combine with an oncoming wave to create an immensely powerful, yet small in size clap of water that is, in and of itself, a crashing wall of water. It's a beautiful sunny day. The sets have died down, avoiding some good swimming. I look for my friends, they're over by where I first got in the ocean. It's a great dream to get up after.

February 17th.

1. I'm playing a head game with my monitors. It's fun. Extrapolated, way out. We get to the point where we're not sure who's in control. It's wacky and just when I'm about to fall asleep or was it wake up? I imagine boxes, thousands, a small plastic casters like for sliding doors or something.

Straight, fixed-wheeled, lightweight, however, they're white and individually packaged and are going to be shipped ups. I have me noting: everybody needs casters. The best part is that I've created a metaphor that I don't know the meaning for. In fact, it's designed that way so I can conceal my real intent. What I was really thinking. Which I don't know what that was. This went into the sr-71, Lucas family, New Jersey.

2. Dream is cruel. People are accusing my mom of being a whistleblower in stonebridge. It suggested by my monitors that she was part of the financial community within stonebridge, and was ratting them out. I'll note that my mom was at odds with the stonebridge residence association. She didn't pay her dues for quite some time, as she slowly went crazy due to a Parkinson's and its medications. She filed bankruptcy, lost her home. We did settle with him. SRA making payments to them monthly. When we moved, my mom four doors down from 2927 West silver Hill Lane to 2865 West silver Hill lane, only a few of the community still called on her. I always thought it was callous, how people shun those most in need. Especially people supposedly of means. Some came and saw her. I get into it with my monitors, but it's manifested in the dream. One woman from stonebridge who I've known for many years takes on the role of the shunt. I have a spotlight on her and she towers away in column like fashion or a vampire? It's unsettling. There's once again, the suggestion to get out of Fresno and Clovis, to which I reply why?

This is representative of an ongoing theme that is revisited from time to time. That I should, for some reason, move or change my life. I keep asking, what was wrong with what I was doing? Why should I change anything? I even go so far to suggest that I would gladly do almost anything at this point. That encompasses a lot if they would only come forward and meet me. And offer some explanation.

3. Great dream about a potential love found at a music festival.

Dreamscapes from past dreams: in jail and out. The before, is fuzzy. I've been out of show. Near we're on a college campus. I'm with a girl kicking back at a coffee shop or bar. Some little cafe with wood paneling come and tables, benches. We're cuddling and about to fall asleep. I think we're high. I've wandered around the grounds to get to this place for what seemed like quite a while. I came from the opposite side of campus. Up around the masses, through an open pedestrian walkway between two buildings. Up some stairs, like the ones that lead down to the tennis courts passed to the

barbecue area off the east patio of the look at land carriage House and into the snuggle cottage.

I like this woman. Even her imperfections. Even though I can't quite recall what those might be or what she looks like. I feel really good just snuggling with her. Something in reality I never get enough of, hardly any in decades, hardly any

I realize, however, that it would be prudent for me to go find the car. It's after a show. We're high. Landscapes take on a different look at night. I know this from personal experiences. The parking lots all look the same. So did the lines of cars without the reference points of daytime. It's easy for one to get lost.

All of a sudden we're on a bus, and I'm getting off at the place where at. She's continuing on to talk to some friends, make a phone call or something. I realized the car is parked all the way on the other side, and then I should have stayed on the bus with her I need to quickly make it across campus and back to catch her I'm worried, new love might be lost.

I'm on my mission. But it's slow going. It's busy. With people streaming out of the concert. Resident students going to class. It's dusk as things are returning to normal. To exit the cafe, I have to negotiate a series of steps down. With people coming up. While worried, I'm still relatively optimistic. A bit dazed and confused, perhaps, but the embrace of her was so beautiful and feeling, so calming, that I'll do anything to assure the meeting up anticipated. Even if it's just to give her a ride home.

4. I'm at a smoke shop. There's some heads waiting for rides. A cop on the shop. Something about recycling. Two guys running the shop, waiting for the right moment to go smoke hash in the back. I'm up on a loft in the store. To get down I have to send a ladder. If I move some merchandise, it will block the window the cop is eyeing. Giving the owner/managers time to grab them hookah and head into the back which I do.

5. The next scene is a waking dream.

I'm inside a large shop or garage. There's a few of us there. Carpenter types. Cleaning it up. It's in pretty good shape. There's a couple of boards missing that allow dogs access to the inside from the backyard. Or somebody has recently broken in. There's a Shop-Vac I put to use. Sucking up some sawdust. I refocused my attention on some dust in cobwebs on some ventilation ducts or pipes hanging down from the ceiling. I noticed there's a bolt missing from one of the brackets. I'll have to pick one up. I say to myself. There's old oily grime on the brackets which I also vacuum up.

I can't quite remember what I was thinking about when I finally got up today. But it was a pleasant nice memory. I'm encouraging nice visual that helped me start the day in a great mood.

February 20th.

1. This dream was visually appealing. I was at a huge property in what I took to be San rafael. With a large main house of multiple levels, and possibly some additional cottages nearby. A gathering was taking place. An informal dinner before many of those in attendance left for a concert in the city. We are figuring out rides. There was a lot of demand for an extra ticket I had. Dinner was being prepared for everyone. I thought I saw Bernard cooking. I recognized an older couple I called the mushroom people from my dreams. It's a modest affair. As people line up buffet style, some tableware, others with paper bowls and plates, plastic forks etc.. it's clear there's not enough food to fill everybody up. I'm hesitant to put too much on my plate. I grab a half at your party, some hummus, some greens. I let someone diving in with their fork tying a kalamata olive that seems lonely atop The serving platters. At this point I become sad. The desperation by those in need of a ticket to the next thing. Confusion about rides. Who's to stay at the house, etc. Who might be drunk. There's some socializing, someone's going to do a goofy little puppet show. Some dorky song and dance, skits. Stuff I would normally enjoy if it wasn't for my mood. Someone noting my lack of joie de vivre comments as she joins the play: something suggesting I'm not working for the right person, which I take as a religious reference. I'm disheartened, thinking that these folks, well over the right spirit, still don't really understand bhakti yoga or svarupa. The house and property are owned by someone who's rich. And while they don't care how many people show up, stay there, raid the fridge, use the facilities.. I get the feeling they still might subconsciously harbor some resentment. Or maybe a bit of envy for the carelessness and naivety of the youth before them. A bit jealous they're no longer that unbound and wild, secretly longing to be Young again. Of course, these perceptions are tainted by my demon cynicism, where are my rose colored glasses when I need them?

A note: the questioning of who I work for was by a monitor.

2. I'm in a classroom. It's a seminar setting. Instructions on how to make a telemarketing call. Something like that. My brother is behind me. A big shit

eating grin on his face as music blasts from his bows or Kenwood old school headphones. A girl seated next to us, can't decide whether to smile or smirk at his audacity. I look back again. His smile is as big as I've ever seen it he looks so happy. The rock and roll clearly audible, leaking from the headphones as my bro knows his head gently, yet with emphasis, is he rocks out in his own little world.

The instructor, meanwhile, is taking no notice whatsoever. Busying himself with an actual phone call to a potential client. What was to be merely a demonstration has turned into an example of the real deal. And despite the entertainment provided by my brother's antics, I'm taking it all in.

Impressed with the guys skill. He looks up to those seated on occasion punctuating the steps he's taking as the call progresses. First upon taking the call, raising his finger to imply give me just a minute, as he walked in and headed towards his desk. Oddly situated to the left of the class, as if in the front of the room had been cleared for a guest speaker or just to make room for his presentation. Again as you actually sits down, his eyes the widening with the ecstatic excitement one in his business must get when they know they've got a live one on the line. His face is flush in amazement almost incredulous of the timing of the call, yet still composed in a way that lets no one know he's not really surprised, after all. He is at the top of his game. Coincidences such as this, second nature to him.

And just for a split second, noting more than a glance of acknowledgment, as he pulls out his BlackBerry like device, with the ease of a gunslinger on a draw, in a manner of fashion that is indistinguishable from limb movement that a normal person might have as they go about their day to day activities. As if reaching to open a door or flicking a light switch. His entire consciousness within the order itself. At that point in time, I imagine nothing else existed for him. The classroom, those gathered, they'll probably be surprised at a surroundings when he finally pushes in. Unable to recall how he even got there. I think to myself: yeah I'd like to work for that guy. He's good. Very very good. Added in after the fact.

3. Jail dream.

Kevin clean the pods gay room separately. This had involved shoveling soil, sweeping up, and hosing down the floors. After this two cars are parked there. And I'm going to go do a line of meth while laying down on the floor of the back seat, as to avoid detection from those watching the surveillance cameras.

I never actually get that far. There's a small amount of sand that still needs to be scooped up. Sediment from the runoff or the water drained out in the corner. Concrete is cool and wet. It's a very calming influence. A band, I think sounds like the hooters, please from the loudspeakers: hold on until your last fight, doesn't matter until your last fight.

February 21st.

1. A woman and a brand new white prisoner t-shirt tied with a little knot at the hip, come slowly interview she walks down the hallway toward my pot. It's britney. And she looks smoking hot. Her hair done up a little, nothing fancy. Some lipstick and a bit of makeup. As if she and a couple other girls had been sitting around for hours working on each other with nothing better to do. I'm a bit confused as she communicates with me

I note: monitor dream manipulation.

I get conflicting statements of be quiet, talk about it, close your mouth, open your eyes. She reveals she's working undercover at the jail. I take your hand as it's offered through the bars. I smell it. Kiss it. I long for her touch so much.

2. Dream has two different beds. The first, mostly audio about a guy who spent 3 days in jail. This was tied to something I read in a magazine. Other fragments for the first half of the dream, include a reference to the wailers and a connection to catholics.

Meanwhile, I need to take a crap. My option is some sort of public crapper that has three tiers and from the smell of it is full of shit.

Have you ever thought of something

Oops.

Have you ever seen an urban flower stand before the galvanized pails with a cut, floral specimens put out? Either before it has opened or after they've closed up for the day? There's usually three levels of shelving, built like a step unit, plywood bleachers that have holes cut in the treads to hold the buckets. Each step of foot, 16 in above the next to maximize the visibility of the daisies, lilies, birds of paradise and roses displayed. Well it was a unit resembling such a display that was my recourse for the number two I took. I went for the top row figuring it would be the safest bet. But much to my chagrin, however, the top right spot had the toilets lid on backwards. Odd, all the way I saw a bit about this in a prelude to the Sochi olympics. Where a

laboratory lid had been installed hastily hinging the wrong way. The other spots didn't even have actual oval shaped bowl and tops like one might expect. Just apply with flap hinged on. All of the other options we're horribly full and disgusting. To make matters worse, the stand suddenly seems rickety the levels steepening in their slope. As I try to descend to my next best choice, or at least what will suffice, it's clear on too late. I boo boooed on myself. Nasty.

3. Waking dream in which I've jumped into a hot tub with two or three other folks. But our number grows to 10, maybe 12, and we're seated at a hotel conference room. I recognize the chairs. Someone's talking about how the number will be narrowed down to three or four individuals Allah American idol. As I learned this, I've already decided to leave, figuring, using nothing more than peripheral vision and gut instinct that: whatever the reason this crowd is being whittled down, it's something I don't want to be a part of. But then I recognize someone from high school. It's Cindy Dunbar! Well, now I got a stick around and see what's up.

4. Weird vignette of a backyard swing set, slide etc.. monitors make Brady bunch crack.

5. In a long line for chow. It heads up to a window/counter that serves others gathered outside the purchase items from a small snack bar. We passed some blues in denham, as we get up to the commissary window service. As the line stalls, I get a phone call from nina. But soon realize it's my monitors trying to offer some more cognitive behavioral therapy. I think that's what they said. Some kind of therapy or counseling. How are you doing? Etc. I'm so tired of it when I find myself yet again, waking and talking to them as a dream ends. The sacrilegiousness of it. Yet I've grown immune to it. I don't even get real upset, unless the feedback is computer generated and says something about my mom, like last night. Inquiring about how many times I've visited my grandparents grave. Fishing for info about who was in tendons at her funeral. It's so obvious. One note: today, the head of JPS, or at least someone who revealed he's been there for 19 years, was giving a tour to someone. They were being harangued by one of the pods crazies. But before they left, I inquired what do you know about rnm and NSA surveillance, voices in one's head? He let out a little, huh, after trying to direct my inquiry to some related topic.

Here I have noted inquiry rnm and NSA. He laughed a little, I know a little bit about it before dismissing and leaving. I tried to inquire about seeing a

psychiatrist for grief counseling about my mom's death but was ignored as they left.

February 22nd. This could have been all one long dream I kept returning to. It's sort of flows together, like what happened over the course of a couple days or a weekend. The first segment was a little hazy. I was with at least one other woman, likely to, and maybe a guy. It was at a cabin. We had sandwiches, salami, wrapped like the ones we get at morning chow. And assorted cookies. Danish butter I think. Maybe pepperidge farm milanos too.

Noted bathroom break

Noted she may have been tipsy the woman I was with.

Transition into segment 2. I'm at a huge estate the cabin might have been one building of several on the expansive grounds. I'm with two women.

There's preparations for a party later. The girls need to go into town, Joy is one of them. And they're showing me around the estate. We walk from one building, pass index, a pool. Joy decides to take a quick dip jumping in and out before going through a gate. We cut the corner of either a covered patio or room of yet another home, out another slider, down a couple of steps where we meet her on the other side of the gate. Her wet clothes drying quickly in the warm sunshine of the beautiful afternoon, perhaps late morning.

The girls want me to watch out for traffic. The driveway to part of the property is on a sharp turn. I see another individual waving out a truck. Probably dropping off stuff for the party.

What's funny, is that a get out to the road, they're on bicycles, hardly in need of my assistance. Even more so, is that I walk the half block or so they ride into the downtown area where they're going to shop. Presumably to watch their bikes. One of the properties on the compound is much larger than the rest. and in addition to a huge pool area has a giant lawn that's walled in. A very tall wall I might add. It's on these dreamscapes that's the remainder of the dream takes place. Probably a bathroom break here, I know I had a few.

One section of the house has a raised level platform with a piano. There's also a dining nook where family members, and business partners, gather to have informal meetings. At one point, by these areas I went to break down and cry. I'm looking for information about dream therapy, what I'm going

through etc.. I'm quite emotional. In the same general area, I'm pretty to some conversation regarding the big party. One woman, The wife, the matriarch, in a sense, of the family looks exhausted. I take it from her duties as head of the company. Her assistant, who is concerned she's taking on too much to do, gently instructs her to get some sleep since she's got to wake up at 4:00 a.m. for a meeting at the office. Or maybe that's 4:00 in the afternoon for the dinner party. And then again in the morning. I'm not sure.

At this point, I get the impression I'm off work. It's late in the afternoon. Throughout the course of the dream I've walked all the way around three houses, the largest state being the last I'm walking on the Southwest exterior of the property where there is landscaping maintained. Large beds of shrubs and seated lawns. I'm on a path that resembles what you'd find within a business park. I see a sign up towards the front of the place it doesn't make any sense. It's when you'd find free standing outside of Business Park or manufacturer/factory. It says upside down t o m o d b o as best as I can tell. Russian perhaps. My monitors chime in with: get the Russians. Come to think of it there could have been a backwards N, backwards P, &C among the letters and I just can't translate them as best as I could.

I'll note, however, that I take the family name to be Amaudian, or Amaudian, Amadian.

A woman I know from Casey's is there maybe marnie? Can't remember her name but have always been attracted to her. She's a year or two older than me. She was always a great personnalitiy to be around. As well as attractive, sexy. Anyway a few things are going on. A few different scenes.

1. We're making cinnamon toast. With butter or margarine, it smells delicious.
2. We're changing out three regular bulbs for three black light party bulbs. Those are unscrewed, then screwed in just enough to go on to check to see if they work. There's some concern on my part that one of the bulbs is too hot and will melt some sort of decoration it's near. Maybe some kind of light show for the room where it appears there will be dancing.
3. A meeting is going on. Two gentlemen are firming up a deal with three men from a broker house. Perhaps they're showing us the facilities that will

be used to auction off parts of two estates that will draw a huge amount of attention, and bring in a lot of money for all parties concerned. Here's to catch though. The three dudes, one of them is recording the meeting. A big No-No I take it I take this to mean, because if we're got out and they were able to provide proof of the soon to be held event, they could all somehow arrange buyers to corner the market so to speak, with their bidding. One of the gentlemen, who are offering this the listing is laughing at them.

Incredulous. Noting the percentage they would have made totaled some \$47,000, instead they'll walk away with \$30 worth of recording equipment and lose the business.

4. Something is going on in which I have to balance a column on a dining room chair. To reach a certain height perhaps?

5. A bunch of family and friends are gathered on the large lawn I mentioned earlier, playing football. After the game, play continues, kids running around etc.

6. Filming of the party or perhaps some kind of commercial or music video. Home movie. Their security for this. Lots of family members coming and going I'm not sure if I'm to be in the cameras view or not.

7. I asked the guys appearing in the dream number three if they know Alan Boyajian, and Lee Clime. I hear my mom's voice.

8. I go use a toilet and a familiar bathroom setting. The seat has a little holes that blow air, possibly to dry after a bidet future? It was a long dream, that's for sure. Regardless if it was one dream or several put together.

February 22nd. Dream fragment waking

A few people are jogging. I'm among them. I guess. The area where at is a gated portion of a red dirt road. Adjacent to entrance. Like a farm or fairground. It's a turning point on the run. Joggers circle around with constitutes a cul-de-sac of sorts. The end or beginning of this road. Or at the bottom of it, as it rises in elevation on the other side of the gate.

It's on this side that I go to work. I hack into the hard pan with a spade or pickaxe and then break up the clay soil. From the burned sides that are graded, I rake in the better soil to prepare and leave a level the holes. My guess is for planting. Although, why one would plant in the middle of a road is beyond me. The gate is never going to be used again.

February 23rd.

1. I'm walking home from football practice with the quarterback. We cross a street diagonally at its intersection with another. Then duck behind some pine trees. I'm soon involved in a task of planting a sapling. It's about two or three feet tall. Is offering continuous instruction: the whole needs to be deeper. No no more sod in the bottom, stuff like that. Monitors? The odd thing is that the young tree doesn't have a chance shaded by the large trees it's planted next to but it's literally a feet away from a pine with a trunk that's 10 ft or so in diameter.
2. I'm being housed in the underground labyrinth section of the federal prison campus. There's some bunk movement, if you have opened up. I consider moving my mattress, but it's time for a session in the dungeon of joy. I'm LED there in a very known nonsense matter. Past racks of prisoners. We we've moved out of the regular prison housing and down into the catacombs. Where, frankly, some of the prisoners enjoy much nicer furnishings. Some rooms have couches in the day room, or some have nothing more than a stand-up cell. Get to the very end of the corridor, where mistress pussy has her stuff. There's masks and feather boas hanging from the wall. The place is like a wine cavern or a mining shaft. I'm instructed to get up on a table where I'm to be worked on. But our first session is intercepted by count. I have to go show my wristband to the guard. I'm told to go back and wait for mistress. And I take in the scenery a second time. On the other side of a set of bars, separating her chamber from another tunnel I see a very comfortable looking boudoir was satin sheets, prisoners lounging comfortably. Directly a jason, however are small kennels. Well I get the impression that mistress yourself is a prisoner as well, it's also clear that she can have whatever she wants. Do, whatever she wants for pod morale, perhaps? Anyways, by the time that she gets back she's all business. Yet consider it due to our first try being cut short accommodating and patient with me, knowing that it was something I had wanted for a long time. She asked me what I'd like to do, and I say whatever she wants. She tells me to sit on a swivel bar stool atop the table at previously laid down upon. Takes a second try to get the chair it's the situated so I won't tip over when I spend. So as if the table tops edge was a bit of a slant or padded

causing the chair to wobble. Once corrected Mr celexa mask from The collection nearby. This after having laid out a few toys, or tools for use. She puts the mask on me backwards. It snug and makes it difficult to breathe. She seems to like that. Both in the dream and out of it. I feel a pop in my stomach which wakes me up. A female monitor's voice in choirs about the mask being on, whether I'm conscious or not. Explains that she's colon got me now, and then I had only received a taste of what was to come. I'm obedient, wishing I was still dreaming. I'm aroused. I have to be encouraged to open my eyes and discover that I'm not really wearing a rubber mask backwards. Bummer.

3. There was a couple of other dreams I'm not recollecting on purpose. One involved a father and daughter, or mother and son disappearing another was violent and not to my taste.

4. Saw the cyclops. Bald-headed guy with one eye. Joke with my monitors. Named him nigel. How he should grow his hair into avoid being teased.

5. Fragment. Steam coming out of the shower waiting to shower.

February 24th.

1. I'm in a government facility possibly research, and I'm being harnessed into a lift. The contraption hoist me into the air and swings me along a track rail in the ceiling. I can a dry cleaners or meat factory. There's numerous adjustments made. I may be drugged. I think there's some concern about me being completely limp, I'm moving during the entire operation. There's a few false starts. I'm lifted up, then lowered again. It's not quite right the entire operation is overseen by ranking officials in suits. I can't say much about the intent of the exercise. I swing around in a sling like a baby in a carrier on a mom or dad's chest. At one point, at the apex of the track I pause underneath some transformer vent looking thing. Fins of metal that give off heat or electromagnetic force. They look kind of like inverted skyscraper scale model of course. Mostly, I'm just along for the ride. S type maneuvers, like a roller coaster. Tight button hooks. I go all the way around the cafeteria sized area within the hanger type facility. Toward the end, a reference is being made to being killed figuratively. Either me or another individual reference. Being to her or his iPhone, that resembles some morning cartoon animated Pokemon ball. It's a ball, then a fully functioning iphone.

It's a thrilling experience. Like I'm in part of something.

2. Some sort of landscaper or Garbage man. I'm seeing lots of curb shots. A perfectly used set of cushions crochets lounge. I think I see bark, law n, landscape sprinklers. Plus some garbage cans, recycling bins etc.. note about this dream later on I pondered the idea that I was seeing out of the eyes of a cat.

3. I'm meeting my dad at an airport again. I've already got a coffee, he asks if I want anything from a Mexican restaurant. I declined it first. Then request some fish tacos. As a waiting a picture of beers for. Here's the gimmick that interests me, however as the one picture fills there are other pictures underneath the other tabs that appear to fill as well. But surely multiple pictures filling at the same time is impossible. I'm further inspection, I see that it's, indeed, a trick. The pictures are part of a display. They're double-walled and when any type is pulled they fill up the surrounding Gap to give the illusion that they're being filled.

4. Brief meeting with vampires hanging out. Someone raised platforms. At a bar or restaurant. Maybe a coffee house.

5. Fragments:

Hanging out at a house all day.

Ships crew in movie.

6. Long bus rides. Back to country house.

Phone call can't quite make out the note cornered covered? Air of pretension?

Adorn the corner closest mysteriously. I look away for a second. Then, two hooded people have suddenly appeared in the room. Blue hooded. Triangular covering face. Maybe a zipper up to where their noses would be.

Random dream fragment from pasta or so. Shooting hoops with shoes on. Maybe in a fight.

February 25th.

1. Very vivid dream of me, I think, self-administering pins and needles into my penis. Pins with brightly colored balls at the end. Heavy-duty sewing needles with large eyes.

2. Weird survivor or amazing race type dream in a boat.

3. Up in Huntington or shaver working on a cabin just for an hour or two.

Huge I bar framed barn or metal roof warehouse. Two, in fact, side by side.

Meet neighbors. Make comment about how: you can build a house in here. Pausing to think over logistics such as weather one would.. move the house outside.. dismantle the warehouse / Barn or leave inside. Of course, concerns about views, venting smoke to the roof of warehouse, etc.

it's clear we're heading home. Bill asks if I want anything from the diner. At first time like, no. But then ask for some kind of sandwich while I go to the bathroom. It's an outhouse affair. I have to wait as one guy heads into an empty latrine he thought was occupied. I get the not free Porta potty.

Somehow I've got two sticks of incense. A guy says light it as he exits and lets me use his cigar or blunt to light it up. Seems awkward. But I get it too light. Enough to combat any smells I have difficulty finding a place to put it. I tried stick it into the holes of what appeared to be an old phone receiver. I got a phone booth but it's too small.

4. Mom and I are in the kitchen of a home we never got a chance to buy. She's acting strange. There's some wiring dangling from the ceiling. I think we're making egg salad for lunch. She needs diapers. I'm getting ready to go get wire nuts and diapers. I'm upset with her, but in reality just frustrated with her disease. I'm happy she's asking for diapers. Something she would never wear for me.

I'll note that insensitive comments by my monitors upset me the rest of the morning. They can be so cruel. At the end of dream number one, there is also a brief flash of me with Alan in a hot tub. Maybe mom's memory? One of the monitors callously comments: so that's allen?

February 26th.

1. I'm up in a house. I'm not sure if I'm being chased, but I don't want to be seen as I go from room to room exploring. There's multiple halls, Small rooms, hidden doorways. I find a girl's room with a closet full of wardrobe. Interesting part of the secret attic is that there's a wall open to the public outside. It's sunny behind the clothes. I can see shops and people below in the narrow Street through the clothes gently moving in the breeze. The room itself, as well as the upstairs area I'm walking around seem newly renovated. I joke with my monitors about the obvious interpretation that could be made.

2. I'm in a big house with my brother. He tells me how he heard voices. I'm looking for something going from room to room. There's multiple baths with

different shaped tubs. Some really cool inventive, like connecting ponds. Although bathing would be hard to do. Another scalloped indesign. The Halls have laundry laying along the baseboards. Quite a bit of laundry.

3. This was right out of a sci-fi movie or something. Two planes fly dangerously close overhead one an osprey type with movable Jets goes to land but spring up on its end out of control and crashes very close. I grab a piece of quarter inch or 3/8 in plywood to shield myself from debris. I think that the target is our stuff and look through my briefcase and bags to locate it.

Dream fragments: something in the yard, walking.

4. Chico. I'm not on the cart, but I'm desperate. Complaining about lack of treatment. Frustrating sighting rnm and EMF.

5. Beautiful underwater dive segment, John lott? In a cave, perhaps. Snorkeling with an air hose for long time. Work underwater.

6. In a restaurant / bar waiting for it to open. A couple of heads are hanging around outside. Trying to give a message to someone. About monitoring. I attach a note to the window where one comes in. At first several pieces of paper outline what I want to say. But I end up just putting one yellow sticky note up by the door. The owner comes in. I go to grab the note. It's attached to a meat rack. He comments on the bad night. Saying they made \$251 with a PJ?

February 27th Beverly wilson.

1. There may have been more to the stream, but it all ended in the Harry and David sweatshop of Apple packers.

The crew had an almost Amish or Mennonite feel to it. Or like the gleaners. The apples maybe pears were nice. Not quite the best quality. The job seems simple enough. Take apples and or pears, Asian perhaps, wrap them in that light green tissue paper for sale. It increased in complexity, however.

Individual apples first, then rows of five or six, like a sleeve. Then displayed in baskets. I was instructed to slit the ugly side with a razor, then press it onto some mesh wire to fix it in place. Mine were all over the place. Wouldn't stay in the basket or on the little stands provided. Plus I didn't like the fact that we were hiding obvious defects in the fruit. I'm getting frustrated and upset. I'm admonished for my poor basket construction. I'm walking around the room looking for the best materials, but supplies are starting to run low.

Everyone else is doing it like second nature. I'm still working on getting one good basket done. And no colon I did play basketball that morning. And it was awesome as usual.

2. I'm in a fixer upper with mom. I'm looking to smoke meth. So I can get to work. I see her hunkered over in the living room or kitchen doing her thing.
3. Dream fragment football camper net? Who could throw for 173 yards?
4. Randy was back. Talking at the bars. At least I think, if he's back. Someone's gone. It's josh. Interestingly enough, Josh pulled boof boys bunk today and switch with him. Giving the illusion of an empty Bond where I saw one vacant.
5. Great swim dream at cayucos. I feel the surf and swim out a bit. I catch a wave after dodging one. It's very relaxing and I wake up in a good mood.

John look at lan, February 27th.

Drought assistance equals lack of help equals not enough of please/plenty of demand therefore drought assistance means too much demand on a precious resource.

1. Microscope.
2. Can opener.
3. The rolling tracks that Amazon uses to move containers full of merchandise.
4. A radio transmission tower.
5. Korean flag.
6. An armchair.
7. A large book open.
8. Rogue weeds and otherwise grassy pasture.
9. Beefeater gin.
10. The harp from a Guinness beer.

Seychelles, pomona, Rutgers university, corinth.

Raising flags: aeronautics engineer at work, people who sell stuff at freeway on ramps, adults who take Legos to seriously, unsure homeowners at home depot, googlers, concrete workers, people with no phones, Rachel indians, dramatic people, sore losers.

Lamont marquette. 41 years old 5 ft 6, 120 lb, White/black hair. Goes to places he sees on tv. Road over Mount tamel Pius in car commercials. Barnes and covered bridges. Once went looking for Seinfeld's apartment: settled for the diner front. He's been to the Great Wall of China and seven different places and is visible in Google satellite four times. that mountain in close encounters. New zealand. Lord of the rings habit village. Sports big game hunting with laser tag. Self-explanatory.

February 28th.

1. I'm going to 2 week art workshop. It's a private home in a cul-de-sac, the victorian. I think with a porch, wood floors. Artists are at their easels, workstations. The whole dream is narrated, like an advertisement/commercial for an adult school program or retreat. I recall saying: I like your work. Suddenly, I rather animated woman comes rushing in, very excited to be there. The voiceover is punctuated by her arrival. Not only is she about a week late, but apparently she's late for the day.
2. Back to test flight. Ride in stumpling.
3. Four wheel drive competition. And the house I used to rent at Waner Wayne is being repainted. Brick red. A window screen is out. On a nearby hill, me and another truck are engaged in a hill climbing competition. I decided to put the screen back in and look through a few screws that don't have the Phillips top. I'm confused here. However because there's a piece of plywood next to the mud hill, I get the impression that the trucks are either held in place or their progress marked by wires fastened to the wood. It doesn't matter I'm judged the winner. Don't see the other truck. Mine's covered like a popular commercial that's been airing.

February 28th through March 1st.

Today was my first day on an antidepressant: zoloft. Aside from a stray nuance, that suggested something about a dance studio, I was unable to recall my dreams. Here are my notes about taking an SSRI: there was a calming effect immediately, but no drowsiness or agitation. Slight dryness of the mouth. Mild fuzzy feeling in my head. A sense of veneer, solidity of self. Puppets that might normally upset me, passed by without me applying focus. Like psychedelia when eyes closed. Green and pink. Geometric, crystalline structure. Overall, quite relaxing. And while my sleep was noticeably less, I did sleep deep and wasn't anxious or fidgety. It was easier to get out of bed than normal.

Second day of Zoloft: took bed late at 3:00 p.m. . Almost immediately I had euphoria, Getty in a pleasant calm way. More visuals: pink and green other combinations of color included a dark Navy and Rusty orange.

March, 2014.

March 2nd. A recurring dream theme over the years has been a return to school. Upon returning, I find myself in an almost nightmarish scape of being back in class. Usually late, willfully unprepared, taking an exam for which I know not the answers. This morning I dreamed something of a similar vein. I'm working on my test booklet, copies of which are lying around on the desks in the classroom setting. Some intended bus leave by other students, others just hanging open. Thumb through or particularly worked. A girl next to me wants: easy answers, general answers for the escape questions as well if it's a number three? I've got problems of my own. I lose my book, or at least part of it, and go looking for it. I find a suitable replacement. A copy that has the first half, presumably the part I need, torn out, separated from the latter half. It contains the essays. While attractive, I find the woman's inquiries a bit distracting. I don't know the answer to her question, or into preoccupied with my exam to bother giving it serious thought. She's clearly going to flunk the test. Whereas, given how much I have accomplished, the security of the missing half of the booklet, and the time I imagine left on the clock, I'm doing pretty good.
Interview, I think that in the stream, my old self was portrayed in the prepared female student. My current self taking the same test rested, ready, and while not without incident, fully capable of passing the test with ease. It could be said, that as long as I have the test all the parts in my possession, I'll have no problem making the grade.

March 3rd. A few notes about taking Zoloft. First two days it was fairly significant physical response, upon taking the drug. As well as the more cerebral effects that I've already noted. But on day three there wasn't any real physical response to my recollection. At least of the immediate nature. That's surprises me a bit considering the meds were early. Which means I took it almost 17 hours after the second dose, that pill being considerably late today before. I am sleeping less. And while a bit restless upon laying down to rest, whether that be a night or for a nap in the afternoon, or evening, I'm not terribly disconcerted as I may have been prior to beginning the regimen. I feel better about being awake. Better suited to greet today and engage in the activities that keep me busy. I feel more focused.

Smarter. In a way. I read a physics article that formally might have not retained my interest. Dwelled on topics philosophical, psychological with what I consider greater clarity, and overall understanding. Emotionally, I remain in a good State as well. It's day four. Just took my little green pill about 26 hours later than the last I received.

Here's my dream: I'm in a familiar bar / restaurant setting. Keith Hansen is there. I think people are getting ready to play cards. I go outside. I'm wearing a jacket and I go sit below a green/t area, just below the car path. A yellow ball comes sailing over and lands in a small sprinkler hole. I hear women's voices. I'm taking off my jacket and bare chested soaking up the morning sun. I can feel the warmth. I look up towards where the voices are and see some women approaching the green. There's a marshall who tells me to put on a shirt, in a condescending or what I take to be fashion as I put on my jacket the put it on twisted I put it on twisted. One arm of the jacket is red, the other arm of the jacket is the interior color blue. Or maybe it was reversible? I had back inside. As I went outside, I saw a woman do a line of meth off a magazine while standing in the equipment shed that is attached to the restaurant. The Marshall had followed me, I think about telling him how I used to be a groundskeeper, but don't. I put my stuff in the area of the shed where people who aren't associated with the facility wouldn't normally go. Is a show of entitlement, or purpose of being. That'll show him. I think. The areas off to the left, if I'm going in right if exiting. It's near the entrance to a smaller work area. Perhaps, where the tools are locked up. The area I'm in has some lawn equipment parked, ready for use or freshly used.

March 4th.

1. Our sink is being repaired in our jail cell. But in my dream, it's a bigger sell. Now you must understand. The sink in jail is mounted on the back of the toilet. It's a two and one combo deal: stainless steel, seamless. To change out the toilet/sink, the whole thing has to be removed from where it is mounted on the wall. Right between our shower and the dip bar for exercise. In this deluxe cell, or pot as they are called, of my dreams, I will wait to find the jail services plumber, and assistant, and several inmates gathered around with the old sink used to be. No sign of the shower or the dip bar. It's oddly dark for the work they're doing. At this point, I think I exit the room over to the hallway outside and auditorium, or perhaps the convention center dream escape. Anyways, there's items that are part of a set, or maybe a parade. Scenery perhaps? I weave my way through what can best be described as giant corn tassels. Like the safflowered colored field in a previous dream. One bins over under the weight of its own tassels. I paid no mind. And keep on walking. Pass some chairs and/or lockers, folding tables possibly. But as I get close to the main quarter, I go back towards the cell to check on the progress. I recall a scene where water is leaking out from the sides of the sink. I want nothing to do with the repair. And with good reason. The new sink is a Whopper it's huge. The size of a gas barbecue. And it's in two parts. A bottom toilet with tank. The stainless steel rectangle that the bowl is a part of measures about 4 ft wide by 2 ft deep by approximately 2 and 1/2 ft high. Then to make the set up more complicated, a top half, that is to contain the basin sits on top about an inch and a half why and requires some kind of welding. On top of all that, the basin isn't even cut out. What a ridiculous setup. I head back to the corn stalky thing.
2. I'm attending what I note as a bitch meeting of the beehive. It's later suggested that it is the Fulton mall, nearby the jail. Or some sort of lgbtq burlesque review. It's evening, and we're gathered, well it reminds me of the student Union patio area of Fresno state. Or some kind of step down into, small amphitheater. There's benches, iv. What appears to be a crowd composed holy of women who are greeting me, many in costume and/or makeup and accessories. One woman has a bizarre Victor / Victoria look to her. And strangely, a cigarette extends from the tip of her nose. I walk up to

her and smile. And then go up to a black woman in biker duds across the crowd. A voiceover, the monitors, accompanies all of this:

Take no identity with you into the playhouse. Now this "Victor" person is 100 yards

(No. Wait the monitor corrects themselves and says "200 yards away".) in the playground. Victor will meet you there. Things will be explained. At least it conveyed some sentiment similar to that. All of the sound was done in a stereophonic audio which was really cool. How did they do that?

3. This dream takes place in a diner / bakery, that is adjacent to some noisy neighbors. And it's next door to a huge wooden lodge, that runs the length of the two parcels of property that I'm on. To explain, I'll map it out: The house to the left is defined as "the neighbors", and it has some people sleeping looks like on the floor of what can best be described as a bakery/diner setting. Out the back door of that is where most of the dream takes place. There's two exits at the rear of the building. I'm standing outside of one. And on the steps of the other, there's a woman yelling at me holding a frying pan.

There's a fence separating the two properties the house to the right is a big dark brown wooden Lodge with white trim. There's large, round windows running down the side of the building, maybe four to six of them.

On to the dream itself.

The house does what is considered a step down two or three levels with its foundation. Gradually getting lower as it stretches down the lot towards the ocean. At least I get the impression when you're the beach because of the salt/seaweed/grass scent that is in the air. And it's a bit overcast like it would be along the coast.

It's early in the morning. I'm waiting for an order to go in the diner setting building. I wonder out back, where I see a housewife yelling with what looks like a frying pan. I go back in to get my order. An elderly gentleman comes in to the shop and takes a seat. He looks ready to doze off. Looking around, I see there are a few regulars, who appear to use the bakery for the same reason. The man looked middle eastern, Armenian perhaps.

A note: after drinking late, closing down this one particular bar / restaurant we used to frequent. We would go to see a buddy of ours at a bakery to drink some final beers, smoke some pot. He would just be getting his goodies in the oven. We would eat extra seat baked. Delicious gourmet items that while we would never be able to afford during the upper crusts normal operating hours, at the time of baking, we're a little more than ingredients. My friend's efforts. And an extra trays baking time in the oven. We'd let the dogs run around and otherwise upscale downtown bakery. And make our exit just before Dawn.

A second note on the subject:

And another bar, it was not uncommon for regulars to be locked in, sleeping off they're drunk until the morning maintenance crews came in to clean up, a few hours later. They would sleep in booths, some regulars would sit up use the bathroom, and go straight to the bar for a hair of the dog. First note took place in Chico second note took place in Chico as well at least I'm pretty sure.

March 6th. Amazing return to dreamtime. It's definitely all about quantity of sleep. Going to bed around 9:30, sleeping in. All I know is I dreamed like crazy. Probably missed some in addition to these four. One dream fragment in particular: I recall consolidating bags of mushrooms. Nice cubensis variety.

1. There was more to this one. But I have a tendency to shy away from any dream with my mom in it. At least until I can properly mourn and breathe her death. Something my monitors won't allow me to do at present.

Okay, I'm gluing battens, or some kind of trim, perhaps, on the side of the house. But this house is indoors, on a stage or in a scene shop. This subject matter makes sense. Yesterday, as I was taking a nap or drifting up to sleep, arguing with my monitors about how they should let me out of jail

I recalled working on Sharon suttons and Dr Edward suttons who was my mom's old boss side fence and pedestrian gate. I did a beautiful job that featured a seamless look with glue and nail trim strips. That I had ripped down to about 2 in, covering the gaps between fence boards.

Anyways, I did a considerable amount of gluing. Walking up and down the long seam that I was working on. These walls were laid out on sawhorses and work tables for the most part. Some I recall being applied on upright

panels. The glue is messy. Boards won't stay until I try to clamp them but as I reach for the clamps, I lose grip. They're just out of reach. Boards fall to the floor, glue side up, thank goodness. But for whatever reason: for example lack of quick clamps proper fasteners, help, the project is not going the way I had hoped. I'm ready for a break..

My mom's coming to bring me lunch. But I don't want to see her. So I go to take off, figuring I'll come back and fix the mess I've made later.

Inexplicably, at one point during the dream, the lights go off I have written get shut off if that's important. But they came back on quickly, and no attention is paid to the odd anomaly, dream anomaly.

2. Speaking of odd I call this dream the office bizarro. Now I know Dave Foley is best known for kids in the Hall, and for the life of me, I can't figure out why I want to associate him with the office TV show. But I have for this dream. Anyways. This dream is indeed in an office. And a guy who looks like Dave foley, is working on a computer. My monitor jokes: I do look kind of like Dave foley. To which I think back to a guy who looked like Seth macfarlane, at least to me, at the Golden dragon restaurant when Brittany and I went out one night. I recall the impression that I was being gang stalked that evening. Now here's the thing, remember the guy who did the apple versus window commercials? That's actually the guy I'm thinking of. I walk over to another guy who looks like the Anthony Hopkins character in the movie, I think this is the title, the road to wellville. Who in the movie is representative of the founder of the Kellogg breakfast cereal empire. There's a few cubicles, workstations that run around the perimeter of the room. Printers, fax machines, filing cabinets. I know I saw more, but retention wasn't quite as good as I would have liked.

3. Unlike this next dream! Where I can recall all sorts of stuff!! And a beautiful dream it was. I'm smiling just thinking about it.

The swimming hole.

The first scene, I'm going to attribute to this dream is of a wall falling down. Safety first, the area was clear of people. Although, I vaguely recall some sort of activity going on just prior to the wall coming down. The result of this demolition has large plywood sections of the wall floating in a mountain river. There's a wide swath of river rock. Boulders and stones of various sizes indicating how full the river had been in the past, where it has flowed. It's a wonderful outdoor setting with a large conifers and Meadows lining the riparian landscape. I've gone upstream a few hundred yards where the wood panels lay next to the rushing water. Some partially submerged. I just Lodge

some sections from the bank and hang on to them as the current begins to move us. At times I try to surf them, but it's difficult to get a proper stance. Now the main structure in the dreamscape is a large barn that spans the river. As if it had one served as a Milhouse or something like that. The water dams up as it enters the covered area. Retaining walls divert the current to create small islands where one can work. Dredging for gold from what I can tell. Although we never actually engage in this endeavor. I'm more concerned about creating a deeper swimming hole. In fact, I'm caught off guard a bit as I watch the sections of wall flow downstream.

Some, I've decided with good for use as reinforcements to better damn the water in my effort to create a deep swimming hole. I continue to follow them downstream, some merging some of the less structural pieces underwater, others I'm surfing on top of.

About 200 yards downstream, there is another structure. More of a Riverside shed or shop. I'm looking for a decent shovel. There's a variety of tools I can use. A hatchet, and ax, a small spade that I encounter on an area that resembles a sandbox. Storage for sand, cement mix, mortar something like that. There's part of a shovel in it. And at the next moment a large scoop appears. I also see a snow shovel amongst the tools. I think I grabbed a shovel or parts of one. But it's unclear as I've begun to make my way back upstream. At one point, I considered taking a section of hose to use, but I'm alerted by the sound of somebody arriving. It's the engineers in charge of the facility. We pay each other no mind. I head back up to the Mill House walking along the bank taking in the scenery. Back up by the swimming hole project, I take a dip in the old pool. Which is neatly ringed with large stones. I assessed the project I want to do. Which would offer a much deeper, colder pond ponding pool. I try a few experiments detouring the water, damning it. But it's clear the best answer would be for me to put some back into it. And dig the area to swim in deeper.

4. The subconscious slumber party.

I'm in a cozy mountain cabin. Like the Huffman's at Huntington lake. And I'm at what can best be described as a slumber party. There's five or six other people there in attendance. A wood stove hosts a warming fire as we are all in our companies, some girls in pajamas with feet. There's lots of pillows and bedding. Couches and chairs. It's going to be a snugly night. I'm wandering around the small cottage in a daze. As if I'm drugged. There's narration from my monitors which helps me to realize that I'm under. Hypnotized. Or in a controlled dream state.

On my sleepwalk around the house, I encounter scenarios of varying degrees of significance and general import. Some seemingly trivial, at least from my perspective, such as when I go to throw away a small piece of trash that I discovered in my hand. But I'm looking for an appropriate place to dispose of the waste, I run into Little vignettes of what's going on in the room. It's as if I'm high on LSD and don't understand, at least very well, what's going on. Here's what I find:

There's some beautiful cute playful girls in the living room.

In an adjoining bedroom, next to the door as I go in, there's two people seated on the floor. I see one of them holding a piece of paper that says submissive.

I come across another heat source. What looks like a camp stove or perhaps a kerosene heater I say this because I can see the bright blue flame. I almost catch the trash on fire and burn my hand.

I find a small coffee can that's empty, but deem it's not suitable.

In the kitchen, that sports a 50s style table with a metal band running around the formica top. I look under the sink and there's under the sink stuff. Some boxes of soap with the tops cut off, a couple jars or cans but nothing to

It was absurd this time that I look into the corner of the living room and find some paperwork. On it, is a schedule of those being put under for experimentation. I find my row. And look across the timeline of events apparently on a special program. The status confirmed by my monitors narration. It's at this point, I get a complete picture of my captivity. It indicates that I'm not allowed outside, and to be prevented from falling asleep. The latter being my way out of the unconscious imprisonment I found myself in. I can hear my monitors comment: he saw the schedule?! They do a bit more commentary: that's right. You're on a special program etc.. two more things transpired before my final endeavor.

I'm sitting on a deep couch possibly blocking the TV it goes off, as he says hey I wanted to watch tv. To which I replied something along the lines of I don't care. and then, I think under my breath, I'd rather the TV be off anyways. This could have been bleed through of course. Audio from the pod and someone talking. It's the time of morning when we get the TV cord, and it sometimes turned on, sometimes turned off.

Some nice music comes on. Sort of old-timey, although I can't quite recall exactly what. But it reminds me of the Jeep commercial that's been on lately, and very well could happen. I love you california..

So, to end the dream, I'm in the center of the room. Staring at the ceiling. And the wall in front of me. I'm trying to climb it in my mind. Levitate myself in such a way, that I'm able to climb the wall crawling up it and be suspended from the ceiling like Spider-Man. Unfortunately, I haven't quite mastered The matrix of which I'm in. The dream state within the dream state doesn't end, but I do wake up.

I wonder if I'm still dreaming inside my head? Guess I'll find out when I go to bed tonight. Wow, can you believe how long I've been working on the journal today? Makes the time go by, huh? Should I read some before scandal? Or rest my eyes and get my kit together? So we're in agreement? Pillow. Bedding etc. First cool. It's been a week since I started so long. While the initial of euphoria associated with taking the drug may have waned some, its overall integrity as an antidepressant / anti-anxiety remains intact. My sleep is returned to a more normal level. And so, for the most part, has my dream.

1. I'm in a long interior alley. A quarter like one might find in an urban settings such as a parking garage. Looks like a street or alley but it's inside. I'm homeless, by choice for the night. I could go back to my mom's as an option to be considered as other homeless people move in for the night. What was an idyllic spot, quiet, private, protected from the elements and is relatively clean has turned into a party. I was there first. Then they moved in. I see parts of my scaffolding holding down tarps. All my gear contained into one little spread. Another guy has a tarp with six, seven, eight car batteries spaced 2 ft apart. Holding it down as if a huge wind was going to come along and blow it away. The cops roll through. I figured the place is going to be a bust later. I'm like, I'm going to find a new spot because I can sleep anywhere. It's not too late to move camp.

2. It's count time at a large jail facility. One guy is trying to hide in a garbage can. I see a thin faded wristband among some swept up debris. The guards were count are using a homing device to track them missing inmates location. I figured they'll be heading towards the wristband soon enough. I can't believe the guy would get in a garbage barrel.

March 8th. On collection of dreams and dream fragments. Zoloft seems to be working?

1. Job fair at Lowe's.

Something about me working, I'm going to apply for a better position at the end of the day.

2. I'm either taking off, or restrapping on, an ankle weight.
3. Hanging out with Matt at a suite or boutique type hotel. We have a bunch of weed. Three different bags on a coffee table. Some dude breaks out some of the larger buds, I'm guessing for sale, or to roll up. I do not like somebody handling my bud and gather mine up. I want to puff, but the lighter flame is low, the bud is diggity dank. I'm bummed, I don't get to get stoned.

This also marks a point in my dream state, where I'm stuck in the dream. I'm out of jail, and I don't want to go back. I'm trying to figure out whether to check in with probation, run for it there's this whole mental battle going on, on top of the fact that I'm in a dream, about how to avoid going back to jail. Which for a while ignores The dilemma that I'm dreaming. When I wake up I will be in jail. My monitors take the light in this perfection. They say quote: john, you're in a dream. You want to stay in here. Oooooh. We control your mind. Blah blah blah blah. (I have noted here: no offense, you all?)

Okay. It kind of upset me. But it was really cool how I couldn't wake up for a bit. Like I was trapped in the dreamscape.

4. I'm at an event that has a Mexican buffet. There's going to be a speaker, but no one seems to concerned. I'm busy making my plate and then head over to the foot of the stairs. To the side of the speaker, about 10 to 12 ft, actually in another room. There's more monitor commentary.

5. I get the job transfer. The more? Livermore?

6. I go to check myself back into jail. I quiz the guard about competency.

7. I'm on a beautiful small ocean inlet. The sun's rays from a rainbow washes over my face. This could have actually happened while I was in jail. I get sunlight. And there are rainbow prism reflections through the glass bricks that line the corridor outside our cell.

8. I saw a man in a swimsuit on a beach.

March 9th.

1. This isn't a dream, but I distinctly remember my mind being awake while sleeping. As if ready to dream. This was before chow, about 2 to 3 hours into my slumber. I felt that way at least twice during this sleep session.

2. Early morning dream in which I'm readying myself for a return bicycle trip back to cayucos. I say this because I think I'm in Morro Bay, having ridden the hill, a previous streamscape. I remember scenescapes of mumsies in cayucos. So it's a bit confusing. The next dream is definitely at mumsy's, or is supposed to be. My notes aren't that good, so I'll just list what I got: It's dark. Pre Dawn.

There's an urgency to get going, to get to work.

There are sandwiches, meat racks like in jail, sloppily put together.

I remember that I didn't like the arrangement of the kitchen. The sink in front of the window facing the carport is gone. It's replaced by a drinking fountain. Which leads me to concern over getting the dishes clean. I don't trust the setup.

Mom or mumsy are in the back part of the mobile home, for the second part of the dream.

3. The second part of the dream. The mobile home takes on a Long trailer type feel to it. With counters and shelves on the sides where there's not small sitting areas or Windows. Like a motorhome! There's coffee at the end closest to me. I am looking back towards the front of the coach. It becomes like some sort of commercial or music video for an artist. Whose gallery is debuting. It becomes absurd. Like an Abercrombie and Fitch fashion show, complete with fans blowing tinsel and hunky looking young guys striking poses while divas strut and ogle over each other. I look at the coffee pot again and then essentially: I stopped the drain. Right here. Look at this. There's stickers for booze on the coffee pot. Now my grandmother never drank. And I don't know. Haven't for seven and a half years.

A remark about the tinsel. There was a shelf, like a luggage compartment with stuff dangling down. And it would move. Wiggling like a fan blowing pencil. But vertical, not horizontally I may have been waiting for Mary, my grandmother's old housekeeper and caretaker. They announced the name of the artist. Reminds me of something like Walter Mondale?

4. This was a pleasant dream to end the mornings sleep. It made me smile. I'm riding in a car with a girl woman, a convertible or golf cart, and come up to a circle. There's a car coming in the other side. I decided to go all the way around the circle. I get the whole G-Force feeling as I crank on the wheel. I'm going fast or my steering is tight because it's difficult to pull the car the way I want to. I overshoot my exit and have almost feared out of the circle. No sign of the other car.

My female companion asked me if I'm okay, as I pull over. She says I thought you fell asleep, or something like that, I don't know what she's talking about.

Here there's some banter with the monitors I say: hi everybody. How's your day going or went? Good? Cool.

She's a little concerned about me missing the turn, I guess. I say I could go around again, but instead I decided to take a dirt road that connects to a road over to my left. For some reason I have it as me making a right turn on to it however. We're definitely in more of a golf cart now. The road gets money, not too bad though. Except for a little gift with a large puddle in it that I'll have to negotiate around. I'm thinking ticket on the right side which is the high side. I hear an appropriate song, as if my companion has played it for me. It goes I'm attracted to the craziest guys. Although later I remember it as addicted I think I have an admirer.

March 10th.

1. Dream fragment. I'm cleaning out my Alta tool bags. They were really full. Like after a hard Day's work. Was considering washing them.
2. I'm at college. There's a live amplifier that is getting plugged into. This creates a sustained ground loop buzz, that needs to be lifted. There's lots of windows. Cold air is coming through them. In reality, my bank is next to a hall door that lets in cold air. And can be opened electronically with a loud buzz.
3. Another odd lecture dream. It's about art history. French, I believe. I have Renoir or Richelieu in mind or maybe something with an m?

Anyways, the odd part is the lecture comes across as boring. Having very little to do with the subject matter. I'm frustrated. I don't like it when things don't make sense. When I can't properly outline what's going on. It seems like there's a brief break in the dream. And then it resumes with me at the front of the class, up at the podium talking to my professor, who's betrayed by the computer scientist in war games I believe. So he explains how what he was talking about had nothing to do with the subject matter. And how sometimes that's the way the game is played. My monitors echo this sentiment. At this point, I think I'm going to reference the book. Google the artist. Something like that. My monitors and I have another exchange about how kids today can just look stuff up. That lectures are there for

meaningless. The teacher just plays his part and lets them know what they need to look up. Comparisons are drawn to my situation.

4. It's after school and I'm trying to make new friends. A cute raver makes a date with me to meet at the 7-Eleven so I can buy some Valium off of her. She's flirtatious, I like her. I do a rough estimate of how much I got on my wallet: 40 to 60 bucks. I'm like which 7-eleven? The young group of guys I'm with tell me they'll show me where it's at. She takes off. And while I don't like hanging out with the dudes, they're okay. One place grab stuff out of the new guys back. I keep telling him I need that. This echoes a game of keep away a fellow inmate played with another last week. We're in a Dusty bleacher section we've been sitting there for an assembly, rally, game.

There's beach towels lining the seats to make them easier on the butt and perhaps to shave them from the sun. But they're dusty. I got my stuff and went with the group. Never got to see the cute girl again.

5. I'm with my brother and some of the guy. We pull over on the shoulder of a winding road that runs next to a small river. We get out to go hiking and climb a mountain face right next to the roadway. There's some orange cones and a creek crossing in the shade of the tall promontory that makes the road you. I go straight across the creek. Deceptively shallow. We all go straight up the hillside. You're the top, it gets real steep. The terrain is weird. Like burlap sacks stuffed. Maybe erosion cloth? As we make the summit, there's a modern looking Church facility with lawns, walkways, more bleacher seats. And much to my surprise, steep steps going down the side of the hill we just climbed up. Very steep. The bleacher seats were gold. There's a concrete railing.

6. Back to jail. There's always a dream in which I'm behind bars these days. At least this time I've been informed that I'm getting out. Someone has posted bail. I've got some stuff laid out at what appears to be a poker game table. And I'm concerned about: did they really call me? Should I report to probation? Run for it? Who bailed me out? What about the bag of iron files I have? The pizza cutters? What about all my commissary? After all, I've got meatloaf! And crackers! I love crackers!

I take the dilemma over to my bank, or someone has already moved in. There's a blanket adjacent to it, set out for a picnic. But it's odd, there's what looks like balloons underneath the handmade quilt. I empty the cooler, go through my food stuffs again. Get pto the point where I'm like fuck it! I'm just out of here. While waiting for my release, the pizza cutters get

confiscated at the poker game. I'm still going to try to get my bag of tools out. I had flirted with the idea of trying to file out.

The pod, by the way, is huge and reminds me of the dorm setting in North jail. More so, than my current cell. The last thing I do is go through a stack of towels the paisas have. I find my old coppertone Beach towel. I had seen a corner of it briefly before.

7. In this last dream, I could only remember: a bunch of us three or four maybe, sharing a small area of a quilt. Like on a float in a parade, or perhaps a hayride? Anyways, I'm real close to a dominant female. And the last image I see is of her nose. Which while, a bit big, isn't crazy large until I do some visual warping with my mind. Or maybe this is because I'm just waking up. It's interesting, that I've been focusing on women's noses for some reason. Olympias, Lisa fokarelli's, ingrids, nedra, Lori Horowitz. I feel almost guilty obsessing about a facial characteristic. I like to think that: I'm not like that. It surprises me when I notice facial features or categorize people ethnically by physical characteristics. Sometimes using crass stereotypes like bones deschanel? might do.

3/11. This dream ended up making a political statement of sorts. The kind Hawkeye would make in mash. It coincides with another observation about audio and dreams that I have. Monitored or not. A lot of the TV we watch our old shows. Like mash, recorded with very basic microphones from the '60s '70s and '80s. They tend to make everyone sound fairly monotone like Sherman Potter on mash. Harry Morgan's voice reminds me of mash therefore when I hear a voice like that it might influence my dreamscape. This first fragment, well part of a longer dream I believe, this being just the ending suggest that.

I'm in a conversation about the evolution of war. Bombs in particular. I imagine Hawkeye, played by Alan alda, operating on some kid as I see a hydrogen bomb being dropped. The commentary goes first it was the h-bomb. Then worse. Then I hear the doctors say: it was a lot easier when we just started dropping bombs on each other. The implication being, as I took it, that bullets and landmines, artillery were insufficient killing devices. Leaving maimed men dying slow deaths. At least bombs would kill most outright. They're being sarcastic and speaking the truth at the same time.

2. I've taken over the lease at a cabin. Same setting as a couple of other previous cabin dreams. The roommates I have aren't going to work out. There's obnoxious. There's beer bottles all over the place. I couldn't take a swig and have cigarette butts in it. I go to the sink and try to drink water, after having rinsed out my mouth and it doesn't have any taste or refreshing sensation. The water appears to have a dark vein of minerals in the stream from the faucet upon examination. I tried again. It's frustrating. I wake up thirsty.

3. This was the big one of the night. Or two dreams put together and I'll try to do it justice. I moved into a larger apartment or condo. Common yards, key gates, it's in town as opposed to a cabin or rural dwelling. I've got roommates and they're a good bunch, I'll be at younger and a little wilder than I might be. The yard is behind the garage. There's a breezeway between the house and the garage. We have neighbors right next door. In apartments with covered walks to the entrances the neighborhood might be turned a bit sketchy. And while our yard is fenced and gated, some of the deadbolts might be in disrepair. There's a few bushes, trees, and a large cactus? On an otherwise bare dirt yard. The previous owners may have had dogs. There's packed well worn trails around the perimeter. I go and talk to the neighbors: an old guy. A family that has a Mexican ex-con father, or baby daddy perhaps? He's wearing a wife beater shirt. But he's cool like Pablo from A pod. I'm examining the ins and outs of the yard and complex. I'm asking the question: who might have keys to what? And whether my key opens the gate to the gate of the apartments adjacent to the yard. As I'm doing this, I encounter, or rather find, a drunk guy passed out in a bush behind the garage. I'm like dude..

I also meet a sad girl at the other end of the yard. But she doesn't want to talk to me. I'm just about to find my roommates and discuss things with them, when I'm interrupted by the Comcast salesman.

No we already have basic cable. And while this guy is sweating, I attributed to the heat more than a guilty mind that might accompany a salesman who's trying to make an extra buck in the way a car salesman might. He gives me a price. I count her. We discuss movie channels. I'm a tough negotiator. I use that higher pitched voice one uses when pointing out that they're in the right and shouldn't be hustled. Saying something like: well, we already get x many channels for y amount of dollars. We don't really need movie channels.. in my mind this gives him the opportunity to counter offer and make things right. What she does. I tell him I'll have to consult with my

roommates and ask if he could return in a day or two. He's reluctant to leave without a deal. I figure I'll probably work it out and go with him. But it would be prudent to look at all my options and figure out if I'll be able to collect for my roommates. First price was maybe \$50 a month?

Now here's an interesting note. During my negotiations with the cable salesman who I label as CIA, I do a power move. That is: I open and close the garage door several times. I'm checking to see if the stops are correctly placed if it's working properly. All things one does when moving into a new place. It's as I write this, I look back on this display showing the salesman how unconcerned I am about his proposals. Just like when I used to clean my reading glasses, that I didn't really need, in high school debate tournaments during cross examination. Or how we used to use Grant's Crystal picture for our water. Methods of intimidation in general.

Back to the finally convened house meeting. My roommates are doing their best to clean up what appears to be a trashed house. Whether that is from a moving in party, or more likely, it came that way. And while I'd like to discuss security a bit more, I get the assurance that we're all on the same page, for example Gates need to be locked. Keys need not giving out, etc.. I Remy the passed out guy in the yard. And apologize, we both do inside. He's cool. A friend of either the girl in the yard or another roommate.

Back to the work that needs to be done. One room's floor is wet and needs mopping. And while one of the housemates gives it a go, they clearly don't know what they're doing. I take over the chore, get part of it done, then see another problem. What looks like vomit is seeping under a wall in the living room. It's formed a thin layered puddle on top of the floor. Pretty big one at that. I think of the drunk passed out guy, but don't attribute it to him.

Meanwhile, I'm happy your roommate has made progress with the other room mopping. I get a feeling things are going to work out with my new friends just fine.

4. I'm a little bummed I can't remember more of this one. It takes place at what I take to be a dormitory type setting. Maybe apartments or hotel rooms. I say this because I go over to the next room easily and back. We're going to party. I get prepared in my room. Then go to the neighboring guys pad with two women, who are intent on taking care of me. The guy is mixing drinks, blizzards or "blizzids". The girls are talking about snowballs. The monitors suggest that these are drug references to cocaine.

I don't think I've come to the party empty-handed. I was bringing something. The girls pull out pastries that are shaped like snowmen. Like

ornaments mumsy used to make. They look delicious. Or I'm giving the impression they are. The girls are friendly. I'm bummed when I wake up. Although not crazy about breaking my sobriety in the dream.

3/12. They're so clear then my notes are horrible had them but they're lost. My bad.

1. Cooking and wine loft, seeing guys files
2. Getting ride home, crash into yard
3. More ranch setting
4. I'm repainting a wall with heavy paint. It's maroon and it creates two semicircles, trooping like smiles as they run down the wall. It's lit as if in a gallery.
5. Although I'm strictly in view mode on this one, I'd like to think that I'm involved. Come to think of it. I could say that about every dream. Anyway, we're on the roof of where the bad guys are. We're going to freeze them by releasing nitrogen and liquid form into the building while spraying a fire hose into it. It's so CIA like.

3/13.

1. There's a new Walmart across a dirt field. It's quite a ways away. I'm looking for gloves to wear on the walk. I'm making a way big deal out of a trip that shouldn't be. It's taking a long time to get ready. Now Mom wants me to pick up something for dinner. I tell her I'll get that stuff later.
2. Some kind of event upstairs. There's some catering. A bar.
3. Typical jail drain. Someone's taking my bunk. There's one in the corner that's okay. I can't find my shoes. The guy who took my bunk is an a***** / looks like that guy from TV who looks like Phil. I'm going to fight him. He's got a small razor blade. That seems to be the only he plans on using. I'm not impressed. But as much as I swing or try to hit him, I can't land an effective blow.

3/14.

1. Long winding dream that ends up with pot growing. Matt's in it. He's on the phone. I have some undistinguishable notes here.
2. I'm sexually involved with joy making out foreplay. We're allowed to go to the backyard to smoke a cigarette. With another guy. Twice. The second time, my cigarette has no filter is pulled out. There's a hotel table ashtray next to the door for butts. Inside it's warm, well that. I moved through a kitchen from the room I'm playing in, to get to the door to go out. Possibly the laundry room? There's tall grass, the backyard is a bit on kempt. There's a picnic table. Over the fence I see a tent that's lit from inside. Like a dome. I hear native American Indian chanting. I can't find my sandals. I'm jacked on the nicotine. When I Wake up, I start to work barefoot like in the dream. Hard as a rock.
3. Busy atmosphere surrounding a job installation on working for someone but there's not a lot on my to-do list. There's a crew rigging up a door. They're cutting into the concrete floor with a wet saw, at least it should be a wet saw, although the blades looking on industrial. It's for some cable or sensor that will be triggered when someone comes through the door. My tension is drawn to another project: stapling up plastic and insulation. A woman is using a t-50 stapler. I think to myself. Personally, I would use a hammer tacker.
The guy who's checking me out, asks for my info: this could have been the monitors. I give it to him. Thinking, all right that's a job. I'll get a check. The monitors then harass me about giving out my info etc..
4. They dream fragment but the intent is clear. Different people have an individuals back. True friends coming by to visit a guy in the hospital.

3/15.

1. First thing of note was the sensation of getting splattered with water. Three, four, maybe five large drops, like someone was flicking it close to my face. The sensation was strong enough that it woke me up. Had to check to see if my face was wet.
2. I don't know what to say about this dream. It was a vision of fellow inmates playing cards. I was genuinely surprised to not see them at the table 10 ft away from my bank in the day room. There were two clear pieces of audio. One said midnight snitch which I took this to refer to a poker hand. Guessing it was a king and an ace.

3. History begins with a friend apologizing for not having time to play with me. I'm pretty bummed. And it snowable throughout the rest of the dream, that I get to a somewhat familiar setting with a male friend. I guess I'm over to meet some new friends maybe, get some play time. That's indicated by my companion.

I take a seat outside and wait for a few minutes before being ushered in. The entrance to the large older home has a covered park, that's built off and is part of the front porch and house. This indicates a very old home. The driveway runs parallel to the house. Maybe going back to a garage or shop with a you going under the covered porch area. There's a large living room and I learned that one of the roommates have been jamming late last night. The four five guys, I don't recall seeing any women, go to smoke pot. They offered to me, but I declined, so I didn't possible testing due to probation. One of the guys says, so you really are being monitored?

At this point, I don't want to look any of these gathered directly in the face. For fear my monitors will investigate them and I'll be a defective snatch. It upsets me greatly. The house is nice with wooden floors. A big kitchen. We share a meal. There's homemade pickles. Freshly made tortillas maybe chapatis? And some other sort of dish. I can barely eat. But managed to eat the soaked tortilla. I take my plate into the kitchen which is directly adjacent to the front room and visible through a wide arched walkway. There's two sinks. A small one accompanying a prep area to the right. There's flower where the tortillas were made. I have my dishes and take them to the larger dish sink on the island counter.

4. This was a strange dream in that it was as if I was looking at snapshots. And then able to return to some of them. Dad Brown fishing. My mom, my brother and I playing along with the canal. Red Rock cliffs. Part of a flume possibly. Bleeding boards, that we had signed maybe? Swimming. I was concerned about water splashing and getting the photos wet and ruined. As I came to, I remembered fondly the rafts we used to rent in cayucos.

5. I'm listening to an old grateful Dead concert with Bose headphones. I'm into the second track. I thought it was alligator, but then hard to handle. Can't remember the first song but could find it at home when I get out. The CD that is.

3/16. Zoloft quit working yesterday 3/15. A lot of sleep helps remedy this. I racked up for 24 hours, after that I had a plethora of dreams.

1. Nice dream. Was in a pissy mood, didn't remember or tried to record.
2. Long dream at bar setting. I see Casey in the restroom. I'm like you're dead. He smiles, and jokes as if he's surprised. He looks real good.
3. During the stream, I tried to write it down?
4. Had a nice dream
5. Another dream

Well just getting a short fragment, it was the only dream I consciously tried to remember. I was mad at my monitors and on strike so to speak. This was a good dream to start recording on.

I'm outside The pedestrian gate of stonebridge. People are walking by inside. A few of us, including Buonpong are outside, up to no good smoking pot. I'm aware of a surveillance camera watching the gate. As I hit the pipe I have, I carefully time I exhale to blow a cloud of smoke in such a way as to ensure it's delivery into the path of the stonebridge's walking by. I stashed the pipe. And pong picks it up. He can't light it. I repack it. And light it for him. We're right by the corner of marks and Herndon.

St Patty's day. 8 years since my last bust for a dui. What a long way I've come. This marks my return my real return to dreamtime.

1. It's a shame. The first dream I didn't remember. I have written pineapple, but I recall the dream involving something small. About the size of a cell phone. And it being involved in an exchange of some sort.
2. I have a small room I rent adjacent to a bar and restaurant. I'm scrounging for change to get enough gas money to give a woman and her kid a ride home. The lounge is a date scene and while a guy is hitting on the woman, which I find not necessarily appropriate, I'm concerned. Confident. I just need to get enough gas money. I find a small trove of change. Looks like quarters! I estimate I'm up to about \$7. On a dresser or something. The convenience of having a bedroom next to a bar is not lost on me.
3. I'm cleaning up the kitchen in our pad. Putting away booze from the night before. Placing an eight pack of what appears to be many Jose cuervo bottles. Maybe half pints but in the shape of a regular fifth bottle. We smoke a fatty. We have a fair amount of weed. Suddenly probation is at the door. This is actually my monitor doing one of their old fake raid bits. But in the dream, it's real. I'm trying to pop a hole on the underside of a sofa to stuff my quarter into. But as the cops come in, I'm forced to just lay it loosely

under a sheet, blanket something I've laid down on a futon. I'm actually sleeping in a sleeping bag. The stash pot isn't very good and will be discovered. A point of note. Those rating the place are plain clothes. Maybe not even real cops.

4. Now this dream was quite long. I even fell asleep inside the dream and then had déjà Vu upon waking. It is clearly one with s&m undertones. I'm with a dominant who is quite excited about putting it to me. I'm excited too! One little nefarious setup involves electricity. There's a current running through what seems to be a wall here like the baseboard type do each other items are connected. I tested a couple of times. I think the intent is to heat and shock plus whatever the toys being used to do do.

Another project is the punching of Staples or needles through a shoe? This I also test out. Walking will be nearly impossible.

I'm patient. And instructed to take a nap. We're waiting for something or somebody to arrive.

While napping in the dream, I have a dream of a woman in a Huipil. In addition to one other dream as I recall. I wake up to the sounds of other people arriving. I'm a little upset so many people are arriving. I got to check on the hot wire, but it's unplugged. I go back to my bedroom try to go back to sleep. But people are clearly getting ready for a party. A past resident, bubbly with cornrows, has some of her stuff in my room. It's clear my nap is not going to continue. People want to use my bathroom. The woman is looking for stuff in two locations. Directly to the right, as you go in the door. And on a wall unit that houses the TV, across the room from the door. Looks like clothes, stuff I think. I recall costume accessories like one might see on let's make a deal.

Anyway, I still lay down on my futon. A beautiful woman and her boyfriend sit down next to me as the party gets going. She got short hair. I asked her when did you cut your hair? Do you like it? I could tell she had recently cut her long hair. Of no colon we watched white oleander, a movie that had a traumatic scene of a young woman cutting her hair with a knife. We talked about. I'm flirtatious, but not overly so. The next look I get at her, directly above me, as I'm still laying down on my back shows her with short nappy little dreads. The change in hair is happening right before my eyes as she turned her head slightly to her right. And back to the left the dreads forming as she moved her head.

A guy interest a room wearing the wee pill I saw in the dream. The talk contains drug-related substance oh you do that? I like to do this etc..

5. Random dream fragment it might be associated with the dream. Or with the one prior. Definitely one of the two.

I'm looking out the window. The apartment or house I'm living in is on the second floor. Outside the window, I look across and see a guy on the second floor balcony but townhouse across the walk. The townhouses in this development are all new construction. And made of a rust almost colored coral colored stucco. I think there's some iron work around the doors and on the walls or balconies. And one of the views I have is from the exterior of the home. One of which I can get a sort of a layout of the neighborhood or complex. I believe he's drinking and mixed drink.

6. I enter into a familiar side-by-side restaurant/bar setting. There's three rows of tables, all filled with patrons drinking pints. Guinness the preferred ale. I've just entered the place and while I remember what a pint tastes like, I'm looking for a cool tall glass of water. I walked to the back, turn left, and go through the door to the restaurant area next door. I walk up towards the front and encounter the owner. Where I procure my water. I note to him that he clearly needs some help. The glasses aren't getting washed, changed out on the table, pints aren't getting poured answered. Orders not taken, money lost. I tell him he needs to hire me. He goes on babbling, clearly high or intoxicated and in no shape to make decisions regarding the operation of his establishment. His teeth are gaped. He kind of reminds me of Dave b, or Viking guy. He has iridescent blue makeup in beautiful patterns and designs on his face. It's very well done, applied with delicate finishing touches. Like gold accents. It's fun!

But this doesn't deter me from imposing my will and getting the job. I tell him I'm going to make an offer that he can't refuse. I tell him, and an employee present to give me a bus tray and a towel and I'll make him \$200 in an hour. Then I'll quit for the night. And be back in the morning to start. You still uncertain. But I've got the momentum and begin anyway. At first I'm handed a short order basket, and a napkin. Then a waitress tray and a tablecloth. I take the red tablecloth, ditch the tray and basket, as well as the iridescent green or blue napkins. Come to think of it the guys face might have been green. But then again, it is Saint Patrick's Day today. I head back to the bar room. I know about the layout: the two rooms are almost identical. Each has a door in front, what's upon entering has a small rectangular room divided off to the left. Kind of like a videos. A place my mom and I used to go to on my birthday. Anyways, I go back to the bar side and try to fold the tablecloth. So it looks like an arm towel that I waited

would have. I go to the front and ditch the tablecloth and a chair. Behind the bar, I see three bus trades. In various stages of use. One is being filled up with water and suds. Another has a makeshift pour stand for the tap flowing. I grab an empty bus tray and go to work and I set the tablecloth down wide it up in a chair. Careful to note, that there's another waitress working the row of tables along the wall. I'm ready for work as I grab empties and clear my mind as to provide sufficient room to remember drink orders, without writing them down.

7. I'm going to go to a concert at Fresno state. I have an extra ticket. I can picture myself selling your ticket, if I have to. By the stairs leading up to a parking garage. I'm early. And can't decide whether to ride, bike, or bus. I asked my dad to take me, but he says no. I look at the tickets and therefore Fresno State women's basketball. A picture myself at the game. I decided not to go, realizing, upon being informed by my monitors that I'm still in jail. Bummer.

8. There's a nasty green colored water pool. A kid gets out of it and he's going to stink. On a separate note, nearby, there's a guy blow drying a Pekingese dog. Actually, it's not a blow dryer he's using. It's an odd contraption that utilizes an iron to flatten the dog's hair for show. I wake up.

9. This last dream I remembered while writing dream number four. I'm at a mall. A guy selling nitrous oxide and nobody is the wiser. I pay him four or five dollars, and he gives me a nice big balloon. I am distracted, however. And when I get back to the balloon it's deflated. I go and get another one but the guy can only give me a small one. Still enough to get high on and trip with some music.

3/18. I must have dreamed for an hour. Okay that might be an exaggeration but it was a very long dream that told the story. At the end, I wrote down notes in my head. Which while industrious on my part is ineffective when it comes to remembering the dream. My monitors talking incessantly as I wake up doesn't help either. Which is pretty much always the case.

I'll do my best, however. It's in a familiar beachside setting. An ocean from town that resembles cayucos. The dream loops at the end. At which point I tried to recreate the beginning of the dream. Confusing to say the least. I'll address that return to the start, at the end of the dream.

I can picture the town, cayucos, as the setting with a few changes in the townscape I'll note when appropriate. It's overcast and foggy. The main street is in the same place at least I think it is. And it's evening high tide. The dream starts as I'm checking into a seedy hotel. Although I think I've been to the beach then to a bar then to some kind of shop or garage. All three of these settings make sense to me. But I can't be for certain. It feels like I was in these places, and they tend to lend background to the part of the dream that I remember. The motels on the corner across from Al's sporting goods and the gas station. It's low budget and has two doors to get in. One security door with the broken glass on the small window of it suggests a bad neighborhood. There's two deadbolt locks, four keys. The keys are shaped like an upside down pentagram odd if you ask me. And they're narrower than any regular key. Like to a really old locker maybe a locker. We have four keys, because a buddy of mine is asleep on one of the twin beds. I think the guy asleep is John from absecon. The motel room is shabby. With cheap paneling, greasy dressers, and nightstands. Filthy carpet. I've got to go out and tend to some kind of business, after what seems like a long time getting ready to go and finding two keys that work. I'm leaving two keys behind. Locking only one lock I go back inside checking to see if I have everything. It occurs to me, that I spend a lot of time in my dreams getting ready to go. I make it out the door. At this point, I recall interacting with some teens. Although I can't remember why or exactly when. It could have been before I checked in. I'm headed across the street to the garage or the gas station. Here's where I get a lot of plot and not a lot of information:

I'm overseeing a deal a business transaction that involves a scam.

It involves other parties. One guy is wondering where his bike is.

A guy I'm working with disappears across the street.

The guy I'm dealing with checks the crate for shipping.

It has what appears to be a very expensive yellow snowmobile.

He doesn't check another crate that's already ready to go.

Inside that crate is a fake.

We're absconding with the real one. It's either a motorcycle or snowmobile?

I walk out and go to the beach, laying low to see if it all goes smoothly and the dude isn't wise to our hustle.

I'm walking to the south end of the town along the beach. Glancing up to the main street that runs parallel, to see if there's any visible signs of our scam being uncovered.

The beach is steep from the tides eroding away the sand. As I get down to where the liquor store is, I walked back up to the street and cross over to the empty lot next to the pharmacy.

An entrance in back leads to a small bike shop. Perhaps a rental place.

This is where the dream starts over. The final or first scene has me getting into a fight with a dude, of note there's three guys in this dream. All who look the same: my buddy at the hotel, do we scanned, dude I fight with. Who looks like John from absecon or the Morgan dude who ate hamburgers for 30 days. The Morgan character also looked a lot like the owner of the restaurant in the dream I had two days ago. I'm kicking ass. I think I'm wearing a down ski jacket. I take dudes crappy tweaker bike and break it by throwing it. It's all welded together tweaker style and brakes and half.

2. I go out on the balcony that is accessible through the door at the end of the hallway find my bunk. I'm getting stoned. I see a guard below. He's cool with it. So is an officer who came down the hallway to see what's up. I go back inside not wanting to push my luck.

Of note: as I was getting up one of the porters was loitering and the following happened:

Co came by to hurry him along. It was sort of a deja Vu to the dream.

3. I'm at a patio Cafe setting. Reminds me of the old pre earthquake beer garden on the Santa Cruz Pacific garden mall. Across the street is the star line. I go across and talk to Lydia who is quick to note: that she's sorry she couldn't get back to me about what I've been going through. This is actually my monitors interacting with me.

, I actually didn't contact Lydia about my harassment. She never really became a topic or Target of my monitors interrogation.

3/20.

1. I'm in a basement perhaps casey's, and I take a large hit a pot. A blow a huge cloud and then go to stash the pipe. I lift up a corner of the carpet and the pad then stash it. Double check the placement, and set another piece of carpet like a rug or doormat, over the area. And then move a table leg over as to completely disguise the location.

2. I'm out at a club. There's a large TV screens, strippers. I'm rocking out and dancing to Paradise city. I can clearly hear the music being played via my monitors. They comment on it, saying I'm going to Paradise City in Costa rica. We have a conversation. They try to suggest Costa Rica is an anagram for atascadero. It's not.

3. I'm eating dinner. Some food is spilled on the at this point, the dream has me going to the back of the house. Where I'm looking for someone's room. I see a shower curtain in one room. It's design has circles inside circles, maybe some Moon shaped presents. It's clear with turquoise accents and black dots. Maybe some white the semi circles? I opened another door. Someone's room. The door next to it. Another room. I opened it again and it's a different room. It seems to me they were kids rooms.

4. I'm shopping at a boutique. At least that's what it ends up being. At one point I'm looking through a box of old comics, magazines, newspapers? They're like \$25 in change. Some more. I'm not sure what I pick up first, but I'm going back and forth to the counter and display. I'm a bit out of place. It's like an old ladies shop. But they strike me as more in my age group, just a bit more mature and stylish.

I find it doll. It has a cute dress that has names written all over it. I want it. Presumably, to give to my mom. I go to get it. There's fuss over the gift bag. And she's missing a pin. The pin is a quill like ostrich plume or something. The owner of the shop says it's a must.

Anyways, I'm not sure if I leave with the doll and the back. But it appears to me as the dream continues, that I'm going out with the owner of the shop, her husband, and their kids to lunch. At this point I have noted: the train ticket. I must be going soon.

As we walk towards a nearby Mediterranean restaurant, we cut across a construction site. I think that's where we pick up the husband while we were walking along. I help out with this work. Something that has to do with spring. Maybe chemicals or paint perhaps lawn scene? We have to spread out a lot of tarps. Some, actually many of them, brand new. They're barely unfolded before we had the tarps out to protect the ground and keep it dry. I'm going to take some of the tarps, and don't load all of them up into the large flatbed truck a stake bed plywood sides. I go over to a box of supplies. There's some chalk for chalk lines. Some other surveyor supplies On the other side of the construction site, we meet up with their kids. And then get to the restaurant. They can't see this because they're full. I talk about some really good food and they take it as a knock, we go outside to

wait. Other people admire me. The family likes me as well. But it's going to be a long wait. I leave.

3/21.

There was something about music.

Some b***** monitor voiceover about how you walk North to south, the way streets and buildings are oriented so no one can see your eyes. How you need to know that nobody has the new latest perfume out..

And how you're as anonymous as the coffee you drink..

Okay, this was a commercial I heard on tv. I just realized that. Someone says, I want to quit my job.

I pulled up to the entrance of camp chewanaki on Sequoia lake also called camp sequoia. I see dozens of red vested Biloxi tribe members. I try to gain access. I get emotional and drop names. Like my father Big hawk founded the tribe and that I'm little hawk. We were the medicine men etc..

There was a band that everyone wasn't too sure about. And something with me wearing headgear. Set aside everything but the music (that was what was said to me) As I take off the headgear.

3/22. A different section of the campus dreamscape the beach side. I'm with my faithful hound buddy, running off leash as usual. We're in some sort of Nexus of covered walkways. Kind of reminds me of San Joaquin memorial. At a debate and forensic tournament that I attended in high school. Or it's like some college or zoo. That I've never been to. We passed by a pamphlet or a free newspaper stand with cubby holes with three or four small dogs take up a cozy retreat. But he doesn't even notice them. They're camouflaged with their little beds blending into the cubbies, with stacks of rental or car ads. We passed by students studying on benches in the shade. But he knows he's up against the larger dog but they're getting long after checking each other out. I meet with a couple and for no apparent reason talk about fence work. How to go around after a storm and see if fences are rotted enough to push over. Joking how it's a way to drum up business. Or at least provides a big enough backyard to play Frisbee in.

Then, we're throwing the Frisbee a bit. But then I take off hiking. Out past the sunny lunch area where more students are hanging out. At this part, I have a chip on my shoulder. Currently a bit overweight, out of shape from jail. I have written I'll show them. This possibly referring to the students I've passed. My walk turns into a hike. And I head up a hill. The trail is grassy, getting steeper, and culminates in a cave cut into the bluff. As I reach it, I'm on my knees, struggling to make progress in the sand that spills out of the gaping cavern. Inside, it's cozy. Has a low roof and it's devoid of sound. The whole dream was for that matter, except for my conversation with the young couple.

2. I'm gardening with an old friend, penny. We're harvesting young cabbage leaves with scissors. Maybe collards. I stopped and wipe my scissors clean of dirt and sand that is flashed up onto the plants from rain or irrigation. I do that with the towel. I tell her how Grand and I prepare brussel sprouts. My monitors reveal information while they were clipping the exterior and top leaves. We've done about five or six, careful to leave enough for the plant to recover. The monitors tell me she's got a boyfriend. Then, not really. Then they quiz the hell out of me asking who she is. I get pissed. I think we're by the ocean.

3. I'm out on some property. Looking at my liquorland map. Trying to explain it to a friend. Knowing how absurdly big the thumbtack Mansion is. Then we get into a vehicle I think, and head towards a house being finished. It's really big and modern inside. There's a row of walnut trees dying from lack of water. The whole orchard landscape looks dry. Real dry. There's fires burning in the distance. They make the setting Sun absolutely gorgeous. There's Rich Hughes of orange, purple, red. Almost two beautiful to look at. We go inside, but I want to see this guy again and keep going through the doors towards the back of the house. I navigate through some of the hallways that more resemble an office interior. Made of glass and metal. And finally reach a huge Warehouse sized area that's getting carpeted. There's a rich husband and wife overseeing the work. Some rooms are being pissed together all wrong. One is done in shag that's not real good quality. The wife is suggesting that we smoke pot, this is my monitors. I didn't get into it with my monitors. It feels like you're pushing a reality on me. Pushing the like button. I ain't buying it.

4. A fellow inmate and I are going to another cell area where there are two small bikes. I want to do a stunt trick. Explain it to him. We had gone through a hallway. Pass some other inmates.

3/23.

1. This is a super long dream. Maybe the longest ever. It starts an urban bar or restaurant. I'm with a friend and it's near closing. We're going to a kickback next door. We exit the lounge and go a door or two down, across the street and enter into a building with a narrow stairwell. We ascend the steep winding staircase. It has low ceilings and is heading up to a loft apartment that is quite large. We meet up with another friend to party. You can tell the place that's been the scene of a party for a while. There's little leftover piles of cigarettes weed a cluttered coffee table. It looks like people have been crashing and partying there for a week. Dishes are piled in the kitchen. The main studio room is in disarray. The guy we meet there is concerned. He's got to get the place cleaned up by mid morning, to turn back over to the owners. It's a rental. And if it's not cleaned up he'll lose the security deposit.

Should we go for it. There's a hilarious scene with Deanna using a garden hose in the kitchen, under the direction of our friend to spray it down. Putting water into dirty bowls, plates, and tupperware. The dude is relaxed, stoned I think. The plan to soak the dirty kitchen and then clean it up seems to work. I'm cleaning up the furniture, fluffing the pillows on a large sectional couch, and wiping the place up decent enough to pass inspection. Which it apparently does. I'm walking out of the place early the next morning..

Okay, at this point, one monitor relates a story about how she had to do this very thing one time. Her solution was to sweep everything into the backyard and burn it. A small black circle chard garbage and ash was all that remained, she said. It's nice when my monitors get personal with me. So I'm off in search of a friend's place who lives nearby. A fixer upper in the berkeley/east Oakland neighborhood. I've always liked it. I find the address in a large grassy lot that has three old row homes on it. Two side by side, small which I'll explain. And one a bit larger set off the street to the back of the property. To the place is vacant. A bit ramshackled. It's owned by an old school Chum Todd mcferrin. The neighbors are delightful couple. Two women who, at first, are concerned about me checking the place out. But then, quite neighborly explained their watchfulness, attributing it to the neighborhood still being a bit sketchy. They go home next door, after welcoming me. They

seem hopeful I'll take interest in fixing up the place. Raising property values in the area. I head inside to check the place out.

Upon entering, it's clear the place needs work. Electrical a note about this later. Work needs to be done. Bare wires stick out of the conduit in the hall. I head upstairs. The roof is collapsed in some places. There's an armchair upstairs you can see San francisco.

My monitors quiz me about the work that needs to be done. They tell me the place is mine if I can make \$1,000 a month payment at \$12,000 a year for 17 years that's \$204, 000. I comment repeatedly about how small it is. But on a nice lot, and in a nice neighborhood. One of the East bays better areas. Close to Berkeley in downtown oakland. We discussed the electrical later: this is actually about a house in Clovis, the conversation shifts back to the home after the conclusion of the dream. The voice who I've always loosely attributed to arthur, says he made all the arrangements to secure the place for me. And he set me up with a job!

I go downstairs. It's awfully small, but it is in a nice neighborhood with a view. Downstairs, the only real habitable room in the house is lit with candles. It's a beautiful welcoming scene that gets me choked up emotionally. Monitors possibly pushing my emote button. I wish I had more time to spend with the neighbors who have gone through all the trouble to make me feel so welcome. But as my male monitors insistence I have to get going. I'm out the door cutting through the grass laying with morning dew following directions. Down to 9th, 6th Street, something like that. I end up catching a bus. And make it down to a job interview

Fast forward a few weeks. The roof is repaired. The house is coming together nicely. At work, which is a dinner theater of sorts, I'm portraying a rugby coach in a play. It's a musical. I'm doing a possible Cockney accent as we rehearse by a piano in the restaurant. But alas! When I go to collect my paycheck, there's a problem. I'm looking over the checks for the manager bookkeeper, and some serious irregularities in the payroll suggest embezzlement or fraud. He's flipping through the payouts: 3500, 5000, 10,000, 1 million? Someone has forged a bunch of payroll checks. And until it matters a resolved, the owner can't pay the staff and was worse I get the impression he wants us to continue working. The play and everything without pay. I immediately think of my house payment and I'm bummed. I take it out on the owner. I'm going to storm off the job and let him have it. I tell him how is fried bologna sandwiches aren't fried right. These barbecue

sauce and meat prep and cooking is all wrong. That, basically, his whole restaurant is mediocre.

He responds by promoting me to manager. I'm to get a raise and my financial situation has suddenly taken a 180 turn and things are looking up. Some notes: the first apartment rentals staircase resembled Tim's place above The keg room for the Crow's nest at Skinner's wharf.

The bar I saw I dreamed about before.

The neighbors with The artsy paint job are cool, I can just tell.

The monitors through a lot of info at me. First, it's Todd's place. Then it's not a place in the bay area. But one in clovis. Then, Todd moved to the Bay area, works is a short order cook and pays high rent and loves it. The question me about who will do my electrical. I joke with them a bit before getting bored and going back to bed.

2. Weird dream. We hear a woman screaming downstairs. We try to poke a hole in this room. But she's really screaming. We have to go downstairs. Into a quarter. It's tough to access the exact apartment. When we do find it I bust in, there's a blind guy with a visor on, supposedly allowing him to see and the broom has stuck through the ceiling. Maybe even hitting the guy. I feel bad. But where's the woman? Was it just audio?

One final note. During some point in one of the dreams I put on rubber boots.

3. Afternoon dream? I just remembered this one and think it was from my nap. I'm back at Keith's house. There's cars in the garage and driveway, but no one appears to be home. I walk in, confirm case back by a few bits of recognizable property he has. Look for other roommates. Exit without seeing anyone.

3/24.

Random dream fragment from past week or two. I remember chewing gum. This is a story for the monitors: I was at a dance at church square dancing or singles maybe teen. But chewing gum. I suddenly was overcome by the stupidity of it, the chewing motion, however primal, all of a sudden was just a ridiculous notion to me. I never chewed gum, with extremely few exceptions which I will note again. A cheap gun maybe twice for fresh breath. A couple of times for the novelty of it juicy fruit. The last time I recall chewing gum, part of my tooth came out. I swear, I haven't chewed more than five I'm thinking about seven pieces of gum in the past 30 years. I like taffy, but I'm wary of my teeth. Since that incident.

My sleeping was off last night. And then I got pissed at my monitors for commenting about my mom briefly. It was the very end of the dreams.

1. Lawyers are drinking? But they didn't actually drink that much.
2. Chow Time bake out.
3. In jail. Out temporarily. At home? Going on a ride?

3/25.

Monitors had me in a crappy mood again. Dream to reflect that I just don't want to bother to record them.

1. Vivid dream. No idea what it was about.
2. Nice vivid dream. Ends with somebody coming at me with an antenna made of tin foil it bends upon contact.
3. I'm in a theater, which doubles as a conference room. Next door, and a private room, is Michael j fox. We talked about my mom. He has two two mattresses on the floor. Then mattresses.

In the conference room, there's a presentation on EMF and subliminal messaging. A screen shows info on the pixelation and shows a block letter h / x graphic magnified (kind of looks like a Nazi symbol?) The symbol highlights the virus. But the people holding the conference have a solution a screen wipe. Like one of those sponges that soak up five times its size in water. But in reverse. Starts out nice and fluffy and then shrinks when dirty. I also see a map of Wi-Fi signals up and down California. I'm trying to pick a place to go. I go to tell MJ but it's not him anymore. Back in the theater, there's a Muslim couple and they have some clothes drying on a rack. I take a wet towel and spread it out to dry better. The guy takes offense. The girl doesn't. We chat about the wipes. She has bought a pack of 10 or so, so I get one. I go back to a seat where I expect to find my mom. Some of our stuff is there. Some dudes in our seats.

3/27.

Super pissed mood lately. Atascadero hasn't picked me up. Depressed with monitors lack of compassion. I've been ignoring my dreams.

I did have two of note. Some setting. A house I'm working on. There's a property manager who has his own people. They imply that any work I do won't be signed off on. The house has a lot of dry rot. There's spots/holes in the wood siding. All easily fixable. I'm trying to convince the owner that the guy is unnecessarily scamming for his own profit.

Second stage of dream has Bill and some other people on the back porch, or right inside the back porch, say like a mud room. They're doing shots of tequila. I talked about making my wood putty with my monitors. Actually do an estimate on some project.

3/28.

1, 2, or 3 Park dream in a large prison complex. There's construction going on. The whole jail is partitioned off. We get Chow in a different setup. I overhear the monitors talking about how long it will take. When it's reopened, there's a whole new bath section with tubs. Tub after pool after tub. I start to fill one, then another. A lap pool is filled already, it's coed. At the end there's some setup for play. I pee.

2. I'm setting up to go fishing. I have a bag with an assortment of hooks in and old trebles from Dad Brown's shed. There's a 5 ounce weight and a big 5-lb redder that one can use for trolling.

3/29.

It seems like my monitors are always pissing me off. Even when they mean well. This has a distinctly negative effect on my ability and desire to record dreams. Even when I let them back into my good graces, like last night. And do something fun with them, they invariably switch to an annoying interrogative mode that insults me, my intelligence, and events leading up to and surrounding the death of my mom. In effect, insult my family and her memory.

I try not to hold them personally responsible. But what else can I do? I can't properly mourn, grieve, processor passing. I have questions, ones that I'm polite enough not to ask. I desire the slightest bit of real contact. Get 21 some odd months later

Nothing. They say 93 days that I have nothing with which to base the validity of the statement. I just thought I'd explain why my dream journal has suddenly become so much less important. It's not that I don't want to write and record. But like everything else I hold dear, they my monitors seem hell bent on taking any Joy I Garner from such activities away. It's despairing to say the least.

But I continue on. Even if it is in a much abbreviated form. Meaning from here on out I'm sure there's more but this is what I got.

1. A couple is arguing. Their dog is crapped in the house. It's early morning. I can smell their problem. Cheap dog food. I talked to them about it. Suggesting lamb and rice with about 22% protein until he's a bit older, then 19 to 20% protein would be okay. They claim there's something. I see the word and I suggest you chose. It smells like a non-lam rice dog food to me. We have a horrible flatulence problem in our pot. It's quite possible I was smelling some nastiness in real life.

I can see inside their house. Their tricolored collie. A nice looking dog. I think even the blue carpet. It's a small cottage behind a larger house. At the end of a gravel drive. Oh the couple looks like two characters I created in a JL breakaway bit called meth medics Scott rip.

I'm not sure, but I think this segue into another part of the dream. One in which I wander up to the house in front. Walk up the driveway, step up onto the porch like in the mountains, to provide easy access in case of snow. I get the places the coffee shop or bakery of sorts. They may sell flowers. It's still dark, I'm waiting for a ride to work.

2. Return to Carroll's.

Bad dream in which I return to Carol's house. I pull in to the front yard where I used to tend the citrus Grove. I stuck with addition has been added to the garage. And now houses the offices for some sort of historic land trust organization. I wander into the house, that seems occupied. The rooms at furnishings etc.. it's definitely a weird deja Vu type of setting, maybe I've dreamed it before. The exterior of the place, the back of the house where the orchards have been allowed to return to their native landscape. I see where native trees have been left, but the orchards are gone, as well as the grapes?

I'm waiting for someone to come and stop me, seeing as it's private property. But no one does. I'm ready with my excuse: that I used to live here, and wanted to pick up some of the things I left when I was thrown out. But no one does, despite the feeling that the office, the new Brown stucco with white trim kind of a red brown, has recently been occupied. The door may even have been open. Maybe they're at lunch?

3. Now this was an awesome dream! I'm with Buddy, and we're at the coast. I navigate down a turnoff that goes beachside. There's a giant wooden structure, like if one was under a boardwalk. I can smell the salt and seaweed even now. It's crowded. Families and couples are sitting on

blankets and towels enjoying refreshments from a snack bar as the water rushes in from the surf. There's openings that allow one to swim out. But they're difficult to negotiate with layers of seaweed, kelp, and sand built up from the crushing . I make it out though. No sign of buddy, he's off doing dog stuff. The water is Sandy and salty. It's a bit chilly but not too bad. It's overcast, but likely the sun will come out in the afternoon and it will be sunny and warm.

4. In jail, there's this whole bit where I write with my anti-perspirant along a rail or something flat about 6 in wide that runs horizontal. As if a long a ramp railing. I'm writing something long out of a book perhaps. And when I get to the end of the surface I'm riding on, I start back riding over the exact area I previously used. Mine you, it's in liquid row on antique. Against the gray blue stone or metal, it's barely legible. Leaving a wet trail of my lettering of what I'm writing. As they're right back over the previous sentences, it's even less legible. The lettering stacked on top of each other with previous sentences fading away. It's a bizarre exercise. Made even more bizarre by the fact that I've run out I run out of roll on. The plastic ball beginning to scuff as the result of my efforts.

Next, I'm lying on my bunk. Masturbating with a curling iron. I almost cum.
3/30.

1. Well, the last dream might have well just carried on. To the shower. And then into today's streaming. All I remember, however, is that an involved me masturbating, a favorite theme my monitors push on me.

2. Weird jail dream. I go outside. Or I'm getting ready to leave. Then come back in. There's a bunch of us, waiting to go. I sneak outside, down to a blue lake. There's lots of people gathered, I have difficulty getting close to the water. Someone's putting together a metal rack. It looks like it's made out of the material that is used for motorcycle ramps. To load them into pickups. I realize it's a cross, used for extreme baptisms. Later they can drag the cross behind a vehicle with the person still strapped to it. I see the yellow ties for the wrists it's still being assembled. My monitor is joke yeah we have fun and do crazy stuff! Just without drugs. To which I guess I explained me too! I head back inside. Everybody is gone but two girls and one has a strange disfigurement of her neck. It's elongated and shaped like a cartoon leg broken on the show the Lucas Brothers last night believe that's a cartoon. I begin to talk in my sleep and I'm on the verge of weeping. I tell them how I try so hard to please. How I worked so hard to do the right thing. How

frustrating it is that I can't get out of jail. I wake up when I realize I'm talking in my sleep.

3. I find Hilda winds and remind her of multiple facts regarding who I am. She's having trouble remembering who me or my brother are. The trip to england, etc

4. I'm in my bank laying down. I lean over and pull my boxer shorts out of the toilet. Then another pair. A towel, sheet, & shirts. It's like one of those scarf tricks up a magician's sleeves. My laundry equals the scarves. Our pod toilet equals his sleeve.

3/31. I'm in a pretty darn good mood. The fruit basket is doing its job.

1. I'm at a small residence in the woods. I wish I could say more about what I was doing there. Walk outside and through the woods to a neighbor's house, there's either an extensive remodel, or new construction going on. It's a job either bill or Jeff have been working on. The roof is gone, and aside from sheer walls, there's no sidings. It is wrapped, however, good thing, considering a recent rain. It's in some big tree type Forest. Pines I think. Maybe coastal redwoods, Doug fir, etc. The roof is nice! It's a thick 2 inch, sectional panel roof. The pieces are all there, ready to assemble. I'm pretty sure it's German and design. The panels will boast beautiful skylights that will allow great views of the tall Forest surrounding from inside. I meet up with two guys, one of whom has a bad hand and reminds me a little of Ted the painter. When I go to shake his hand, he indicates it's lameness and said something like I can get you anything, you know just not with his hand. I walked onto the job site incredulous. I'm like, are you still working on this? Indicating I'm the answer. The key to getting it done. My monitors and I go into a long conversation at this point. Did one of the guys look like mark? Ted? Was Jeff involved? Where have You worked? Who have you worked for? I tried to remember the name of the damn German window manufacturer of the French doors I installed at the house with the hardiplank and the infinity pool!?

My monitors tell me how they recently tried to redo their siding with hardiplank, didn't call properly, the edges got wet and they'll have to redo it. Suggesting it might have been a bill job, but I don't think so. Very interesting.

2. Dream fragment. Some dude who I take to be in law enforcement wanders aimlessly to lullaby music and then sits down on a concrete bench. Or maybe it was a retaining wall the landscaped area like at a school or park.

3. The arrested development party.

I'm at an evening soiree with members of arrested development. The show, not the band. I believe it's Jeffrey tambor? The Sun, the mother, and assorted guests it might be Christmas or some other holiday. Maybe a birthday party, these people are rich but humble. I want to go, had to go, but they insist I stay. It's a late night sleepover. I've taken off my jumpsuit, in reality it's laundry night and have handled my jumpsuit. I'm giving dinner or dessert and go into the kitchen to wash the bowl. It's a giant beautifully designed piece of Blue China. The the size of a large salad bowl with Oriental landscapes, design, and lettering.

I got to go. The monitors, one woman in the dream in particular, is getting a little preachy about drugs. Since we have a cousin who does drugs. Now here's where I get confused. I leave without my jumpsuit. At some point, I arrive in the next dream. What transpires is a bit of a mystery.

Segue from dream number three to dream number four on March 31st.

I have an extensive conversation with my monitors who suggest after interrogating me about my family in Oklahoma, cousin clay actually lives in Dallas, that there behind it. The wrong City answer giving them away.

School districts in Texas in Oklahoma on drug prevention programs.

It was the strangest dream I don't remember. I recall being in a gym with several jumpsuits strewn about on the floor. I walked rhythmically like the cop in the lullaby, maybe going through a series of obstacles? At the end of the dream, I'm facing a vending machine. In the bottom right hand corner of the machine is something that's not a food or drink item. Maybe a large coffee cup like 7-Eleven with a handle? A small box stereo? A can of paint?

5. Christina. Some jail employee, the boss, is going to get my mom's old washer. I'm not happy about this.

6. Dream fragment: there's two rags. One dirty, one my jail washcloth. Deja Vu when guard comes by and says take anything on the door down.

7. I'm playing pool. But the tables felt is really loose. We're trying to play but this makes it difficult. I talk of getting my guy to come down and restrict it that if the owner of the place kayuka's tavern? Well let me call, he'll be down in an hour or two.

Play continues. Somehow, though. The pool table is now in the bathrooms walk in shower. Should have balls, there is a bottle of tylenol? Shampoo? Some ointment? Soap dish maybe.. carmex or Vaseline lip balm the kind in the tube with the blue cap definitely vaseline. I do a combo shot singing some bottle or something into the bath tub, I joke how the shot counts. The tub is now one big hole.

April, 2014.

April 5th 2014. My dreams are returning. One was interrupted by cold temperatures. But this "Dr Seuss meets Doctor Who" dreamscape was very enjoyable. It was sort of a tree top safari. Yet, it had water elements. I saw a weird obstacle game show and the elements reminded me of that, but with flowers, vines, trees, and water replacing the geometric blocks that contestants lept to and fro on.

It was roller coaster like. And in a way resembled the dream in which I was moved around in the vast testing facility, as if on a meat hook or benchless roller coaster where you hang.

Anyway, the first time through was fun. Going through holes in the tree canopy, looping around by a wall of water possibly a waterfall? The scenery was magical, yet staged. For the second time around, our party had to wait. Parts of the ride were altered. High top small bluffs I saw Catwomen perched like so

That makes me think of Miss o. Dr Seuss trees and miss o's catsuit. I then saw the feather people. These were women, and possibly men, who while lined up the base of the trees transformed, in a quick costume change. A metamorphosis into elegantly decorated Divine looking folks in white and gold, with feathery accents.

We get to the front of the line and just have enough berries / leaves for admission. Possibly hallucinogenic or poisonous. I remember counting them off. Holding long green leaves, about 16 inches long, and handing them over to someone. All of them except a few stems in my hand. The dream changes setting at this time. We're ready to go on the ride. But it will be a different

course. We're giving some instructions on what to expect, and then we off we go again.

The dreamscape seamlessly changes into one where an old box car with a Doctor who's tardis is inside. At this point, I can see how I might have mistaken this for whoville. As in Horton hears a Who. Immediately, there's trouble. The boxcar falls off the edge of the dreamscape we're scrambling to figure out how to hoist it back up.

April 7th. I couldn't recall any dreams. But. I did wake up with the sensation that I had been in a conversation about ron, ralph, Don, and somebody like that.

This was an elusive afternoon dream. I dozed off for just a bit, and found myself backstage at an auditorium. I went to go check on a professor whose office is down the block. He had been acting suspiciously, mysteriously. Here one second. Gone the next. I go looking for him at a small office. It's empty, but I noticed some partitions that look as if they're separating his office from something else. As I figure out how to move them, I see they are coordinating off a door to a secret hallway. Like an electrical access tunnel below ground. It runs a beeline to the main auditoriums periphery hallways. I can hear laughing, rhythmic laughing. Almost Choral. I make my way out to the stage and find the source of the laughter but wake up.

April 11th. One week caught the tail end of this one. It's a woman's birthday. She's unhappy. I want to make her happy. By putting up streamers and a sign with her name. I might and I will go to save Mart again to buy more. Or maybe a new party City in that new shopping center down herndon. I can visualize the garden section of save Mart and party city. Why I'm looking at the flower section of save Mart I'm not sure, maybe that's where they have balloons. Or is it have to do something with an dream fragment.

I imagine what it would be like if the girl had been a member of a sorority. I figure women are probably as vicious as guys can be a picture of sorority and a girl who has grown a tree in a drip pan one that would be under a 5 gallon pot. Pretty dumb if you ask me, it will need to be transplanted.

The stream surrounded an age old rivalry between Clovis high School and Clovis West high school. Is there annual football game, taking place down across the street. We're all partying. At the look @ lan place or that big house with the giant lawn fenced in. Anyways, there's talk of still going. Because apparently, we've missed the start. There's also talk of getting more to drink. We're like, do you want to drive? The response being colon you're drunk. And then, I'm not drunk. But I'll just have to drive around the block,

there's no parking anywhere. I think about bringing up the parking fairy but don't. It was just a thought lurking in my subconscious. Anyway they cooked me to go. I go to the closet to look for my Lincoln elementary jersey. Which in my dream I think is Clovis West for some reason they are the same colors. I think I'll have to walk around to the other side and everyone will think that I'm so cool for wearing my old jersey. At this point however, I'm a bit turned around. It's possible Clovis West could be on the south visiting side, or the home side. The school's switched each year. It's normal for me to assume that I'll have to walk to the other side because for games at Iamonica, that was our home side.

I can't find a jersey. Or go to the game. Then I'm at the locker room, at Roosevelt stadium for some reason. It also in my dream setting, Allah a gymnasium, I asked you equipment lady: do you have my jersey? And she replies: I've had it here for all these years. She then goes, why don't you come pick it up?

Please note this could have been audio bleeding in from the active hallway.

I'm at some kind of lecture. In an old house. I've written, sign in for treatment. I smell skunk butt. My monitor goes I just harvested. Then some other voice goes: there's a biker gang down the street who's got to grow. No one's there. Why don't you go take a look. Or something like that. One guy goes, oh he can't find anything. I go to sign in. My first name is Ritter. I sign in my last. As I wake up, I think, maybe some dude, a new guy smoked pot. Maybe the counselors. Is it from the air vent? Is the commotion I hear related to this? It took me a few minutes, to gather enough information to realize, a skunk was probably out my window or something.

I'm at a house where I've been visiting. We've shared a giant pot of stew. They're saving some for a roommate who hasn't gotten home yet. The place is somewhat of a disaster zone. Both cleanliness wise, as well as in disrepair. Drawers are broken or warped on dressers, or the veneer of the countertops in the kitchen is messed up. We're trying to wrap up a bowl. But some of it is spilled. It appears there's no spoons. Brittany and her kids appear. They're hungry. Famished looking. I have a bag of white chocolate or yogurt covered pretzels. They devour them. Have to be careful to distribute them among the kids and Britney evenly. I want to get them something else to eat, on the way home. I'm giving them a ride. Apparently Max is out of the picture is it

Max I'm thinking of not sure get back to that. As I'm leaving, the drunk roommate who has just returned for his soup rubs me the wrong way. I don't like these people. And don't want to be roommates with him. Even though the girl reminds me of Michelle and is nice. There's a nice dude there too. But the place is a train wreck. I'm leaving with bread, I passed by some junkie studio apartments. I'm thinking how lonely those would be. I for Brittany a deal of sorts. We can get a place together. Share the rent. I'll cook, it will be an arrangement of shorts. No strings attached. But the kids and her would be fed.

I'm smoking meth from a crack pipe? In the day room. We're actually outside the office. someone female sees me. I casually walk down the hall and enter into the bathroom. Throw the pipe against the inside of the bowl of the toilet. I can't see whether it breaks or not. Flush it go to my room. Note: I made no attempt other than turning my back to the office window to hide myself.

April 16th. I'm telling a story. A fish story. The killer quote is: I wish I could fish like Jimmy buffett. That guy can catch anything. Doesn't matter where he is he's got the right bait. Set up. Flies, lures

He's awesome. Just then I snag, hook actually not snag, a fish. It's not real big. But I'm going to eat it. We're going to eat it. I think of how it will impress Jimmy buffett's wife. Or my girlfriend. I had straight to the cabin. I think. This is how one does it. Take the pole and the fish right to the frying pan.

The fish is still on the hook. I take them off. We lose grip. He flops on the ground, I get them. Put them in water where he finally ? Or swims around, I don't check.

So I got the stove ready, it's a complicated gas camp stove. With a foot pedal. Want to pause it, but can't find the right setting. It's way too hot. I finally see it covered in pancake batter Grease

Maybe butter or like some spread that's turned oily and black.

No thoughts to how dangerous it is to be cooking with a camp stove in a cabin.

I've had a lot of school dreams. Ones where I take a test or have an assignment due. I don't remember what it is that I turned in but I do remember I got to be. But the teacher wrote in A minus for addressing a topic dear to him.

April 17th. I'm with the guy who is half Bjorn looking half done looking. We're on a mission which I don't really want to be a part of. Something to do

with a dog he's taken in and is going to the pound. We go to his place, which is off of gettysburg. There's a lightning storm and his power goes out.

I'm trying to get a hold of my mom but can't get through, he wants to take the bus. I'm like: can't we take a cab?

I'm trying to get a hold of my mom but can't get through. I'm backing out of going. I'm hungry, want to get dinner and go back to grants. Plus your power will be out. He's got a big chunk of meth. I'm guessing that that means the guy I'm with had that big chunk of meth. How some guys can save that s*** for a long time I'll never figure out.

April 18th. I'm in some sort of spy games. There's infrared, face recognition all that stuff. I'm playing hide and seek with a hovering jet plane like an osprey or harrier. It's Allah the Jimmy buffett's sailfish dream. I try and sneak out of the building, but damn it, the jet sees me. I run around the corner and down an alley. There's a drainage pipe that's running under a road that goes into an area it has a mall entrance back into the building. I dive in and there's a small vent pipe. I can kind of crouch down but when I head towards either end the Jets are waiting for me. I make it into the mall, but I'm noticed. Even though I crawled through a dirty pipe, I'm immaculate. Dressed to kill. I passed this by women. And in focus as they tease me that I better watch out. That it's a kill or be killed business. I know that it's like the Highlander. Note to self but now observed that these games that are being played presently are have a Highlander kind of theme behind them.

I go to check out. I have an awesome pair of sunglasses. There's a melted bag of ice in a small cooler.

OMG

APRIL 21ST 21ST. Olympia's preggers. No she told me over the phone, but stupid me I couldn't make out what she was saying. But when I meet up with her she's glowing. Radiant, and a bit chubby in the face and, well, pregnant. I see her at some sort of dance recital or performance where there's bleacher seats. Just a small set of them. I meet the father who I initially mistake as a woman. At first actually, I see her with two beautiful stunning women. There's a collection of people there transgendered, gay, and queer.

Dream fragment: I'm examined. My heartbeat is said to be irregular. I listen to it. I'm nonchalant. Oh no. That's normal.

I need two of Olympia's friends. I am used The crowd by doing a stupid little dance. One woman is a dominant redhead. Tall with freckles. Of course, copper hair, she knows all about me and it's sort of a protector of olympia.

She's going to take care of me. The sexual innuendo is evident in what she says next. I look in the eye, deep into her eyes at an angle. There's a lot of activity around her pupil, like it's a world inside of her eye. Or she has some physical mutations that may affect your health, she says something of the effect: do you like apples. I like apples. It's a Ned baby joke, isn't it?

April 22nd. At the beach cayucos by the pier. There's big surf. People are lined up to try and get out post break. See giant upright flat rogue wave that slaps shore.

April 23rd. Mid-afternoon dream fragment I'm in a hallway outside an auditorium. The choir is singing in excelsis deo. I'm standing beside a piano with an extended keyboard, acting like I'm doing the fingering to the piece. There's students and a teacher nearby. Cut to the gym. There's murals painted on the walls like at atascadero State hospital. And one of the murals there's a hidden message. It's signed 89670, the zip code to someplace? I asked somebody playing basketball, of which there are many groups, if they know where the zip is. They don't know. I reply it's probably West coast. The view goes from the top of the gym, bird's eye, as I wake up.

April 24th. There's two settings here...

I've arrived at them in a car. It's a residence, and my brother's there. It's adjacent to an office building. On the steps of the building, I see an advertisement bumper sticker on. It says hear voices? It's an ad for an attorney Jacoby and Meyers. I'm excited and go tell my brother. He wants to have nothing to do with the notion. I'm despondent. I go outside. There's a dog loose. It's missing patches of its hair. I suddenly realize I forgot to bring buddy my dog. I start to cry I want to go pick him up.

I'm at a downtown bar. It's late, closing time. Almost morning. I walked down a long hallway finishing a tall bottle of beer. Leaving it next to a door to a kitchen area. I see the owner as I leave. I'm drunk, slurring my words. I talked to some other people leaving, barely able to talk. When I get out of the bar. I'm all the way on the other side of the block. But I recognize the area where I'm at.

April 25th. Dream fragment:

1. I'm cleaning, baseboards I think, maybe cabinets.
2. I'm going to the defense language institute in Monterey. Which has a nice wrought iron gate. I follow some people inside to a nice sized waiting room

with seats, benches, a small couch. The room clears as the people waiting bored and elevator that goes down underground. It is a DOD facility. I ring the bell at the window of an apartment where the manager lives. Just like at a motel. At first I think it's a woman, but I end up talking with a man. He's young, somewhat feminine, and I follow him as he walks around the yard of the place tending to some chores.

Chores like limbing trees. Pruning. He asks me politely, so what can we do for you? At the defense language institute. I reply: well, I'd like to learn a second language. He responds oh, okay. Will you come to the right place. So then he goes which language did you have in mind? I go: well, our conversation was pretentious yet finally I reply I took 3 years of French in high school, I briefly considered Dutch and I thought I'd better use it, the vocabulary before I lose it. He's like good choice. Well we can certainly help you.. at this point he goes to close the wrought iron gate, but stops it, and lets me in. I go back to the office to discuss fees and then I wake up.

April 26th.

I arrive at a house in a familiar neighborhood. Someone there wants to smoke pot. I have what's left in a bag of mine, which I'm not really using all that much. I go to sell it to them for a fair price. But they try and pay me with funny money. It's not even the size of dollar bills it's just a sheet of eight and a half by 11 paper, that has a one-sided copy of a fake \$100 bill. I'm not sure if it's even Benjamin Franklin on it. It looks like Schultz from Hogan's heroes.

There's a woman with me whom I express my displeasure to. She empties out the contents of her purse onto a washer/dryer setup on the front porch, covered of the house. There's just change and it's just not that big of a deal to me, so I leave without the pot or the money.

I hear voices from next door. It's early morning. I hear: Johnny's got a next circuit phone, from my monitors. I can see the lights on in the house next door.

I'm with a band. Pat is the manager. We're on our way to eat. Spaghettis and meatballs is denoted some sort of code. I'm unsure for what it is relevant. But we're not supposed to say it unless a special circumstance has occurred. The restaurant is crowded. I've talked to them later d, he understands the band is in town to play a game. And seats us. But I'm

informed dinner will be hours away. I asked the mater g if he could make an exception for us. Maybe bring us a bunch of plates of spaghetti and meatballs to tie this over. His eyes light up. Spaghetti and meatballs? This we can do. The band is happy they're getting fed. Patterson extreme pain. Explains what's wrong with his leg, and got? In vivid detail. He doesn't take pain meds. I'm complimented on getting service. There's garlic bread, and broccoli steamed and little plastic netting bags. Very interesting.

Hans.

This was fascinating as far as dreams go, because there was a language barrier. I didn't speak the same language as the guy I interacted with. I'm at a rigging store. But national hardware where they sell harnesses for pool climbing. I'm there twice in the dream. The second time having been driven there by hans, from a smaller retail shop. I'm now at a larger warehouse. Like a factory outlet. But it's in a predominantly residential setting. I want this chest harness I saw. But it's not there. I keep pointing to where it is, but the guy doesn't understand me. He tries to work with me. Suggesting other items, other setups. Like for Rock climbing. We go in the back of the store where he tries to piece some equipment together. I buy something resembling it, for a little over 30 obucks from the owner. Hans, I call him that because he's speaking either Dutch or swedish. Keeps on giving me stuff to take with me. For free. I have my tool bags on for some reason, maybe to show an example of the stuff I'm looking for?

I walk out under the careful eye of the owner. I'm getting a lot of stuff for free. I'm nervous about it. What's worse, is on blocks away from where I was and have to walk back. I think they're laughing at me. Perhaps, my car has been towed and the residential area? I feel high or drunk. I wake up. But even as I recall the dream I can still see myself walking through the neighborhood on my way to wherever it is I was going.

I'm at a house preparing for a holiday gathering. Some doilies need repairing. I say doily, it could be something else. It requires, at any rate stitching. To threaten needle, I need my glasses. They break. I asked for glue and tape and in the process of repairing them when I wake up.

April 27th.

I'm heading to mumsy's from the bay area. I'm at a house where Sierra lives. She's leaving, two girls are coming over to hang out at the house. I'm allowed to play with an iron, green like in previous dreams. I plug it in. It's getting hot when they show up. I unplug it. The cord wasn't quite working right anyway. I estimate whether I'll be able to play at Mumsie's or not. I'm late. I go to leave. The girls think I'm stealing something. I don't have time to bother with him. I tell them to call sierra, as I leave walking away.

I'm on the front lawn of a house waiting. A girl I'm with offers me the last couple of pieces of raisin bread. And suggest we make toast. It's odd, because at times during the dream, I'm in a kitchen, and other times I'm out on a front lawn. I can see a small tub of shed spread, country Crock. Which by the way is my favorite margarine and was used by my grandfather. Burl Lloyd Thompson.

The toaster is really old. It's a cool little metal one that has places to fit the bread into. Like a mattress into a frame. After she's done with hers, I have to dig a small burnt corner out of the toaster. There's a window to view the cooking process. I could smell the raisin bread. At one point I see what looks like batter, on the side of a waffle iron.

A note: this is the second time I've referenced batter in dreams being heated up in the first dream fragment I believe it was changing colors into an oily looking substance.

It's some sort of recycling or second hand lumber store. Junkyard of sorts. I end up with a piece of metal that I'm told is worth something. If I take it To a metal recycler across the street. Sort of like pawn Stars or hardcore pawn. I get the sense that it is rare, not just worth its weight and metal. Like it's a plaque or something.

April 28th. This dream is right out of a breaking bad episode. It's got a rival gang. The lead character plotting revenge, he's smearing blood on a ladder to incriminate somebody. There's tastes tests. Neighbors come by. There's a small camper in the backyard, we're using a certain method to make the stuff. The garage is cleaned and I talk about how I'm going to paint the entire garage. Watch he will, somebody says: a woman's monitor voice.

I'm going with Clint Black to the fair. I go through my coin collection to get money. Noting the silver dollars. The Morgan's and liberties. More to dream.

Dream fragment: filming video?

Dream fragment: I'm walking by a building and snagged my shoulder on a jagged edge, of a window perhaps?

Dream fragment: balls go whizzing by my head.

Full dream: I'm by the ocean in an urban setting. I've located a Chinese food restaurant I want to go to. It's up a couple of exits in point arena. I thought at first, that I'm using public transportation. A Subway or train departing from a station within a mall. But it still clear that I'm driving. I take an exit to a frontage road that loops in behind the next exit, the back way to yen Ching Chinese restaurant. I want either katsu type chicken, or maybe properly wrapped. There's some difficulty with ordering, meanwhile I've been ratted out by neighborhood boy to the cia. Who come and talk to me.

They tell me, we pay them by the head, to tell us when a white guy comes into the neighborhood.

I like the neighborhood. There's two churches that are for lease, one with some improvements. The other overgrown. I toy with the idea of living in a church.

April 29th

Dream fragment: running dog below chalice Street.

Dream fragment: a beach.

April 30th. I know a place to play in the mud. A swimming hole. I ride bikes with some kids to some good spots, but they're not quite there. The spots I know are still across the highway. There's an underpass or some police or highway patrol our parked. I'm bummed, I've dropped my wallet. Or so I think. And I have to ride back to where I started. But I find it, it's on my bike rack. So I turn around and I'm going to go over the underpass. The other kids are riding and playing. I dropped some things, and I'm worried the cops are going to come question me. They are concerned, because I've got nothing to hide. The things I've dropped aren't illegal. Maybe I just look sketchy, with my wallet all messed up.

Patients are up late. There's a snack table set up. It's odd though. Instead of pictures, there's boxes with bags in them. To get the refreshment, one has to dip a cup into the juice mixture. I doubled it, contaminating the juice.

Much to Pat's chagrin? I think going well do I get the rest of the box of juice? And then crack to a fellow inmate, patient about how the only problem the counselors have, is that we're up late.

Note: just upon first appearances and reading this journal it's suggest that the children medication is dispensed through a juice type mixture and it keeps them up late.

I'm riding a bicycle, but it's for two that can't go really fast. It looks like a dragster kind of. But it's missing its front wheel and has two others. We have to strap our feet in, while someone holds the bike steady. We go fast. I think how we could jump the bike and how difficult it would be to dismount. Note: I seen one of those bikes in the past week and I am in August of 2023.

Okay I have this theory. And in the dream I'm trying to share it. It's a joke. That Christianity started in the 1980s. A woman stops her van, when she hears me joking about christianity. She's got a bumper sticker that says got christ? She proceeds to get turned on by my heathen ways. Oh yeah. She looks like Britney Spears in her bald face.

Note: I saw somebody just like that this week also August 2023.

May, 2014.

May 2nd. Dreamt well. I'm just so damn groggy, I don't wake up enough to take notes.

Dream fragments:

. Real sexy dream.

Long involved dream about me and my dad. Or at least a watch my dad gave me. Of note I don't believe my dad has ever given me a watch. We're trying to find all the pieces it's a gold Seiko

May 3rd. I'm in a deep mine or ice cave. Sensors to determine if our party has been following us or not. They showed up, but then had left. Dark. Problem with communications. There's green LED lights.

Midday dream with audio bleed from hallway outside door. I'm trying to call gran, and my dad. Trying to have a heart-to-heart with somebody. Several attempts but there's the sound of a picked up line, and I can hear voices in the background.

nd. Indeed, interestingly enough. We've had a phone problem here at our pod. With a dial tone, but it's not working. I realize upon waking that I heard background from the hall or day room. This did not affect my storyline. I had fears that my dad would want me out of gramps, when I got out of jail in the dream. Dad was in California. Graham was already going to be moving. The phone thing was interesting, but even more so was how a counselor in the hallway again talking about: what Obama was doing? In the dream, this took on the scene of people in a living room, tuning into the president on TV to hear what he had to say. It was about sentence reductions for prisoners in California. And then he said colon you die single. Which I took in the dream to mean something about estate inheritance. That the married party doesn't necessarily get the spouses money. Some kind of legalese to that extent. The end of the dream had me working on some project with needle nose vice grips that were totally not the right kind for whatever I was doing. Something like embroidery or stitching. I was sewing or attaching something with wire and needed to grab two ends of the string or wire to twist and hold something in place.

Interesting note recently I tried to attach a curling iron to a chastity cage and was not able to twist the wires particularly tight to have the effect that was required.

May 4th. Reflective dream involving my mom and brother. My mom having concerns about Jeff working too hard. Not much more I can say about that aspect. There is a continuing scene, however, in which I see a display of ceramic vases or water fountain holders, like for jugs of water. They're very nice and the gentleman selling them have been doing well. It's supposed to be in a costco. But it appears more like a Lowe's. In the first garden isles inside the store. I comment about how: it's all about product placement.

They know my brother and make a reference about how: it's a long way from hate ashbury. I don't quite get the reference.

I've known I was recently in hate ashbury. With somebody who's noted as my brother but really just a friend John Tully in New York City.

Long involved dream about a house I'm moving into. It's a multi-story party house with several collections of roommates. Different factions almost, as if on a reality show. But not at all a TV show. But there are different entrances, floors, room setups. Two or three people crashing in different sections of the house. There's a living room kitchen scene where a guy is cooking up a bunch of eggs. Like a dozen over hard. Which is the way I like them or as one would do for an omelette. The heat on the stove is way up. It's odd. It's like the guy right up the eggs, and then eight only the whites. But it couldn't be out of considerations for his health. The whole episode is rather greasy spoon in style with lots of oil, lard, or butter or margarine in the pan. There's a whole plate of the partially eaten eggs on the counter. The kitchen seems fairly well stocked. People are coming and going. Girls, guys. There's a TV on. People sitting around hanging out here's the general layout:

There's three separate houses. The one big hippie house. The back neighbor, who I've become friends with. And there's this house across the street from him that has dozens of police vehicles, mostly motorcycle cops. Parked outside.

Of note I was recently entertaining the notion of moving into a house that I worked on a job that bill Huffman oversaw. Next door I met Alan a fellow deadhead who was in the taping. And since I'm in this making CDs and music. I thought we would be a good combination. Across the street there is an elderly neighbor who's clearly displeased with our presence on the block.

But it's the middle of the night or early morning. Dude is having a yard sale. It's sunday. Okay, I'm checking out the house. Want to know what happened to the tub. The tub is a flamingo top. The tub, well it's either flamingo themed, or shaped like one. This girl tells me it's broken, or I surmise that. And it's been hauled over to the yard sale. I probably go drag it over to the lawn so I can work on it. I need to cut off the shower curtain to work on it and using knife from the truck parked on the lawn. Dude had many knives and guns in the trunk. For the yard sale, presumably, maybe locked inside truck for safety.

With the curtain gone, I can address tub repair. It's got a small busted pipe pvc, I can fix it. Tub comes back to house. But in dream, it's still outside for a while. On the lawn by some bushes. Dude knows I'm taking it and it's no big deal. There's also an assortment of hard plastic coffee cups and saucers, small plates that are ours, to bring back over to my new digs. They're thick hard plastic and muted prints and greens and yellows. Like from a cafeteria, old school. 70s or even 50s style. I go back to the kitchen for a plastic bag to carry them all in. But look for a box that would work. At one point, while explaining the house, I find out that it has laundry in the back. Like for a dormitory. I like the place. Where would I call home.

Of note I have a peculiar fetish about being locked in a closet.

May 5th. Very odd indeed. My dad is in makeup and has small pieces of fins attached to his neck and face with bizarro haircut and shave to make him look like Neptune.

Long dream with me wandering around a college campus. Going through windows, doors, stairs up and down to different levels.

May 6th long involved dreams but little memory of them. One titled: heading with Keith somewhere.

I have a hypodermic needle full of sodium pentathol, presumably for Woody or someone who likes him or who looks like him. Note: the only Woody I

know is an old friend of John Adams who was a one legged electrician, lost leg presumably on a motorcycle bike crash. On the way out, I mistake a dog for a rat. Dog runs into Street and fortunately doesn't get hit.

Interesting note I just dug it an old poster out of storage from maybe 18 years ago that is entitled rat dog and was giving it to the current mistress I've been serving online mistress anjelica.

I'm carrying the needle in a brown paper bag.

May 7th. Involving with olga. At her house. I'm hungover I think, we're, or I'm going to breakfast. She has a gravel driveway that runs up to the side of this country house. The house is set on a busy road, however, next to a fruit stand like the one on Kings canyon or Shaw out of the city limits. At one point a truck pulls up to the fruit stand. It shades my vehicle, which is a motorized desk. Note that sounds kind of familiar like the three-wheeled motorcycle I referred to earlier and saw last week. I have trouble starting it but it turns over. Buddy is with me. Nope: buddy is my old dog. Who passed away 15 years ago. He's anxious to go his chain and rope wrapping around everything. I go back into her garage. Something about a blanket. There's confusion on my part as to whether I should take the whole desk, or just to scale down part that moves. Like a hovercraft. Are you different keys to try and get it running, like trying a lock. I see a bowl of marigolds that need watering. Buddies still running around. I'm trying to get on the road before Olga notices that I'm still there. Nope: Olga happens to be Olga highly who is a juvenile probation officer with the Fresno county sheriff's department.

I'm walking the streets of a city with a heavy legs. Like I can't move them. Which all the sudden makes sense being an inner dream state, one can't move his legs. I feel a lot better realizing that. I've had numerous dreams in which I'm crippled and can't walk. I make my way into a bar/cafe. I asked who's playing tonight? No tomorrow? Check that. I asked who's playing tonight? The bouncer says you mean tomorrow? I walk out the front not wanting to deal with it. Or the urge to drink. I have a theory in the dream, that maybe if I drink, maybe I'll be able to use my legs. Out front, I'm sitting near a light. Maybe to get a taxi. Dream fragments: ordering a Reuben

sandwich. Trying to reserve a hotel room. Not having a proper ID and credentials. Some are out of date. Some are AAA cards. Some faded. No credit etc

May 9th. Colorful dream with me stepping into run some sort of business. A large property, perhaps a farm or ranch. Maybe a vineyard. But I get the impression that they produce something, although they are currently not operating at anywhere near capacity. I'm overstepping my authority on the assumption that the owner will be okay with my decisions, use of resources, etc I remember me getting ready to leave via car or truck, on muddy terrain. Taking some supplies or ordering their use. Taking shots of what appeared to be apple juice or wine.

We're checking into a luxury hotel by the ocean. It's actually the best available for the price, and while cozy with low ceilings, it sleeps eight or so. The bedroom area accessible through a small passageway. At the desk there's a bedtime, I see packages of syringes with different drugs already loaded. I am sconed with a sleeve of thorazine or lithium for recreational use.

May 10th. Out at the look at land ranch. Planted some seedlings are clones. Later went back to water. Took Old road that went into ravine to drop off brush. Found debris, trash, recycling in bag.
Dream fragment: taking care of Mom when sick. That means not caring for Dad when he told me you know it's f***** up

Walking through a lot with sketchy hours to the left correction instead of hours I think that's houses. Identified by tweaker lady as a cop. Bona fide. Meet nice family, who's going to be new connection. Deaf daughter. Uncle who makes dream catchers, we make conversation. Dad says his dog is

queer. Ask me how gay she'll be. I comment colon like which type lesbian gay? Uncle, after hearing my story about growing pot, picking up bones, rocks, feathers, sticks and making my totems. Calls me a draw packer on second thought I think that means dream packer dreamcatcher perhaps. Wake up mid conversation, realizing it's my monitors. We're amicable today. It's a good day. Yes I am the dream I'm not a cleaner I'm a dreamcatcher that is what I do I do make dreams dream catchers past hobby of mine from stuff that I found gleaning mother nature walking around picking up stuff off the ground please somebody come over.

May 10th continued three number three I have noted midday. Walking around the building. Like a school or factory. Something almost hits me in the head. Note to self that's two dreams I've had during this period where something almost hit me in the head. I walk around back to see people getting off the roof. There's people milling about. I think the third, I heard was one of the many doors closing in my unit. Quite loud sometimes.

May 12th. I dreamed a lot about the past two nights. Just bad recall. On May 11th, mother's Day I had one really sexy dream with irons. But the two big dreams I remember were today number one was with marines? I'm being put through the paces. The supposed equivalent of basic training in just one day. Inevitably however, I had to plan to get them drunk. From drinking too much got your bourbon. I remember being miffed about them making me take down some stuff off a mantle.

This is dream number two for May 12th. At some old dudes place that's of a psychospiritual healing nature. I see a copy of celestial rays with the pages pressed and preserved, and I want to buy it. The guys like sure we'll work something out. Note to self celestial raise to me John Thompson is a book that I encountered in Mount Shasta and around 1990. The book has photos very realistic looking photos of spaceships hiding behind clouds that are going into Mount Shasta. What a suggested by that and what is believed and practiced by a small group of people in the Mount Shasta area and other places around the United States in the world I'm sure is that there is a transfer of vibrational frequencies into the crystals and gold inside the

mountain to to balance the power and heal the planet in a way and and they use the clouds as cover to transfer into the mountain by changing their vibrational frequency and going into Mount Shasta to do this work.

Moving into a house with my friend Terry. There's a trailer parked out front. It's part of a long line of vehicles parked in the street, like they do in some cities with little parking. And wide streets. The trailer is in the middle, sometimes and on the curb other times. It's small and run down, not a good place to store stuff. Although I've used it as a place to do so a couple of times, temporarily, while I drink?

The house is quite big. Two story, reminds me of the last big house I drunk about. There is a stair sleep though. And I feel uncomfortable about staying there with her. I'm grabbing my stuff to go, I think I'm drunk or high. I'm having problems finding my keys. I think they're wrapped in a jacket and the trailer camper thing which is just used for storage. As I'm looking for the keys, some dude rolls up on me. Kind of kind of a friendly neighbor hood watch guy. He's cool. Doesn't harass me or anything. Just kind of nosy.

I'm working in a bar or restaurant. Pretty high-end, but friendly with a big menu. There's a banquet room that's filled. Another bartender/wader taking on orders. There's a scene in which I see the menu. There's a special dessert that is some kind of apple pastry dough and Apple puffed.

There's fishing dishwashing and busting duties I perform, I've seen intricate doily mandala thing with a pastries are prepared and or served. And you could doily material might indicate a dreamcatcher.

May 14th. And by May 14th I'm referring to May 14th 2014. Wanted to clarify that. That all these dreams take place that's locked up in 2014. I am not kidding you. In th f cfccf f. F f fe game it's all a joke

There's dishwashing and busing duties I perform scratch that that's a repeat

I know I'm dreaming a lot. I'm even cognizant of it while in the dream state. But my recall is poor. I'm too tired when I wake up. In the middle of the night or morning I'm just not in that groove. My setup is all wrong. Ironically, last night's dream, actually, this morning's the most recent was about moving a bed around. Presumably to get some sleep. ccc cf v fc
cccc

It's a possibility that today August 15th a Tuesday in the year 2023 that I am y manifestations I'm referring to real life events not something taking placecfc. Ff fffsome ffst out of reach. I see Porter Stout, IPA, but have my eye on the extra pale ale way in the back.cfc vfcfcccfcfvcc ccf ffcfc c matters worse, cornelio has bagged up a bunch of recycling, and some unintended garbage, which is now also in the way. I'm not even sure if it's a whole six pack or one that's been frankenstein. The urge for the pale ale is incredible. I want a beer bad.

Nope in present day I haven't drank in almost 17 years which would be 3 and 1/2 years fc f fcfcc fcgfc c c to the dreamf cf cffcf May 16th 2014 something with dogs. It's Christmas and a certain breed of sporting dog is to be alone if not for my efforts to let them out. A scheduled sporting event the c participate in the goal.

May 16th 2014.

May 16th continued I'm finding a mate. Gardening in the woods. Possibly finding a note. Gardening in the woods.

Writing a train, hobo style. At first, it's questionable whether or not the train will slow down enough for all of us to Hitch a ride. I managed to get on an open bed car. At first, I like the lumber car. But then see one with giant bags, that look like laundry at a hospital? The kind scene at atascadero State hospital. I hop on the train and it does some slow turns. Where the cars seemingly turned in hair pins. Similar to a dry cleaners possibly? Initial into a spot that others have ridden on. But I'm really high up. It's scary. I see other cars / vehicles and it's likely I'm found out. I fear reprisal. Regardless, I want to get off or at least find a different safer position to ride in.

May 17th 2014Deion Sanders super bowl ring prank.

Man I wish I could remember all of this. But it was a lot of fun and high jinks with two other guys. We were at a mall, there was a particularly jewelry store that displayed a ring of deion Sanders as an advertisement. Like, where the place that makes Dion's jewelry. I watched the Adam Sandler movie called cut gyms something like that after I got out of the hospital where I had the stream actually after where I got out of jail where I had the strain and it just resembles that that feel. A buddy of mine and I pull a stunt. We're going to wheel away the display and put it somewhere difficult to find as a joke. I'm not sure whether we know the jewelry store owner, mall security, or d on himself. But we're pulling off this prank. Almost get caught. Move it a couple of stores down, seems like there were three of us but that might have been night time security.

I'm at ATM trying to put money onto a card. Or change of \$20 bill. The buttons don't make sense. They're all symbols like weird symbols:May 4th.

Possibly alien?

I run out of time, I don't know what I'm doing, so it just changes my bill. At first I think I'm getting ripped off. Short-changed. But I end up making money on the deal. I get a \$10, \$5, ones and then see another \$5 folded all

weird. Like it got jammed or something in the tray. I grab it anyway and leave nonchalantly hoping no one will notice the quoting quote: Bank error in my favor.

May 19th 2014. I'm in the process of hanging a small square piece of stained glass art. I think of where I want to hang it, consult the fellow housemate, we're in some sort of group home setting. We decide on a window that will get morning sun. Somehow in the process of hanging it. A door is removed, jam it all. I'm in the process of reinstalling it, when I wake up. I'll note that a lot of attention is paid to the type of hanger or nail or screw to be used. What you do over what should be a realistically relatively simple job.

May 20th 2014. A night of dreams. One in which I'm attaching some kind of roof rack to a car, later things to the handlebars of a bike. The last dream, kind of a daydream as I woke reminiscent of the book I'm reading in which a group climbs mount everest. Following this there is monitor interplay. I just remembered another dream sequence in which I purchase cigarettes at a store. The gentleman before me purchased camels. There was a discussion, with monitors, about how the humidor used to keep the cigars, and cigarettes fresh wasn't working properly. Another guy used to buy a case of cigars, box, at one at a time but no longer did such. I bought Newport 100s menthol. I was careless about paying the \$7.50 and miscounted. No current day Newports are twice that much. Having way too much money out for the transaction, I ended up finally paying, but was outside the store in the parking lot when I did so.

May 21st 2014 touring a house. Want to revisit a particular dream state that's upstairs. Following there's monitor commentary on how: it's really cool up there. The monitors break in, as I wake up. Say: it's a simulation, everybody always wants to go upstairs. I don't think they necessarily have my train of thought on this one. Nonetheless, get another clear example of my monitors messing with my subconscious.

I'm unloading a truck, and vividly can recall the long 16 ft pieces of 1x4 trim. Have to back the truck of materials up even closer. There's some rant about Mormons by my monitor.

May 22nd 2014. I'm involved in the setting up of some large-scale trade or fashion show. Note to self a certain mistress I've been communicating with in present day August 15th 2023 has talked about and referred to a fashion show that is coming up that I might be helping on.

The show is at a convention center like setting. There's models, barbecues and Kathy Griffith is about to perform comedy.

May 22nd, 2014. Involved in the setting up of some large-scale trade or fashion show. Like at a convention center. There's models barbecues Kathy Griffith is about to perform comedy. Lot of dreaming. Continually bad recall however.

May 23rd, 2014. Two dreams with Bill, one with buddy. The first involved is getting ready to go somewhere. We're going to take booze with us. We're going to make our own discreet flask type container by putting liquor into Old bottles and cases and vases. I suggest lining them with small plastic bags, like trash can liners but smaller. But he makes an appearance. I fed him dog food and he scored it down. Dry kibble that was on top of some mulch or something in a bag or maybe a bucket. That sounds like a nasty sexual reference.

The next dream starts with the phone call. I have a very important job dealing with clients. Funny thing about the call? The phone isn't plugged in.

Not a wireless. I'm holding the cord. Anyways, I'm in some sort of real estate management firm. I handle important clients with problems. One gentleman has a situation on a previous piece of land he sold or perhaps rented to some women and it evolves acreage. Possibly some broken water or gas lines. Something about crops having to be replanted. It sounds very important but I see it for what it is: a worried homeowner. I get Bill and Pete they kind of tagged along from the other dream. The bill and Pete I'm referring to are Bill Huffman and Peter Cobb and present day Fresno California August 15th 2023. We talked about how I'm the only one who hasn't been taken, married. We jumped on a cliff to get to the place. This is after seeing some orchard work being done. The place is very nice, oceanside, with well manicured yards. We go all the way around the house to speak with the owners.

May 24th 2014. Planting trees. Thought given to size of hole, amendments, etc perhaps a repeat dream?

I'm at my brother's place of employment. A big rental box store like Costco or home Depot. Present day 2023 my brother does manage a Costco. I'm waiting for him to arrive for work. There's a guy waiting to talk to him and he wants to know how much business my brother does in a certain commodity. I offered to call him, tell him he'll be there soon. But the guy has to go, leaves some paperwork on my bro's desk and takes off. I didn't remember his name. Guess a few times as he is leaving the guy's name that is. Note to self present day August 2023 that sounds suspiciously like an interrogation by law enforcement regarding if my brother is involved in any criminal activity. To my knowledge my brother does not deal in anything like that.

Continuing on:

My brother arrives, knows what to do wants. It has to do with how much coffee they sell.

Note to self it's been suggested that coffee is cocaine.

And exactly how many cups they go through. Like a vendor would need to know. I see my brother doing a quick inventory, visually assessing how

many boxes of sodas, the kind in a bag that serve soda fountains, making special note of the coffee and hot chocolate.

Here's where the dream goes off of it. He needs to go and offers to give me a ride. Outside he's driving a big Pepsi delivery truck. He makes a couple loops out into the street, accident in the parking lot. Henry parks next to the building, he needs to make some phone calls I guess. I decided to walk and take the bus.

Instead of just walking out to the corner and cross the street, I take a more adventuresome route. I cross the street and walk through a business exit out the back. Through some homes that are under construction, being remodeled I figured. It's like a maze walking through them, and I'm worried it's no longer a shortcut and that I'll miss the bus that runs shortly after the top of the hour. How do I know it's coming? I just know. Anyway after whining my way throughout at least two houses, I emerged to find the road blocked by fences and overgrown strawberry. Vines and ivy one might find growing a long highway. In fact to get over and thus cross the road, which makes no sense because I'm on the correct side for the bus that I want to be on. I need to climb up over using the thick ivy vines. As I knew the top and complete. The vines turn into bodies. It's starting to freak me out. I want to get off the overgrowth and see an area to LEAP to, a place from which I can get back to even ground. Looks like the pad of a dog's foot, a giant dog's foot. Or the hand of the king, like King Kong his palm. It's puffy and black, like an air mattress. It's about time that I wake up it's about that time I wake up.

May 27th 2014. Two dreams that merged into one. The first beach side, involving a snack card or food truck of sorts. Some sort of concessionaire. Danielle is working selling items. There's another stand nearby that I check out as well. I opt for a couple of pastries just can't live without. No going pastries topic and book I've been reading. But the real attention is to an old crown Royal bottle. But not the regular size. This one is super thin. In fact I don't actually see it. Just the bag it's in. It's some sort of heirloom bottle with an 80 on it. I'm unclear if that's referring to the age of or proof. But it's very expensive for not that much. I comment: if I'm going to go off the wagon it be with something like that.

The dream works into another, where I'm going to the beach side home with two friends who are gay. We send the steps but not after passing by a zeroscape restoration in process. There's talk of drought tolerance. I think of watering them, the plants, that is. When we get upstairs. I'm in a melon collie mood. I told him: I wish I were gay. Then you guys could set me up. I'm a bit envious of the relationship.

May 29th 2014 this first dream took place in a cabin I was with some brothers. Like the backs but not them although I did the scores on their father's job to my monitors. During the course of the dream, the boys are notified that their father has passed away. And while not quite so remorseful as one might think, they are respectful in describing what a tough guy he was to get along with.

The second dream was during the mid-morning, my new best time to dream and remember them. I take that back. It's always been a good time to dream just haven't been able to do so, here at the hospital. It was jail in theme, with bleed over from audio from the noisy hallway for sure.

I'm in a large hotel room or apartment or I'm doing time. Steve the shift lead, here at the hospital is supervising some inmates.. waiting for them to call me to go home. There's another patient who doesn't talk much. He apparently he apparently goes to visit with family. His mom in particular, and thinks he's not being treated right. On top of that the father seems to be having a heart attack. All of this could be bleed over from the hall I presume. Dude is going to go get medical treatment.

In the next scene, there are a couple of things going on:

? We're ordering Thai food, but the extensive menu has items that have been mcdonaldized. I can clearly see pad thai, corn pad thai addition including corn dogs. And there's something with chicken nuggets etc.

? I hear someone say there's a girl who looks like Cooper at the door? We joke juicy fruit or doublemint?

Lastly, I asked you steve: am I getting out today? He says: you're going home. Make sure you have all your stuff. Don't leave any CDs in the courtyard. Yes we do play music in the courtyard, but I don't have any CDs

here. At this point, I know I'm dreaming. No I'm probably not going home today and wake up.

May 31st 2014.

1. I know this dream is longer, but all I wrote down was president makes pancakes. Nope believe that's like the fourth reference to pancakes I've made in the dream journal so far. It was at a nice house early in the morning.
2. Getting ready for some hiking. Going to go by topographical maps.
3. A friend of my mom's hits me up for \$22 for pg&e.

June, 2014.

June 1st. I'm at work. A commercial building that's more residential looking than business. I'm doing some exterior paint work. I can't stay however. I need to leave a note. I do so by writing in marker on a window so outside. But I keep spelling the words wrong. Adding an extra e at the end like Old English sometimes does. I scribble my note out. But I'm unhappy with it. I think of covering it in spackle or paint. But I decide not to leave a note at all. June 2nd. Very odd dream. But a good one as it has my mom and brother in it. We're running a late night errand and stop at her house. We wake her or she comes in to see what all the commotion is all about. I'm getting things out of a truck that's parked inside the dining room. There's bird seed falling out of the glove box, as if held in by the compression of the box being closed. I get a stash of money from out of the dashboard or a box. We need to pick up dog food. Buddy's there. Of note buddy is my dog that I had between the ages of 20 and no 30 and 45. I also pick up a small tube of cream. Like Neosporin or something hydrocortisone like.

June 3rd. A good night of dreams but all I've written is as follows: barbecue tri-tip misplaced bugs? Giant heads of praying mantis already cooked? 4th of July parade? Jail mattresses, something I talked about last night.

June 6th back in county that note reflects when I returned to Fresno county jail for atascadero State hospital June 6th 2014.

I've been here a couple of days now and I'm still getting into program mode. It's tough at first, back and cramped quarters. I was off meds initially hopefully things will be better as I get settled in. I'm starting to feel the dream state again. It's bound to become a part of my life here in jail again. Hopefully just for a short time. It has done so much for me while I'm locked up. We'll just have to see how it goes it's going to be different with the meds and the ability to sleep in something I couldn't do at ash. I just don't have any idea how settled I'll get until I find out how long I'm going to be here. Just have to see. No matter. I am a professional so here's what I got Fireworks being set off in the backyard. Large rockets one going astray into a neighbor's backyard.

Running an obstacle course.

touching dream in which I find some candles my mom had got to decorate the bathroom of my new place. Thoughts of mumsy that's my grandmother Roberta Brown and they're green and designer real nice it's something that Mom would do.

June 7th. Return to Dreamland in full force. I'm at some sort of halfway house and I vividly see a spider crawling up a dude's face. It's like a tascadero, but residential and it's clean up night. There's various trash cans, some filled with grass and weeds. I figured that's where the spider came from, he flicks it off and I'm a little scared of where it ended up being hints to clean up and all. Just a quick note the idea of emptying trash cans and picking up stuff is a theme that reflects something that was pitched to me just like last night or actually I pitched it last night or the day before and that's this idea of gleaners you know somebody who would go in and clean up leftovers and stuff like that and that stuff that wouldn't go to market basically,

There's outside time. One guy is casting a fishing pole over roof. There's concern about him hooking a neighborhood kid. I fly a little bit as quarterback flapping my hands in a silly way and keeping my feet together. I get a few inches off the ground.

I'm trying to get back to my second floor apartment. It's in an urban inner City area. I know where it is but I just can't quite find the rear entrance. A loop around the back cutting through two buildings to get to the front.

There's some Street kids hanging out one tries to sell me something. I'm like

now dude. There's a general sense of bewilderment as I try to locate the apartment. Am I on the right block? Too far? It's night time.

A dream with my old girlfriend. I'm giving her a ride to see some dude and she keeps me waiting. They're banging away in another vehicle and I get pissed at her. We fight I go to leave. She gets out of my vehicle. But she's left her school backpack. I try to find her walking along the streets at Jason to the building the guy lives at. A similar scene happen in real life without the f***** in the car. "Actually that does refer to Brittney Finley." That was my response to my monitors when they questioned me saying Brittney Finley ring a bell?

The last dream, although there were more I just recorded the four has me disarming a guy with a gun.

Afternoon dreams.

In the process of figuring out what I'm ordering for commissary. A kind monitor voice wants to help me. I'm like, you don't have to help me, but it was a nice gesture.

Super high tech camera dream. Involves a gadget that a guy is preparing to use to obtain a 3D rendering of a particular field of vision. We're in a room, the general atmosphere is like watch this. He takes the camera that folds up, transformer style, into his laptop. The image offered onto another screen can look out the webcam, and I guess it gets trippy here, into the field of view and then go into it again and magnify even more detail. It goes up to a minuscule area inside a ceiling fixture and focuses in like a microscope to incredible detail. Then, surprisingly, turns in an angle and looks out into what can best be described as a sound wave? It's really mind boggling, the detail is so fine and I see individual little marks in the ceiling. Sound waves and briefly out of nowhere a daisy.

June 8th. I have a lot of dreams with Buddy in them. They're always a treat. Don't know what is what this one's about. It just says buddy.

At a neighbor's house in a rural setting. Their kids have this huge collapsible plastic container and are spilling a lot of apple juice out of it. I can see the puddle in the carpet they have. I also am grossed out a bit by the greasy countertops, my guess peanut butter. On second thought thinking back to the stream the apple juice could have represented many different liquid items I'm thinking of a couple I'm just I'm not sure though.

This was a long dream with me searching for my car. I walk up and down steep streets, trying to cut through walkways that lead to dead ends. It's a college town the game is being played, people are out there walking to it or

have left early. Or maybe a concert a lot Berkeley. Some of the corridors I take lead to a little hobbit type storybrook doors and apartments. One corner has a huge dingo like monster dog that's chained up but can still get into the street. There's steep driveways. I go into a yard, then head back out on my hunt. Finally realizing at the end of the dream that I no longer have a car. Of note in many dreams whenever I end up looking for my car I realize that I'm dreaming and it's harder when I wake up or I just walk around in the dream and look at stuff.

Vivid pictures of a backyard garden. Cucumber and squash ceilings a week or two old. There's leaky faucets/spigot and sprinklers. Strawberries are ripe, some overripe ready for picking

AM pre-work with roommates.

I'm getting gas and discover my battery is missing.

Watching baseball.

Weird halfway house in the country. It's late night and I go to bed but wake up in a strange setting. Uncertain as to where I am what to do etc I hear there's skeet shooting available as an activity. I get trapped in some sort of pen built underneath a porch. I think I see chickens. Want to say one of the guys is norwegian, swedish something like that.

Weird halfway house continued: I've noted that the door was open and that I had issues with him and wanted to see the roster of who worked there. And asked if they could tell me when will I get out? The dream laps over into the next. There's a whole vague scene. I'm getting the runaround that there's little I can do, just have to go along with the motions.

Mixed scenes of child care with the previous halfway house. Of note I don't know why I call it a halfway house. I pick up some laundry that needs to be done. Like yesterday there's a sensation of waking up inside the dream, while I'm dreaming it. That happens a couple of times. Aside from the kids and those supervising the place there's some dark musty imagery of a putting shed. Or wear one might store herbicide and pesticides. This area had a brief glimpse of a gas leaf face and was also one of the places I bet it down at, or was to bed down at.

I go into an art gallery / luncheons type affair. Some of the artists real good. The dream segways, however, into what I can best describe as big rig repairs. Working on a truck, having to put in place a water pump or something.

Bizarre dream where I think I'm in mexico. There's an event going on. Some Hispanic gentlemen are joking around. One takes a sausage and bites the

end off it like a cigar. Offers me a puff jokingly. I mock smoke it, and then put it out in a glass of water. I go to the bathroom to wash my hands and the water barely flows out from a weird fixture. They're small bottles of tequila sitting above the sink. At this point I believe the monitors chime in with don't buy the bottles, they're watered down. And then I have noted reminds me reminds my monitor. Suggesting it's a gimmick.

I'll note there was frequent monitor conversation in between all of my dreams. Things are closer to being back to normal. The new bank I think will help, helps. It's cooler, calmer, more comfortable. Of course, we'll have to see how things go when I pick up my psych meds again. At that point it was geodon.

June 10th 2014. Long involved dream with my mother, some relatives of old friend of mine Matt Joseph, restaurant patrons, and staff at a vet hospital. It starts out the house I presume to be Matt's and I'm with my mom and I'm preparing a grilled cheese sandwich of sorts. The cheese is hard and crispy. There's chocolate cupcakes on the counter, but I don't want to dig in to them. We've already eaten the rest of a batch and they're for people arriving. A quick note just over the past I'd say 6 months to a year I have become a Cookie monster just straight up eating a lot of cookies. We're actually trying to get out of there before people arrive. Someone, maybe not Mom or Aunt does arrive but we don't talk to her leaving as they go to the back of the house. I look for the car, don't have it so we set off walking. There's ivy lining the driveway. A little ways away, we take a canoe or small raft into a canal. It's rushing waters soak us. We get out and go to spare change from some people eating lunch outdoors on an enclosed patio. My mom, soaking wet from our river rafting adventure made quite a disturbing impression on the unsuspecting diners. I stepped in as a spokesman offering listen, my mom and I need money for a taxi. We need to get home, we're soaking wet, you want to eat lunch and peace so how about helping us out? A few people offered a pocket change dollar bills here and there, one nice gentleman gave us a five. We went on our way. I lose track of my mom at this point but it was sure nice to be in a dream with her where we were having fun.

I cross the street to a green strip / sidewalk like one would find around a large shopping center. I take this area to be where Big Lots is on Shaw or near there, where the sidewalks wind a bit with grass on both sides.

Suddenly a VW bus or some kind of small minivan come screeching to a halt skidding onto the grass. I see the tire tracks of the matted down grass as it

pulls back into traffic. Now it's like I'm in a different dream. There's a small veterinarian office that I go into. As if to get a job. I'm hired and we instantly go out in an ambulance. Dane referring to Dane back is there and I'm joking about whether he's really all there or not. Thing back was you know a friend of mine over in cayucos California and he's kind of a drunk you know just kind of was that way so.

June 11th, 2014

Spy harbor. I'm going to seaside harbor where boats launch. I've come from a distance to get in on some action. I feel like a rich tourist. There's some kind of top secret spy training going on I'm not sure what, but I need to get onto a boat. Rent one if necessary. Later in the dream I'm in an adjacent building reviewing files that have pages and entire folders missing. Lastly there's concern over the enemy using killer monkeys or even children to use as terrorists.

Visiting an old friend / potential roommate. I've driven a great distance to visit an old friend. It's at their rental home in a college town. It's at an unfortunate time, however. She just recently got a DUI and is busy with school. She's in the middle of a report / term paper. I'm anxious to leave already. I'm five to five and a half hours away from home and want to get part way before I have to get a hotel. I casually ask wanting to spend time with her, do you need any roommates? As a matter of fact, we do! Is her reply. She begins to show me the house. Downstairs is a very modern guy who emerges from his room seldomly, I know I'm using bad english. An interesting things happens at this point she is replaced by he. I'm bummed in that I came to see this woman, but it's clear she has a lot on her mind. And she's involved with another man. I'm still showing the place. Now having a mixed drink, like a limeade over crushed ice or a virgin daiquiri of sorts. As we head upstairs, I see several balls of yarn. I figure one of the roommates knits were crochets and as soon apparent they have a cat. I see a small kitten on the stair landing playing with the yarn.

I noticed this point, to myself, that I can't live here I'm allergic to cats. I continue on with the tour. The upstairs is fascinating. First off, architecturally, it's appealing. A large vaulted beam exposed ceiling. What's more is various rooms or areas are not separated by walls they're just loosely defined, one with wood slats almost like an Indian TP made of bark, but with wide gaps slanting up to define a space.

I see a variety of housemates upstairs. There's a couple necking in a hammock. But what does towns me is what's next to them. A small above

ground pool inside! Another roommate walks by a Neal Cassidy type drinking Coors. He walks over to his boat. I'm marvel at how these things are up here. Also, I noticed he has a collection of empties. There's a quote here: my tour won't be complete without seeing the roof, my guide encourages me. Guide monitor you know same difference. As he prepares the access, I've already contemplated the benefits and drawbacks of living there. Cats, alcohol, cool roommates, neat attic space. I'm certainly would be fun, but don't really think it would be best. I declined on seeing the roof stating: I'm a roofer, I've been a top plenty. Just a quick note to myself: a long time ago I had some friends with a rooftop garden in Santa Cruz for some reason that reminds me of this.

June 12th I know I'm not doing these three dreams justice. It seemed I was dreaming all morning long.

Return to dream I had night before. The one where I'm checking out a house to rent a room I'm going to go home because of my cat allergy is acting up. I make a plan to drive 2 hours or so then stop. I'm worried I've had too much to drink, but will probably head out soon. The dream is seemingly entwined with dream number three.

Long hike along a riverbed. Steep muddy Banks. Cliff overhangs. It's all on the way to a top secret base. My dream notes say River mud hill.

Okay this is a continuation of dream number one? It seems apparent that I'm going to go back to school. I'm having a conversation with a girl in a downtown School City like Davis or chico. It's five and a half hours where I call home. Maybe this is where I talk about driving the 2 hours. Regardless, the girl is walking her dog, who nips at me a bit. I have Portland written down as the city, reminding me of it perhaps in a complete non sequitur I see a guy in a river with a big going trash can like he's cleaning it.

June 14th after court date where I was simply too unfocused on my dreams to recall and record I went to bed early last night and dreamed well.

It was if I was on the side of a Star Trek episode or movie with Leonard nimoy directing, William shatner and the rest of the crew. I remember a dialogue with Kirk and Spock.

Just a quick note several times throughout the 500 page dream Journal of 357 page dream journal whatever it is it seems like they're showing me old sitcoms like maybe while the computer or the monitors take a break or something.

In this next dream I spend a lot of time inside a deli / liquor store picking out goodies to eat brownies cookies, picking the heaviest ones to share with

my mom. There was also sandwiches and I think the place was Italian due to the selection of white wines I was picking up some sparkling ones in addition to some martinelli's. The place had a racquet bottles with fancy labels on them and I can tell whether the wine would live up to the hype by the labels. Some fancy older ones would surely be good. Others too modern to know what they were like. The dream kind of segues into parts of the next ones. I'm doing a remodel. I'm doing a remodel. Carpets cabinets baseboards. I plan on getting a table saw to mitre cut the corners for new cabinet faces. I'm chatting with someone and I go I don't know why they go crazy over new cabinet faces, but they do. I don't know why they like 3 in baseboards we'll give them three inch baseboards. At one point I visualized being able to open the house with its roof hinging like a lid on a box it's a bizarre view. This might just be a continuation of number three. I'm having guests over to the newly remodeled house, perhaps serving wine? They're gathering for or divorce and a movie. But it's all in the Attic!

Once again this is all kind of blended together. There's a dinner party with Terry carr, and it's called cleaning up take leftovers.

In jail, but at a campground/park. Going to different tents, bathrooms to see if we're ready for inspection. It is inspection day. Sancho's there. It's comical, we're pulling a fast one on the guards. We did last night.

June 15th. This dream was pretty long. It's centered around the house that my brother was letting me stay out and some lsd. Once again, I knew I was free in the dream state and didn't want to wake up. At first there's two scores going on and I'm also in possession of a large quantity of lsd. I go to my friends Brian's and tear off some hits from the center of the page one of him to get some good stuff. He treats me for four hits of his ass. Almost simultaneously, I'm watching some girls score. Following her car to where she parks across the street from my brother's neighborhood. I know this because I figure if I'm going to be tripping later I'll want to have I want to hang out with some but like-minded folk.

Back at my bros, there's a roommate I'm introduced to someone effeminate roommate. He's going swimming and skimpy girls underwear. I'm going swimming as well but at this point I'm concerned for my safety. Despite being having handled though and swimming in the cool pool, I'm on the verge of passing out. I need to dose or take a nap.

Now this was a weird dream as well. I'll call it Opie and Aunt b. Because I felt like a young kid from the past with an older motherly figure. And the dream begins in the past. And a turn of the century mining town motif. The

two of us have decided to take leave and hit the road. Bill prepared and at the spur of the moment, we decided to steal the only car in town. An old model a delivery truck milk truck I'm guessing or I have noted either maybe Mill truck Mill or no it is milk okay I'm driving even though I don't quite know how. I get the hang of it and make it down the road 30 or 40 miles near modern day ready. I see a Shasta county yellow pages flash by in the dream. There's concern over us being followed but since we have the only car in town We're stopped under an overpass the new road. My companion comments about how if the rail had come through to our town instead of Shasta things would have been different. Reading the side of the new road we encounter a caltrans road worker. Orange pylons, equipment for surfacing. The road has been freshly tired. Aunt Bee goes back to the truck, presumably for milk or water. Returns with a small peel and eat shrimp platter. We crossed the new modern looking State highway and take our place at a bench that looks like it serves as a bus stop. We're going to Hitch the rest of the way destination unknown.

June 16th 2014 two rock and roll dreams. One dead or KGB. The other I was performing the duties of a roadie.

I'm attending an AA meeting. It's held on the second story of some larger restaurant. There's a railing overlooking the beach. I ponder my sobriety. We're seated at a long table. There's a drawing. A big jar stuffed with ID tags like the ones we had atascadero. One is drawn out it's Teresa do I take to be the counselor / rn@ash which is atascadero State hospital. A lady brings me a glass of orange juice. She's real nice. The winning tag had an emblem on it like the eagle from the flag of Mexico or something similar. The dream transitions into a walk slang no walk alongside beach. I'm looking for my shoes. A runner beachwalk has taken place because there's multiple pairs of shoes to choose from. Shiny neon accented running shoes. Oh? No! The drawing was for office supplies.

In jail. Some play fighting. I have a cordless drill. Joke how if I wanted to fight, I would use a screwdriver.

I'm with the soccer coach who was checking to see that the snack bags he's assembled for his team are all in order. There's one component in particular we're concerned with. Frozen orange juice pops. We weigh the pros and cons of fresh versus vitamin water that's orange flavor. The real orange juice went out

I'm out of work camp on the edge of the valley. The elevation begins to climb. We work fields or orchards that I gather. I'm the only inmate. I can

come and go as I please. I cross the street to a gas station/store to use the phone. The phone isn't a normal looking pay phone, I'm unable to use change or get change or make it click call etc. The phone looks weird and has three parts. The phone itself, the receiver, and then a smaller dummy receiver like just the earpiece that sits on the hook while one is talking. Similar setting but g is there and we're both inmates. He's showing me his tape collection.

June 17th 2014 I'm at a friend's house. Lydia's I think. She has a roommate, let the country club Lane roommate, and I'm using his tub. It's huge with jets, whirlpool, more like a hot tub. He gets home and will wonder why I used his bath even though I've been assured it's okay. I'm in a bit of a hurry to get dressed and get out. I've knocked the cover off of some kind of control valve box. I'm like someone will fix it and go to leave.

I'm at a baseball game. Involved in a baseball game perhaps watching a baseball game. I experience bleed through smell, however. I remark about a cologne. I smell only to realize that I'm smelling cleaner or disinfectant used to clean the cell I'm in.

I'm trying to on Levi's got a hardware store 501's, I think. The link is right but the waste is interest too small. There's some kind of commotion shoplifting. Or closing time or both. I'm in the dressing room during the occurring event. I'm concerned about being suspected even though I have every intention of purchasing the right size jeans if they have them. It's vivid. The aisles, the shelves where the jeans are stored.

Back to school kind of. I'm with a buddy of mine. We're way too old for the campus.

I'm in some sort of weed lockup. Lots of Bud on shelves etc.

June 19th. This is another one of those dreams in which there's two houses close together. One has my old employer bill. And the other my mom. There's a neighbor as well. Bill is still running a kennel of sorts. He's also watching The neighbors pet hawk. Thing is the hawk is huge and has a 14 ft wingspan. But he's also there. In one scene I have him loading into an extremely small kennel space. I also give Bill the runaround. Saying I'm here

to run an errand for my mom instead of promptly starting work. I'm just trying to buy a little me time.

Random dream colon no it's not what it says it says I'm showering all suds up.

June 21st. I dream about getting a shop cleaned up. It was a scene shop. I specifically remember a section in which I'm trying to find the right finish nail dang pieces of a cloth tape measure on. We're getting the shop ready for the opening night. Why the shop has to get cleaned up, I don't know. But in jail reality, we do have an inspection today. There's a military field to it and all. And the suggestion is that the captain will be involved in the play. June 22nd. First off, I switch punks yesterday an afternoon nap previous one short dream fragment with me all said stuff in the shower. For today, my dreams all seem to be connected and we're maybe influenced by the Friday the 13th movies I saw yesterday in tone and texture. There is a Rick Carter appearance in a dream fragment.

Apartment hunting. I seem to have this dream a lot. It's always pretty much the same. Going into houses or apartments meeting potential roommates. When the pros and cons. This next dream initially is of a similar vein. But there's a definitive backstory: a woman is on the run. She's the only witness to a cartels dealings. Senior daughter are in some sort of witness protection program. She needs to find a place to stay. Hideout. There's a vacant beach house on the cliffs but expensive, Rumi and has a certain aesthetic quality to it that is calming to this woman. She's in some serious s*** after all. She's paranoid every car and truck that passes by is initially thought to be part of the hunt, if there is one, for her. Neighbors are viewed with suspicion.

The place gets cleaned up. The handyman helps clean up. Cushions are wiped down and put in place furniture arranged in the nice living space. Dishes are done. Meals prepared. It's a bit drafty in the house. There's some stained glass panels that are broken and let the cool Ocean Air in. A really cool stone plate that offers temperature, barometer, time is hung decoratively. Life appears to be returning to normal. But then some strange events trigger the woman's paranoia. A neighbor who does strange wood carvings is viewed suspiciously but turns out to be part of the close knit community of neighbors that forms. The Carver guy lives across the street. But has a small workshop cliffside with another neighbor. It seems a nice enough setting. But two events Mar the otherwise tranquil existence the first is either a flashback of what the woman saw: a body dumped in the sand at the beach. Bulldozed under. Or a new event. The second has me going over

to the neighbor's house with a hatchet and threatening / fighting then tweakers next door. Just tasteful violence I'm inclined to attribute to Jason and the movies last night / yesterday.

At a mountain cabin. There's a psycho on the loose. We go outside and they're supposed to be afraid. But Terry car is there and there's talk of fantasy football. My incarceration. We go to the next cabin briefly. We're supposed to do some work on it. We call it a night. Head back to our cabin. Dragging yellow and orange extension cords. Or hauling them in a wheelbarrow or landscape card.

June 23rd. Harvest. Vivid but no bud. I'm called into assist with the harvest. There's a train station scene. Farm workers lined up. But it's just me and a couple other people who are actually going to be handling the stuff. We're waiting at dusk for the ride.

Dinner with Mom and a dude from work. Doesn't it seem like a lot of my dreams are about restaurants? Just an observation. For starters, the entrance to the place is right out of American Ninja and wipeout. After that, however, the menu is awesome with seafood. There's also a spa quality to the place with hot tubs and massage. Everyone is enjoying themselves immensely. In fact the whole town is in celebration. The air of the festival lingers over the patio. That's when I discovered hot dog guy. No valid jokes, please. Hot dog has a few 18-in dogs sticking out of a champagne bucket. It takes one and starts eating it all pop lock my like. Everybody thinks he's performance is a hoot. Mom is enjoying the show.

3. Renting off the patio at the photoshop. It says if I have the hose in my hand rinsing off the dust and dirt outside a small business. The same way as has been done hundreds if not thousands of times before. There's a few landscape rocks. It's something I do everyday.

June 24th 2014.

There's a large shrub in a playground. A large root for the redwoods or Cypress looking thing runs through the sandbox and it's my job to share off at least half, so the kids at least I'm assuming don't trip over it. I'm going to use a hatchet. But instead of working on the tree I chop into my foot. But it's I really hack into it before stopping.

A bunch of stuff going on in the next dream or two? There's a kids party with a wading pool. I get the impression that the young kid whose birthday it is has older brothers or uncles who are in a gang.

Meanwhile, I'm going out to breakfast with moose and I share the joke about Earth first: we'll log all the other planets later.

Dream fragment: I'm roofing a small house.

I don't recall much of this next sequence. But it had someone sick in bed. I make up the bed. And address the Assembly of a stereo cabinet. I'm figuring out where to put the woofers and tweeters etc.

June 25th. Fun time at a stadium. I commandeer the microphone and do sophomoric jokes. Like one would do on an intercom: is there a big dick here?

Dream with britney.

Tutoring some kids in math what's $4 * 23$? It's the same as four times 22 equals $88 + 492$. Trying to show the kids easier shortcuts to some problems. Of note my grandmother Mildred Thompson was a math teacher and used to tutor me over the phone about math problems when I was a youngster intermediate school and high school and stuff like that. I'd call her up and explain the problem over the phone and she would tell me the proper approach to it, giving me the shortcut. But this didn't always work for the teacher, however. The teacher always wanted you to do it the way the book taught it, and show your work. Instead of using the easy shortcut. But I do owe all my mathematical skills to my grandmother.

June 26th. I'm living in two different rooms. But the dreams focus around one. It's a vibrant household with lots of roommates. They want me to be a part of the gang, but we have been running in different circles. They're understanding. We just haven't figured out how to mesh. My room is accessed through a slider between two sets of washers and dryers. Like a closet slider or pocket door knock glass. It's a humble room, hidden away from the hustle and bustle of the rest of the household. I'm at home so little because of my other room, then I'm not taking into consideration as a full-fledged house member. Not that they don't want me to be one as I've noted. Just that they don't know how to integrate me into their scene. An example of my second class citizenship is as follows: someone's hosing out the area between the appliances that blocks stop my door. Water is getting into my room. I'm like stop. It's at this point, I think I start communicating with my monitors as if they are in the dream. I take the accidental water splashing into my room as in a front to my presence in the house. I realize it's not. I try and express my true feelings to them, the monitors/roommates. Was something like: you must understand, I'm a people pleaser. To which they reply: oh we know that. The dream moves into montage mode: I find myself at home. My room is cozy but I belong. I

interact with other roommates and the household as a whole. The last scene has me making the infamous snowball men from a previous dream An additional scene which represents a time at which I returned to the dreamscape after a brief moment of waking, perhaps I went to the bathroom briefly. I'm back at the house leaving in the early morning. I think to ultimately see my mom. I see my exit from the house. Walking down the street. The layout of the neighborhood. I go over in my head how I'm going to possibly hop offense and cross a dirt field adjacent to some new construction. I end up stopping at my bosses house.

And it's into a whole nother dream: he's just received a shipment of fiberglass kayak and surfboard bodies. They're on a trailer in his driveway and he is making room for them. I help out. I can envision the way they will be shaped down to their final forms. In reality I may have seen something about surfboard construction on TV. Quite some time ago. We have idle chit chat which I don't recall. I'm helpful, but not going to be there for too long. Two notes going first of all I get the impression that it was raining in the next train. Possibly from hearing the shower. Secondly I was deliberately trying to stay in the dream sleep. I was conscious of the fact that I was waking up in jail. And wanted to put off reality a while longer. It's not surprising the dream has jail references.

I'm at some sort of conference going over how jail inmates, prisoners get access to barium from landscape mulch. There's a display I call: the wall of rocks showing different rock formations. I distinctly remember barium, and then I added in my mind cesium. These are actually elements, not mineral rock.

I see, under a bunk, mineral formations of calcini which is also known as Taiwanese Jade, and bloodstone. My mind wanders to why I'm thinking barium comes from mulch. And if prisoners could use it to make wmds. Ha! June 27th. Ed goblin. I don't have a lot to say about this dream. I'm staying in a really nice house of my Bros. Sam is there. Running around on a porch that doesn't really have a railing for dogs at least. So is my brother's wife Jack, I think anyway. Sammy, I let out onto the deck to pee. And she manages to pee over the side without falling. Her defiance of gravity is amazing. My dad knows Ed goblin. I know Ed goblin. At least the name I've seen it somewhere. I rack my brain trying to figure out the connection. Otherwise, well my dreams were good, my mind was unsettled. I had court this morning. I remember something about work. A fear of heights.

Fragments: Billy Huffman. A truck filled high with lumber. I was in a

semi-conscious waking state for a bit. Where I was lucid, watching my mind display images as I tried to get a little more rest in.

June 28th. I have absolutely no idea what these notes represented: on the run. Toyota corolla. Orange orchard. Almost got away.

June 29th. At a baseball game. There's gourmet snacks and desserts like at really fancy box seats. Didn't dream like normal. A little scattered because of a move to a different pod.

June 30th. Several sexual encounters. In the first dream I'm hooked up beachside in a car. It's a beautiful sunny day. Reminded me of the Monterey area.

This one had two parts. The first half involved me at a house wanting to be played with. If I couldn't get laid, the least that I had hoped for was my partner to play with my nipples while I masturbated.

The second half involved a plan. A setup of sorts. It's my place. The suggestion is that my female partner can seduce guys to come over, make them feel comfortable and then bust them. A la, to catch a thief. I'm admonished a bit, by my monitors: don't have too much fun. It's your cooler, your beer. Odd, because I don't drink.

The situation is diffused as we leave to go somewhere. Now my driving is suspect. The car isn't mine. It's a big town car like a crown Victoria. And while a bit uncomfortable in the bigger ride I'm doing okay. I notice a UPS truck and a neighboring residence. Odd, they don't ship ups. I remark the overall feeling comes off that I'm in a partnership. We're familiar and close. A bit of ribbing seems natural.

July, 2014.

July 1st 2014. Great dreaming. Of course, my excitement to get to the next dream often supplants the memory. I've got some good notes though.

Cut, takeover Park.

Times to go native.

Mom at home. The rooms have different levels. Sunken living room etc so there are ramps from space to space. I'm playing with matt. I've got new socks and I'm lacing up my shoes to play ball?

Old time Western feel to it. Like deadwood. Mom has some friends. I have friends there. There's some sort of trial or ceremony going on. There's underlying strife in the community. Somebody's double crossed somebody. One guy is to blame or knows too much. The pressure gets to him and he unsuccessfully tries to shoot himself in the head. It's a tragic turn of events and the town is a wash and conspiracy theories. Somebody had land to run off to. The guy was a witness, rap, perhaps. I go to check on Mom and I'm admonished to stop it. Note to self: the stop it I would assume came from my monitors.

Great dream, started in a big barn workplace. Kind of like a home depot. The setting is a wide open University campus. Somewhere that gets snow. I make my way over to the dorms / apartments. Like many of these dreams there's a secret entrance, a door that opens up into an attic space. It's a coed environment, friendly. I head back to the barn. I'm skiing but then I'm just gliding on my shoes. I passed my sunglasses, but then have them. There's a small crack / break in the frame but they're okay. I surmise I'll be able to get some crazy glue off of someone either the dorms or the barn. There's narration that accompanies the whole trip back to the barn provided by my monitors: look down, you have no skis. Look out there's no snow. Eventually I wipe out in a snowbank. Someone gives me a hand getting up. I have the sensation of not being able to move my legs. Something that's happened several times. I'm going to get back to the barn for some kind of event.

Bar scene. I'm scoring drugs for someone. It's night time and I go to ride my bike. But it keeps messing up.

Nostalgic return to mumsy's place. I'm in the bedroom. Mom's in the front room. The laundry rooms a mess and I'm trying to clean it up to go out. Wash my feet in a bucket. And legs. We've had to sponge bath while our showers broken. Jail reference.

And you think it's been installed, faucet rather. In the bar area. I'm a bit dismayed it wasn't upgraded. The replacement looks cheesy although it is in the same rustic looking style. Tarnished bronze. Underneath the sink a bottle of spray and wash spills. I do an okay job mopping it up with a roll of paper towels. Mom's in the front room.

July 2nd 2014. Not much recall on this one: psych setting, office as room. Get out. Show the invitation to my niece's graduation.

I'm walking in the neighborhood. Pass by a restaurant/bar where she Andrea. I'm walking by a river or Bay and there's bridges over canals, places to hold title overflow or flood water.

I returned to Jagruti's. She's showing me the latest trays. She's getting ready for some party she's catering. Sprouting sunflower trays are added to specimens of edible flowers that are just beginning to root and are interspersed in the sprouts. Her current employee arrives. We don't get along. I don't really fit in with their way of doing things classic head buddy. Between Jeopardy and me I'm heading out.

Something with a bike.

July 3rd. 2014. Slept hard. So dream time wasn't as big as I would lie of liked it. Also had early Court which cut into it.

On a college campus. As I make my way to the stadium, I heard the cheer for the horse chuckers go team!

In a college town like Davis eating out Italian food. We get something to take home. We're halfway home we have to go back to pay slash tip. We stopped at another Italian restaurant to get change for the tip. Bjorn may have been with me.

July 5th 2014. I recall vividly two cans of Miller lie to store. Also, an overwhelming sense of drug use. Complete with a tweaker cabin and me losing teeth. Not really teeth. But I got the sensation of hard candy or bone in my mouth combined with that sense of the enamel on your teeth is being eaten away by the acid in one's vomit. Big chunky pieces of bone or something as hard as ice.

Kill Bill montage complete with the p**** wagon, GoGo and a fight with one of the girl assassins who appeared to be Daryl hannah.

Military training facility. Bathroom break with me having to s*** in tofu box? As I'm leaving there's elite core of fighters coming in. I make it beachside. I'm done my gear while waiting. Decide to go walk on the beach. Get stuck in sand and can't move my legs.

Putting together a desk set for mom. Consulting plans. Go to constructed near where it goes. There was more random daydreaming but it's difficult to discern whether it was just daydreaming or my subconscious train of thought.

July 6th, 2014. "Rooftop Hot Tub".

- Rearranging a house.

- 2. At a church parking lot. It's 6:00 a.m. There's suspicious activity at a school across the street.
- 3. I'm at a psych facility, but it's like a halfway house. I'm helping out because I'm bored. Helping unload groceries. Bag lunches... We prepare calzones. I talk about how I worked at LaRocca's and the calzone prep I did then, but have "lost my touch". Then we talk about deep frying. I see a crock-pot on the counter that may actually be some kind of deep fryer, just not sure. We turn our attention to a storage area out back and I move some pipe, some other odds and ends. To make room for stuff.
- 4. A band is playing and I questioned their relevance. They're an older man and don't jam out their tunes like they used to. They even do some cover bits that don't quite work, "Radar Love" by Golden Earring. And play some jams that aren't theirs', I initially think they're Three Dog Night", who I read about briefly,. the day before.

July 7th 2014.

It would have been my mother's 70th birthday.

Seems like the latest hot dreamscape is a "psych halfway house." I don't know what one would be like, but in this dream, I have my own room.

1.

It's large, like a suite, with a wall of windows and a glass slider that's shaded by mini blinds. There's two other entrances. The plot goes like this: I'm trying to have some me time, and keep getting interrupted. One girl has the audacity to come in the room, plug in her curling iron... and prepare to fix her hair. I shoo her out, and hide my toys from a couple of other parties knocking, and trying to enter. I just can't get any peace. Even Bill showed up. I was like, "I paid for the bigger room, get out".

The following was an interaction I had with my monitors in August of 2023. Not sure where, though. Fresno, Oakland, San Francisco... but think it was before I got to San Luis Obispo or Morro Bay.

"You know that sounds like what's going on right now. So that would be almost exactly, 9 years ago. 9 fucking years ago... and now the dreams are

coming true. Help me the fuck out, people! What the fuck is going on with me”???

2.

In this one, “Mom, Dad, Pap and Gran, and dog Buddy” (Or perhaps, someone's “mom, dad, grandma , grandpa, and buddy”, are in the dream. It revolved around one of those free credit report scams that was billed to Pap's credit card.

3.

Shaving kits are laid out in what I describe as a “boudoir”. But it's a hotel room setting. It's like Big Brother gone Hollywood porn set. I'm shaving the hair above my lip, about to perform cunnilingus. Then I really jam my tongue down a young “virgin's” twat.

July 8th 2014.

1.

“Going To A Show”.

It was a quick ride up. But I'm still early. There's two opening acts and I watched the first one, entering with my ticket and looking for a seat up front. But as I take a seat, it slides toward the stage. I finally secure the seat , by resting it's back legs on a rubber or carpet mat by the soundboard. (Like something that would be used to cover cables). I settle in to enjoy the show, but there's a problem. The dance floor is flooded. Pools of water need to be mopped up. It's going to be a long day. I'm not going to stay inside and wait for the Boys to play. I might not even be able to make it, until the much later show. I go outside, making sure one can do so, but not before lifting what I'm going to say are salt and pepper shakers. Putting them in my shirt pocket before going.

And then we segue into the second half of the dream. I meet two dudes. Talk to them about pot and acid. You tell me they got pot. And that they know a house (Now, the one we're walking by? One of the guys jumps up and slaps the eave of it) that has LSD. We bought a school bus and slowly take off to smoke out with me, scoring quite a bit. The bud is loose for a bit. And there's over an ounce. I end up stashing mine along the interior side of

the bus. But what is really fascinating is the ride we go on. The street winds through trees and we have to really crank on the wheel to turn the bus. This is similar to another dream I had over a year ago, during the 2012-2013 stay at FCJ). In one instance we narrowly avoid hitting a VW Bug. At another slalom turn, we have to stop and push a Jeep Willys out of the way. As we get back near the venue, I ask the guys: "Did you go to the closing of the Warfield? During the entire dream, there was concern that I would have to head back before seeing the show.

2.

I'm doing the demo on a remodel. It's a covered porch or walkway of some kind. I climb a ladder, then use a pry bar and hammer to remove the lid of the structure. Actually use something closer resembling a nail puller. I recall the ladder failing at some point. And something about chickens.

July 9th, 2014.

1.

At a bowling alley. It's actually more of a bar with just two old lanes. One downstairs, and one upstairs. The rest of the bar is filled with booths for food and drink. The pins have to be set up by hand, and there's flags telling where they go attached to each one. The balls look bigger than normal.

2.

Blender drinks at a bar. First, a "Purple Hooter" type drink, with Chambord. Then "watermelon shooters".

3.

At a park. Eating lunch from a food truck. It seems like barbecue chicken, but at one point that is called into question. Like there's human hair... Or it may be horse or dog. There's also a scene with "drugs in a bag".

4.

Mid-afternoon in which I'm at a housing unit where I "escape", going out through a window. Look in at other pod. When I get back, my bunk is a fold out couch.

July 10, 2014.

Nice dreams. Crappy notes.

1. Something about a school bus and meeting with the lady about a house for sale in Stonebridge, which is in Fresno, California.

2.

"At A Bar". I glance at "hat" on mantle that serves as a display piece.

3.

I do remember that the rest of the dreams had a very nice feel to them. This one showed me starting a small campfire at the beach using driftwood I had gathered. The dreams seem to overlap here. I'm getting away on a road trip." Dog escapes", perhaps?

4.

We're riding bikes, there's a camper going with us. The riding is steep. Various road trip scenes finish off the morning's dreaming.

July 11th, 2014.

1.

Long party at a halfway house with pot. Looking for stash I just had.

2.

"Embarrassed at a Christmas party".

Connie and Gary's house. Can't find the stuff I came in with. Didn't know where the trash was. A bad dream. Feeling out of place, like I need to get away.

3.

Plane trip. We do a direct, vertical drop to land. I'm thinking about where I'm going to go to. See various items at an airport lounge. "Junky" items for sale.

4.

At some sort of homeless squat. There's people trying to make the place more habitable. One guy is erecting a flimsy wall. I admonish him for not doing it right and building it to code. I say, "If you're going to do it, might as well do it right".

I instruct on using Simpson ties for stability during an earthquake, or if a hurricane were to hit. How it could be a "shear wall" if other structural modifications are going to be made. Like taking out a wall for more room.

5. Prisoner run co-op of swords. There's indoor lawns I remember being concerned about fungus, the cut of the lawn, clean up. It's more of a health food store, one with a bakery in mind, however. I'm in a library perusing books. it's a school-type setting.

Note 8/19/2023

I admonish my monitors at this point: So, you're going to run sirens up and down the street to try to distract my writing and my dictation of my dreams? Is that your plan? Or is that just a random occurrence".

July 12th, 2014.

1.

In this jailhouse dream. G and I move into new quarters. It's a garage. Or "roll up" door type warehouse location. We're figuring out our areas. There's an old mattress I consider using. (Bed bugs? I think not. My sleeping bag is there too).

Note: Some of these dreams refer to people being housed in really shitty conditions. And I'm wondering if that represents some kind of plan to transfer homeless people into subsidized housing. Like, well... 9 1/2 years after the dream.

2.

I'm skiing with some people. And while they're double diamond, I'm more of a bunny slope kind of guy. I'm more concerned about getting on the lift and off of it, and sneaking in a bong hit or two.

July 14th, 2014.

1.

I spend time on the 2nd story, and in the attic... of a house that has a lot of kids. Toys are everywhere. I step on some, and one sticks to my foot. Now, the further one goes upstairs, the more cramped the quarters end up being. High up, there's bunk beds. And one tiny little room, at the top of a crooked set of stairs, like it was out of a storybook or something. It has a small door

that only a very young kid would be able to fit through. I get the impression, that a couple... and a dozen kids could live there. Downstairs, I have noted "part of a lawn ornamental" and recall "adult conversation" about how the place is a beach rental. And that, in season, the place goes for thousands of dollars a week.

2.

Long adventure through a museum. We go to some storage areas, where items not viewed by the public are kept. I'm shown some runes. They look Chinese. We compare them with the text on some menus from an Oriental restaurant. We have LSD and mushrooms that make the experience that much more mystical. I have it noted: "that we go to drive home", but I don't recall us really going to leave. There's a quote I've written down either by me or my monitors. It's about going to prison: "Don't worry it's just like jail... just a different color jumpsuit".

3.

BBQ Fundraiser with Fresno's "movers and shakers".

Like a political rally/fundraiser or some such community event. The police department AKA Jerry Dyer is barbecuing burgers (which aren't cooked all the way through) There's really nice hot tubs, however, reminiscent of other dreams I've had. And it seems as if a dream isn't complete these days, without a trip to the bathroom. Which I find to be in an "unsatisfactory" condition.

4.

Leading up to a swim in the ocean, there's talk of grapes. Regarding working in the vineyards, I presume. I recall a nice ocean setting. At first, I'm considering entering the water at a rocky area. Then opt for a seaweed strewn beach adjacent. Reminiscent of past dreamscapes.

5.

I'm at a music festival. There's open lawns, tents for shades...

A note right here, September 16th, 2023, Morro Bay, CA:

Ok. I believe that I've already established the idea that many of these dreams are not dreams at all. But actually, memories of other people. And in my estimation, they would be people of great wealth and leisure. (Or perhaps their family and friends, explain more in a bit*).

But it's now also occurred to me, that some of those "memories", may indeed, be from events that I attended. But there's a catch.

I propose the following: The memories that I dreamed of, were the visions of events that I was at... seen through my eyes, but by those aforementioned people of great wealth and leisure. Although, it could be an assortment of monitors involved in this whole conspiracy I got rolling around in my head... politicians, psychologists, behavioral analysts, economic advisors... the list goes on and on.

*It's possible, that these folk "slip" into the perception of their friends and family from time to time, either with their consent... or with them not knowing that their minds have been trespassed upon.

Anyways...

I'm at a music festival. There's open lawns, tents for shade, and the grounds are punctuated by large trees bearing fruit. At first, I think they are avocadoes. Then pears. I'm with a woman who is going to give a speech or perform somehow. We're trying to figure out exactly where. W/we're walking past one tent and see a tree that has dropped some fruit. Pears, I believe. We talk to a yellow jacketed Staff Pro to ask directions. He points to a yoga area in the distance up a hill. Maybe a 100-150 yards away. The yoga is adjacent to a shower house. There's a large woman heading in or out, "open" to public view, talking with the woman we want to talk to. I'm beginning to get restless, I want to go shake the trees for fruit. I've made my decision to casually separate myself from the woman I'm with for the time being, as I search for "fruit".

The lady we're speaking to understands my desire offering tips on what to do if I find fruit that's "not quite ripe". She suggests mixing it with riper ones. There's a bin I can use for my collecting purposes.

July 15th, 2014.

1.

"Artsy Commune".

I've come from far away. There's singing, partying, arts and crafts, hot tubs, and kids in what presents itself as a treehouse like setting. Maybe in a rainforest. A comfortable "At ease" dream.

2.

I'm in some sort of colored guard ceremony; perhaps graduation from a law enforcement academy. Everyone's real dressed up. Almost militaryish, in an auditorium.

3.

I'm working construction. There's blueprints, designs. A calendar is falling apart One of those old, coil bound desk calendars. Some important info is drawn on my hand. Something to do with the job I'm going on. Step is being loaded in and out of a truck. A home or business is under construction.

4.

I want to say that the dream #3 flows into this one. For the simple reason that there's construction going on. I arrive at a business under remodel or renovation. I followed someone there, who, at first, is reluctant to talk to me. I kind of sorta follow him into the building, one he's familiar with. I get the impression that he's spent a lot of time there. The place is some sort of "door factory". It's being converted into a hotel. I see the Matriarch of the family, after a short tour of the place. I remarked on the drywall and texture work being done, and get a good view of the main hallway that has rooms off to the left and right. Meanwhile, in the parking lot, there's another son who inherited money from the patriarch of the family.

The score is as follows: The Matriarch has sunk everything into the conversion job. Son #1, (who I followed) inherited part of the business and it seems like he got all the work and little money. Son #2 was paid off and had a good time with his fortune. Mother and son wait to reap their rewards. As I'm talking to the guy, (Son #1) I notice that he's missed a spot shaving. I tell him, he checks his image in a mirror, and heads off to fix the problem.

July 16th, 2014.

1.

This takes place in and around a seaside cafe. We dine... at some point, I see a little monkey. There's a cello played by the ocean, I see a bicycle (which appears in the next dream), and a flyer for a hot tub place.

2.

I think I ride away into dream #2. I stop at a store to get a drink (bottled water) and my bike gets stolen. Kids must be on vacation and out of school, because I see them everywhere. I feel like they know I got my bike stolen. I want to confront them, but I view them as nuisances, rather than suspects. I walk, and am pestered by a couple. The bike was more of a kid's bike anyway.

3.

My dreaming lingered this morning. I didn't want to get up. This one has been spending the night at a hotel, with some other people who are "on the road". The room is nice, more of a house rental.

The next morning, we're having coffee, and deciding where to go. I've got my mind set on a Depeche Mode concert. We're heading towards Colorado. There's a real nice feeling to the whole scene

4.

This may be simply a continuation of the dream. We've hit the road in an overloaded van. There's concern it's too overloaded. But we get rolling.

5.

Discussing how to use a weed eater to trim redwood shoots with the guy I used to live next door to, Arthur Amerian. How if we had a blade on there we would have "done some damage" meaning, "a lot of work would have gotten done"

JULY 17TH 2014 IT WAS AS IF A HOSPITAL OR SCHOOL WAS CLOSED FOR A PARENT TEACHER NIGHT.

The activities seemed rehab-related in one room at twisterlight game is played out. In another there's a yoga set up. I'm with people, one of whom knows where to get a good neck rub. The leader of the yoga class is some kind of grandmaster at neck rubs. Upon entering the room, my friend fayne's neck pain practically lying down in front of the guy and putting his hands on his neck. There's also nonchalant partying going on.

Christmas is coming gone. I share my eyes there's Legos everywhere. I make comment about how it will be impossible to organize them. The tree has fallen over. Getting it standing will be difficult.

Beach setting vivid view of boats docked.

Another beach setting. Cafes. Trying to get something to eat. The peers closed. Walk down a new street that hits beach. Beautiful waves and beachscape.

Some sort of testing to be released from the hospital.

Montez gets out? No! Consider taking his bunk. That was either a real dream or may have happened in jail and I just drunk about it so.

Great getting ready to go. Getting high.

July 19th 2014 roommate scramble. Setting his college apartments or dorms. The authorities that be, like a residence corrector or something discover an extra guy in our apartment. This sends everyone into a scramble. People are walking together apartments, it's night time. Everyone wants to just find a room and crash.

Okay second dream that evening a house under remodel needs paint, touch up work. It's a bill job. Fill by the way is my prep is it's an interesting thing about Bill for some reason I've worked for like half a dozen guys name Bill I don't know why but anyway my current employer is Bill Huffman and Fresno California so.

Anyway continuing the dream. Sancho was there Darla and some other tweakers are there. The kitchen counters are going to look real good. So our cabinets and other components are the remodel, there's concern about getting the job done. I'm going to have to go into work mode to get it done in a timely fashion.

I'm at a pizza parlor. Me and I think. I'm second in line but the first person doesn't know what they want. I do. I say, but even though I'm in second in line those behind me get served, get the pizza orders in. I see some tempting pizza sandwiches, but I'm steadfast wanting half pepperoni half artichoke card and garlic white sauce.

You don't take interesting no for some reason I think the game is advertising related or test marketing related and seeing what people who have normal mean average score on certain aptitude tests why the they test heavily in the extremes lower high and you know I just I have to I feel like there is something business related or advertising related behind this.

Okay numbers four or five and six kind of I'll believe together. And a tweaker halfway house. Lunch is getting crept. There is cake: German chocolate. Talk of going on a field trip. Suddenly, the setting is in a sporting good store or a dollar store. With the summer aloha section or maybe a party city. I keep finding stacks of salami. And trains lunch meat. It's it's as if lunch is served and then forgotten over and over. On to an escapade with two ATM machines. My American Express card wasn't wouldn't work. The machines aren't even hooked up though. As if they're demos. My car is taken with a message that says something like return to dealer: demo time over. More salami and cookies. A woman running the store / house. I get the feeling Mom's there. Good morning dreams session ends with music playing and a cryptical lyric you look just like that villain Rumpelstiltskin.

July 20th 2014. Didn't feel like taking notes this morning. Had a good one where I'm dying with my mom and her friends at an Italian restaurant. Services taking forever, however I'm lingering over a salad. Everyone else is drinking a lot of wine. Empty and partially filled bottles litter the table. I'm a little mist. So just they don't drink anymore. another dream revolt from around me getting a part-time job. Looking around a familiar school lawn setting.

I have a recurring dream at least I've had it like three or four times where it's kind of like an estate like I'm a college campus and the grass and all the concrete and some kind of school like that or university and you know there's there's one where there's kinky thing about I don't know if Mormon is an little quiet room and it's actually a BDSM den.

July 21st. Night time workability. Electrical work. Changeing out sockets and switches. A common how I've brought my wingle. Angle is a type of screwdriver for electricians. Something about plans.
Hm m electricity and plants now what could be the connection there That's hmm I just don't know.

This is another one of those roommate house streams. Which I will note I do have a lot of. We have a house for the nice backyard in a college town. Next door is another house that has access to an even bigger area to hold parties etc it's a party weekend. People are tore up. My dog buddy is running around on a rope and tangling stuff. It morphs into dream number three. There's a festival in the neighborhood, booths, food, drink. Dogs running around. A small one with puzzle pieces in its coat. I can't find its owner and let it run free. It's small and walks slowly back towards its owners. I see a food truck with wild riding on it. It says grateful frog at one point or grateful

frag grateful flag I'm not sure anyway. I sit in an inflatable chair. Like the NFL but like cares. And it flies. Hovering above the ground, floating down the street. I end up passing a shooting gallery where a woman holds a rifle. The chair twists like a balloon animal at one point. It's an exhilarating feeling.

July 22nd 2014 another halfway house. There's writing in a van or bus back to the house from shopping. Unloading groceries. For some reason I'm drinking. I haven't trained in a long time I've been trying to shoot you know come on you guys know exactly how long I haven't drink s to a generally accepted no alcoholic policy I quip if I can't have my freedom, I might as well drink. Nobody come outside and a half years of sobriety meant nothing in the process of getting me to where I'm at. I'm holding a sheep stout and walking from one side of the house to the other.

I wish I could remember more of this one. I have written Bob comedy long tail. One party discovered another goes on. Followed by exaggerated.

In a stream fragment I met a woman!. Long dream at a small Bodega that had a lot of empty shelves. All of it was around the central deli counter/register. It reminded me of sections of a drugstore when they're changing the merchandise accordingly according to the season. Empty. The Delia is still serving up as goods. The guy in line before me gets a certain delicacy. It looks so good I order one but they're all out. The owner knows me and goes to make more. Or he's just really nice. I think I'm actually a stranger to the store. Meanwhile, I meet a woman and exchange numbers. I'm a bit embarrassed. There's some confusion on my part of what to write my number on. I accidentally reentered the store. I don't remember the resolution of the scene but it felt positive.

Ashley ask Steve am I getting out today?

August, 2014.

August 1st, 2014.

There's violence as I roll out some crazy guy at a house jail.

Dream fragment: gardening.

I'm not sure if this was a part of dream number two the fragment. I haven't listed separately, but it's more like a farming operation or a garden that's next to a farm or wrench. Vivid images of the plot. Next to a house with a leaky faucet spigot that sprays water everywhere. Hidden concern about water regulations, although I figured because we're part of an egg op, City regulations don't apply. The lawn next to the house is thick, lush, green due to this spray. After I water the garden, a couple pots are missed. So I had to go back and hand water them. Instead of turning back on the hose, I look for a container to fill in a nearby barn and in the surrounding yard. A couple options are available: water and cans, buckets, etc at least a few. I pick one and drink the dry tomato and lemon cucumber plant mist. They still look good to spite how dry they are and how small the containers are. Although one tomato looks either dried, half eaten, by a bird or pest or both. Or may have just been a bit rotten. It is a beautiful day.

I'm going to a job. Farmer construction. I'm with a boss and sometimes with my brother. We stopped at a shopping center for supplies. I see watermelons for sale on a stand outside I mentioned them as something to get. Inside it order a big soda. While shopping, I see a guy selling some grateful dead tie dyed and batiks. He's eager for a sale, but I don't see anything I necessarily like.

This might be a continuation of the last dream it's at a place where I'm ordering fried chicken and french fries. I already have some fries in the bag and dump them onto the plate giving me a lot of fries.

July 2nd 2014. Huge movie theatrical presentation. And almost mechanical changing of characters takes place. That's all I can remember.

I'm going to car with two guys. We've come to a house to smoke. Well there's part of the house it's also a house of a airs. Two pets run through.

I'm now on the back porch, instead of going back to the house to get to the car I decide to walk around the house and enjoying apartment complex. Much your grand, however, it's fenced. The only way I can see out is through a golf course at Jason to the apartment complex. I hope the fence to the golf course and go towards the street. Look over the advance, and through a green tarp strong up like add a driving range and see it's stories about a patio dining area that is on the street I'm trying to get back to you. Make my way to the pro shop / gun range. I take it the place is sort of a country club. I get out of there before anyone realizes I'm not a member. Across the street and dinner is swimming pool complex and I end up at the pool talking to two cute women.

Home shopping with Mom.

This is something I did not like to do, but it pleased her so much to go look at the new designs. What paint colors were in and it's a thrill to have a dream now where we're looking at new houses. There's different styles. One in particular is outstanding. But the huge kitchen area that features an in-house smoker. My mom actually gets into fireplace / smoker and everyone gets a kick out of her antics. We talk with others looking at the model homes and I crack a joke about the smoker: only on wood burning days. At least something like that. "Truist Diner."

Chicken part of the dream houses getting invited to eat at a nearby diner. In the parking garage, I'm roller skating. Motorcycles come with who more presumably going to get a ride.

Have some sort of mall setting. Different levels. Some sort of weird pledge hazing or draft day. There's a program that lists events. Participation and events with groups allows points for admission. They're labeled with Greek letters like Delta and Alvin sigma Omega it's like this as far as I can tell by attending a group meeting one gets credits for 10 performances. Second week long conventional sorts. I see a rainbow group. Another group with cool sweaters. Some are drinking beer, I see a picture 2/3 full. All while I'm gliding, levitating through the hallways.

True fragment:. I hit it a couple of times to get the read out to become visible.

August 3rd 2014. Late night with interesting people. Two guests come over to visit roommate.

Farmers market in the coastal village there's homemade cheese, watermelons and I follow some kids exploring the bluffs. The grassy trail becomes a spine that drops off abruptly to the right it's a steep cliff overlooks a deep valley because he cows common a truck, and a river. August 4th 2014. In an auditorium. Although, later things are said that suggest it's a church. Cards adult. And the very start I have a good hand: house. But I think seven cards. Next time I look down I have 10 or 11 then 15 more. But with all the cards, I don't quite know what to do is. Besides it now appears if there's a sermon or bottle setting going on I hear voices telling a bit of the Bible story.

This is one of those dreams where I wrote down some pretty descriptive nodes but have no idea what on means. Absolutely no recall, that despite the following notes:

Changing a baby
Green shrub
Trouble with new guys
Countdown
Pictures all wrong.

Add an early morning bar, had been looking for a place to sleep. The funny interesting part of the dream, however, is a novelty oversized golf club set. I'll plastic and nerf like with cardboard stands for oversized golf balls. The huge face of a driver sticking out of the box displaying what the gift is all about. It's quite humorous.

A dream with Brittany in it. Roommate party. It had voiceovers in it prompting me to record it, which was nice. But I've noticed some dreams seem so tried, or the subject matter is just pleasing to the point I don't want to record it. Sometimes I'm really enjoying sleeping and dreaming and would rather just go back to sleep and record. I know shame on me.

Attic garden. I see beds planted. Black plastic, sprouts, not quite a hydroponic or an indoor operation, more like a greenhouse. A picture of the garden spreading out onto the roof. Anyways, it's been over watered with various vegetables starts swimming in water. See the hose snaking along the roof and through the attic. Looks like melons or cucumbers.

I'm on ice having difficulty getting my skates on. At times their boots. One too big with the latest not all the way laced up. There's more to this dream however and it could be part of another. The laces were so vivid on the oversized boot.

The setting is in Italian restaurant. Hosting some sort of wedding dinner. We're in jail, we're at the very least, unable to leave the country legally. Which we're working, I think the wedding party. If feature the restaurant is an indoor canal swords. One guy tends to escape by going swimming. Are you doing remarkably well considering there's not very much water in the canal. He hides under some plastic or decorative netting that provides the only real cover. The focus seems to be on him heading further into the restaurant. Guards scrambling to find him. All the while there's talk of this upcoming dinner. Me and fellow inmate take advantage of the scene to try our own escape which is pretty easy. We just head out the back of the kitchen. Outside we go dock side. It just occurred to me that a lot of my dreams are dock side. Both of varying sizes are there. I take inventory of

how big each vessel is, who's leaving, getting ready to leave etc. I'm thinking some smaller sleeps might be in my best bet. I'm worried somewhat that an attempt has been discovered so I take to the water. I'm rescued by a school bus ship. That's the best I can describe it. Like a bus on tour converted for living on. Friendly folks who are willing to take me on board. It's comforting.

Fragment seems to be tied in with the last train. It's at the dock side setting. Something about a fake diving accident.

August 5th 2014. Beachside, hurt leg. Tweaker stuff. No commissary. This because it was a fight. The CO's, who resemble Atascadero staff tell us they will try and get money off of our books to get some goodies for us later. Meanwhile, there's a surfing competition but the person with me is only interested in it if a certain George Clooney level star is in it. Are there surfing or judging. I see the levels of the viewing stands as the surf. And the pier.

Dream fragment of mums and I are sharing an intimate scene. Vivid pictures of a refrigerator that I'm rating for leftovers.

August 6th 2014. The sofa, the girl, and the food. This was a pretty dream. I'm in a relationship this complicated. I'm a friend of a couple. I may have had a more intimate relationship with a woman at one time. I've been crashed at their place on a sofa on the porch. Mid dream, I help move a new couch to the porch. Later I get the impression it must be somewhere beach side or tropical given the nice sleeping climate outdoors. But as we settled in to talk inside, the talk is about food. There's a restaurant nearby that dude works at. He's all focused on the gourmet pallet. There is much emphasis on taste asers on color for his menu. A slice of color is sampled. The food stuff looks like cheese, has the consistency of a soft cheese, not too soft maybe I done, even cut with the cheese color. But it's in pastel colors as if in colored modeling play. The different colors seem to be associated with flavors.

Possibly fruit. For example: a pink equals strawberry or raspberry. Blue equaling blueberry. Purple equaling grape. Etc beautiful pastels. There's a sense of interplay between the three of us. But in the end, he's really in a relationship with his job and food. I'm always there for her and she says something to that effect so while I come between them that's not such a bad thing. Great feeling to this dream. Like I could snuggle with the woman and it'd be okay.

Just got distributed sandwiched in between the two long or more prominent ones so recall is hazy and I've noted:

"artist flick movie reel of beach town".

"Boats, bikes, riding bikes getting out of lockup"

And that's it.

"The school bus that moves again."

I'm in a Middle Eastern country. There's at first what seems to be in evacuation of swords. A converted school bus must be moved. It's been in place for quite some time built up and over the cab. It's battery tied into the local power supply. And first glance, there's no way it will even move. One can't even see out of the thing. Cabinets have replaced where one would drive. The garage has been built over it. A wood stove smokestack protrudes through the bus's roof. Here's layers of construction and at one point I'm told while trying to pull the bus out that I feel the smokestack chimney hit the roof, pull off where attached. The emphasis on the word feel, because as I assess the situation I'm unsure how I'll be able to even see to drive.

Getting the bus ready is it sure. It has to be unhooked from the power supply and connected to. A path is cleared inside to a sort of crows nest that sets above where the driver's seat should be. A cabinet is open to see through and other measures are taken to ensure the bus will roll and break free from where it's been built upon. After a couple of attempts it turns over and I slowly inched out of where it's been residing. Finally, using the side

mirrors tilted at an angle to see in front of me, and occasionally sticking my head out of the window.

No here's the weird part: this dream just doesn't stop. I wake up a little, and go back to sleep to find myself in the same general setting. But aspects have changed. First of all, I'm no longer in the mid east. There's no impending evacuation, the bus is just there. There's a house there and my dad is at this barbecue and swim party. I see scenes in the backyard, inside the house and the bus. I do drive the bus like in the other dream but just to let someone in or out of the driveway. There's talk of an errand. Here's where it gets even weirder. I tell my dad about the dream, and he thinks I'm crazy. I think, wonder if I'm crazy. All while I'm planning on taking a swim. And we considering drinking. But the bus continues to be an important factor in the dream.

August 7th 2014. Tickets to camp. I'm at a show, camping or waiting to camp. And neighbor has better seats and better equipment. It's clear we're going to be styling camping together. The clip I recall, this while we're setting up going through the stuff: these are tensings 10 poles. Indicating there of good quality and it's a privilege to have them to use.

Something war oriented or at least involving arms.

Felix and I at atascadero.

Well, it's not quite a tasketary. But a similar setting perhaps transitional apartments. There's a shakedown however, he looks was going to be smoking a cigarette. I leave the room, look around, can smell smoke and go back. To dudes are searching the room. One reminds me of an old alcohol drug counselor. After seeing them going through our stuff, I admonish them. Show them any contraband we might have. Big jokes etc. The stuff I reveal is a collection of tools and files of Dad Brown's. Tell them how they're heirlooms etc.

Of note that's the second dream I've had involving Dad Brown's files for some reason his old metal files.

Going to work in a small pickup or SUV. Reminds me of a Suzuki tracker or something. Four people would have to cram into it. Justin's there. I may be drinking. We have raffs, and we're at our boss's house. There's some loading up of the vehicle and getting ready to go etc.

Dream fragments:

Aerial view of a map: Texas in Mexico. Rhodes marked by Days of travel.

Going to a coastal location. Peninsula. Cool looking map.

beautiful forested valley next to house. Big trees etc. I know there will be exits for Creek roads up around bend in road.

Note: to me Creek roads indicate locations to grow pot.

August 8th 2014. I'm writing a bike into a familiar coastal setting. We're looking at places for rent. The first building we come to is owned by a friend. She's been unsuccessfully running a second hand store out of the place. I can rent the place, and will for \$550 a month. It's the only rental in town and it would be odd running a business property for a residence. But I'm game, already thinking about how my Mom's Oriental screen will look, acting as a privacy barrier in otherwise open store. There's not even a visible bathroom or kitchen. I think about plans to bring over the rest of my stuff and how I have stuff to sell. I think about a set of Ford TV trade tables. Even though they're priceless to me, I'd let them go for \$20 or \$5 a piece. Four for \$16 or 15 bucks the lowest. Recall going somewhere with somebody, but we come back to the store. I get a look at a community events calendar of sorts. It lists things such as a church flower sale or a parade. There's also a firehouse raffle and a policeman's ball. Stuff like that. These events take place that weekend. And from the shop, I can see preparations for the flower sale underway across the grassy park. If your tables are set up next to a

small garden. Flowers are bringing lunch together, I'm not sure whether they're for a float like in the Rose parade or like bouquets or corsages for sale for out of dance. My concern is that the afternoon will be on the cut flowers and those volunteering to put them together. I decided to help. There are some bamboo shades and some poles more like cut tree stocks, that I see a way to Jerry rig a shade wall. I dig holes right next to the curb for a couple of the poles, wedging the tree poles next to the curve that surrounds the garden so that it will give them good support. I take a close look at the post to see which three of the six or seven line there will be the strongest. Have a place to tack the shade screen too. To make shift structure at best, but it seems logical to protect those working from the sun. And the perishable flowers. There's more to this dream. Visualizations of the merchandise and the store. Will I buy her out? Would \$5,000 by all the stores product? I wish I could remember more I went back to it several times. It was comforting in setting, I'll be it emotional.

August 9th 2014. I'm going to sheriff's birthday celebration and while I really don't know the guy, I'm asked to sign his card. I look at the card. It has some mountains on it and I'm trying to find a place to sign. But what's really wild is my friend keeps bashing my ideas on what to sign. Because too short or too standard or make it meaningful. I have noted party real estate and food.

I'm at a concert spinning in circles with people. The artist reminds me of David Bowie.

House with roommates. Trying to give my phone number to a woman. I go and look for my phone in my car and don't have keys. Walking around I see it locksmith and hope that's not a sign I've lost my keys.

Jeff and me are seemingly on the run. I say seemingly because aside from going to get gas the dream is stationed at a house for people we know. Getting ready to leave the scene. I'm going to go smoke a cigarette. A pack

has two that are different from the rest. Once paid back from somebody else's back. Visual of a small wallet or money in a box?

The next two or three dreams are interesting and that they unfolded as if I were writing a novel. Actually worked on the plot you might say. In this one, the protagonist is a young kid. He faces issues of peer pressure, gang related violence, drugs etc. He's a good kid and is not interested in the bad stuff. In the dream he sees an older kid working on a car and hangs out, helps out when he can handing the guy wrench here and there. He wants to score some psychedelics at least some pot. I can really feel the character developing found their voice.

I wish I could remember this one better. Once again it was like a book being written. A spine novel but all I can remember is at the end the setting was an auditorium we were going to do something there. But a band is playing that night and it's not a good idea to leave our stuff there. We'll have to park our gear until the next day. For our cover we play musicians I gather. We have a large symbol or gone. That needs to be put in a case. Wrapped up carefully etc. Two helpful members of the band show us how to wrap it up properly.

The screen revolves around a party. I've written quote unquote food narrative but the parts are recall are more about the decorations and theme of the event. A woman organizing the party has enlisted my help. The party is a celebration of a specific date or event. Perhaps the history of a movement or religion. Could be about the origins of holiday. Anyway I'm helping put together a display that features pictures and info about a timeline of shorts I think my mom was helping out. Friends of her is our independence. I see a vivid image of guys with gold top hats on and white sandabirds. At one point I try and get in the spirit but changing into truck Taylor type shoes. There's food there The final image I recall is a two small tortilla type pastries that double as earrings. At least they're on those little cardboard squares One fine stem displayed at stores.

August 10th 2014. Working for a friend of my mom's but I'm disappointed she's given some work that I could have done to another person. I'm like how much? What did you pay?

For some reason, I have Canada written. Perhaps, the scenery and climate also. Jaws from James Bond Fame is there. I remember hearing: remember the teeth.

A roommate and I are going to a party. I'm a little missed because he's been the one getting high lately and I've been missing out. It's my turn tonight.

Roommate house. I'm checking out the lay of the house. Different rooms etc. One room is a grand hall with one room at the end that is exposed beams and goes way up like a theater fly loft. I see someone installing filters on a huge vent the ducts of the vent. Confusing as to whether they are intake or outflow.

August 11th 2014 scene with me going through items of nostalgia with my mom. Her memorabilia.

Dream fragment of a farm scene.

A vivid walk into town with my dog buddy. We go over a bridge I think. Or walk along a river path. Cross threw a park and talk to a guy who tells us how to get to the main drag Clovis avenue. Walk around building. She walkways, steps to second floor buildings.

August 12th 2014. Something with rocks and minerals in it.

Weird sci-fi. Place it at my mom's friend Connie's house. Harmless fun, water gunplay squirt guns. But then something about a demon and a shotgun.

Dream fragment with mom getting a burger and fries. Drop lids for the drinks.

Note: I believe I've had that dream before.

Working on my resume with the aid of a very nice typist.

Note: I could really use a typist or somebody to help me with dictation right now.

Beachside. Drive car on the sand/street at high tide, there's nowhere to park.

August 13th 2014. In jail? Such vivid imagery of me being out of jail. I was ready to call my public defender about my court date and see if I had to go back to jail or if I could just show up. I'm really bummed when it finally dawns on me I'm dreaming. The setting was our old Birch Street house. A Hindi couple live there and the woman is ironing clothes. I'm working, hence

the desire to stay out of jail. There's a fireplace in wood stove, these come in and out of focus as I try to see jail.

This may be a continuation of part number one Jerry arrives that would be my great uncle jerry. Grand drives car and Parks it next door running over pruned and dead looking shrub. Like a blackened Manzanita stump cut back to see if it will grow again. But it could be any bush.

I fade in and out of dream sleep.

Hanging out with a workout guy who knows what women like. Gives me pointers on how to work out. How to use an exercise mat I purchased second hand. Nice guy.

August 14th 2014. I'm with a guy getting a six pack of beer. Bottles are stocked all weird. Empty six pack containers have to be filled up. Some bottles are wrapped nicely in paper and laid in Wood straw like wine bottles. My friend isn't too hip on micro brew beer. But I know what I'd like to get. I'm trying to find six Steelheads or at least some Sierra nevada.

This is one of those in and out dreams. I'm completely conscious at the beginning in the dream state. Even make plans while dreaming for when I'm awake. I'm still locked up, but in a halfway house of sorts. Involved with cleaning bunks. But the main focus is putting lunch together. I'm getting stuff for an artichoke Parmesan dip. But maybe out of zucchini? There's garlic, onions, more to it than that. I tripped it in and out of the food prep scene. And decided to make a burrito whenever I got up.

I'm adding up my attributes as a sort of punchline. A realization: nice shoes, pants, shirts, some dance classes, with a shave and a haircut I'm not a bad package. Felt as if I was talking to someone.

Eternal note: my recording of notes about my dreams hasn't been that great lately. I think part of the reason is I'm enjoying being in the dream state tremendously, it's the highlight of my day and night.

August 15th 2014. Remember the Wayans comedy featuring Little man? He was my roommate in this dream. I have written into and eating and chatting about stuff.

Backyard chain with rambunctious kids. Aren't all kids in dreams rambunctious? Anyway, they're running around. There's a large styrofoam dinosaur that gets its head broken off. I can see where a stick has been used to reattach the head before. I pick up a viking style helmet/mask that I toss aside as if cleaning up the place. It's a fast-paced episode with the kids playing etc.

Another roommate house. I remember fussing over a flea collar which makes sense, given the house has cats. More to it just can't remember, maybe some segways into the next dream.

Longer dream fragment focusing on how I'm going to hook up a guy with Nate Butler to write music. I'm very mad and go: let's do this. I got some lyrics. Nate can play piano. No problem.

Nope: Nate Butler is an accomplished piano player and musician from Fresno California.

I'm going out walking to get a job. Walk to some new construction nearby and see the various stages of construction. Some houses with insulation

needing siding. I figured there's got to be work so I walk into the development and inquire only to be told no. I'm going to keep looking though.

August 16th 2014. This was two or three dreams that felt like one. And I know I'm missing some bit of detail. But the general gist is that I'm walking around or downtown area like sacramento, and I'm with a really nice girl too. We go shopping for accessories. Leather purses, bracelets. Stopping in a jewelry store where we look at a nice necklace. The store owner acts stupid, however, and loses our business. The owner pulled an attitude that we weren't really looking to buy. I'm glad to not give her any money. The girl I'm with is understanding. We meet up with some friends to drink beers. There's music videos we're watching. One in particular like pounding my fist on the table. It's by Leon Sears?

At a restaurant bar, multiple rooms and doorways in between. Setting up for a band that's to play later.

August 17th 2014. I'm crossing a town with a friend. There's two or three ways we could go. But the shortest way is up and over a steep hill so steep, it would be impossible to go that way in winter. As we get near the top, passed the steepest part I see oddly shaped items. What at first is reported to be a dildo and a phone booth. But they're more these amorphous figures, like clay models being shaped. I've seen something like them in other dreams.

Dream starts with me sleeping on the floor or playing possum. I'm a walk by my nieces and brother and his wife coming in. Jeff and I argue about a car and go somewhere. We're going too fast for a turn but instead of trying to take it, we go straight through the trees of an orchard. Not hitting a thing.

I can't describe the stream any better than we f*** with a homeless dude. Dude lives in a 55 gallon blue drum, what's left of it anyway, on the edge of town. We periodically go mess up his camp. But he's quick to fix up his bedding and shelter and always appears no worse for the wear by the time we go to leave. I'm not proud of what we do, in reality or in the dream state. And hypothesize that we tear apart his humble camp, just to be amazed at how he puts it back together so quickly.

One of the Beck brothers, dane, makes an appearance. It's morning and we're reheating McDonald's in a small microwave that has a broken door. We have to mess with the latch mechanism to get it to stop. We're eating something that's eggs and ham and cheese, but in the form of a Taco Bell crunchwrap.

In the mountains, riding in the bed of a forestry service or caltrans truck. I can tell it's a truck of that nature by the signs the driver has stored, some visible in the rear window of the cab. Our view of the surrounding landscape is outstanding. The driver knows exactly what he's doing as we descend this narrow winding mountain road. Downshifting, taking turns wide with this long bed. We can see over the edge of the cliffs when he turns from our vantage point. It's recently rained, a house in the distance shows some flooding into its landscaped backyard.

August 17th 2014 midday.

This dream is titled planter box vw.

I'm working on a small planter but inside of VW bug. Mixing soil, ready in the box for planting. I take a short drive during a three-point turn at the bottom of a hill, I almost go off the road with one tire. At such an angle and

with the shoulder that would get me stuck. But managed to turn around and go up a different Hill that has me entering the previous scene from behind.

August 18th 2014. This was one of those going to school to take a test I haven't studied for dreams. But in this instance, the setting is at a house where play rehearsal is taking place. I don't know my part. My lines, my songs. My costume isn't right. I'm not too overly concerned because I have the notion I can watch a DVD and get it by cramming the next morning. Everyone has the general belief that I'm not competent for the part. Hinting at my ill preparedness. In a weird twist, the ending image is of my mom. She's incapacitated. I have to wipe her mouth. In some way I have her doubling as the director.

House with roommates. I want to go surfing but I'm on probation. Worried about drinking etc.

Note: I think I've had that dream before.

Similar to dream number two. On probation in a house under remodel. Want to party. Worried about getting caught. Raided etc.

Breakfast at mumsy's with darla.

Nope: mumsy is my mother's mother Roberta house. Married name Brown. Darla is a old friend from Fresno.

Lock up. Long incarceration theme. In jail, but dream I'm out, or wake up to be frustrated that I'm still locked up. One of those dreamy within a dream feelings.

Note: another repeat dream.

Look up. A bit more of a scene, something about construction. Some drug use. A backpack has some pins in it, and the pipe I used to smoke methane. Something about medical testing. These last two dreams were quite lucid. But it sucked because in the dream state or reality, I was still in jail. It felt that way for much of the morning.

August 19th 2014. Ambled kind of dream involving a kitschy seaside hotel that I check into. I know that the hot tub and pool are done in a lagoon style with black bottom. I go out, walk down main street, check out the nightlife and meet some people to party with. Head back to the hotel's seafood restaurant.

August 20th 2014. Ready for a concert. I'm setting up the snake, and I get into it with a girl and her boyfriend about me taking someone home. I have noted quote unquote? And then talking and small scuffle? As well as take back my music that is a comment I hear and I'm wondering if some of what I heard is bleed over from a talkative inmate named Timmy or Tommy.

Big brother house.

Mr Kitty died. An old gray cat who was 20 plus years old. Something about new bedding and recycling pizza boxes.

Ferry trip.

I'm moving to LA and I'm taking some stuff on a ferry as a precursor to the real move. The stuff I have fits into the bed of a pickup truck. A desk, odds

and ends. The yard tools that I keep in a trash can in the garage. Stuff like that. I'll note that bringing the stuff is impractical. I don't have a place to stay. I don't even have a storage unit yet. I get on the ferry accompanied by some friends. It's morning and the weather is beautiful. Our trip doesn't take too long, maybe an hour or so. The fairy makes a return trip every 3 hours or so. I found out from some guys on the dock, at the terminal, and I realized that gravity of my situation. I need to find storage asap. But how do I carry the load of stuff? I asked the ferry boot workers, the captain if I can leave my stuff on the boat while I go find a storage unit. They agree and I end up accompanying the captain home on his break. Its dockside a mile or so away. A really nice little spot. He's cool, says I can store my stuff there. He's not sure if he'll pilot the boat back in 3 hours or 6 hours and my friends have already gone off to explore the city. I'm going to meet up with them, but I think I'll end up going swimming off the guy's small pier.

Now at this point I wake up, get meds, Munch out and go back to the same dream. This time I'm heading back on the ferry. I can't find my California driver's license, however. I have money, cards etc but have misplaced some items in my wallet.

Two things in this dream: I learn about how to synthesize, take a new drug. Some derivative of a Christmas tree or like conifer. Doing the drug is called in slang: taking in the season's greetings. Or getting in the Christmas spirit. Something like that. The other component of the dream is the weird image of a lamp. One bulb has a fluted almost flower petal shaped glass cover the lamp has two light sources, the other is decorative as well.

Two images. One of crocodiles in the distance. Me learning how to clean some elaborately shaped sword from the owner/master monk type character. There's a threat of being attacked by the alligator / crocodile creatures and what takes on an arena / Roman Colosseum type settings/terrain.

August 21st 2014. vivid Little dream in which I'm flying on a private jet. First class accommodations include personal baths. I can see the controls in detail. Which buttons to push etc. It's a walk-in tub style, that has a door that closes and seals enabling the tub to fill. I'm side by side bathing with a female companion. I take two baths before the time of our landing approaches and we need to change the bath back to seat mode.

August 22nd 2014. I'm at a friend of the families, perhaps the barretts? Just there we're going out to dinner and we're already late for our reservations at a steakhouse. The holdup? I can't find my sandals. Flimsy bamboo and black trim. Everyone's out in the driveway waiting. People periodically coming back to help. There's dozens of pairs of sandals. Some looking just like the pair I seek. At one point, I even see the missing shoe. But is the pile of thongs and shoes is moved, I lose it. It's frustrating. The Father figure comes in to fold clothes. The resulting stacks make matters worse. I see it a couple of times under the TV console. Why I'm wearing these sandals, which look like something a teenage girl would wear to the beach is beyond me. I don't even think they're my size.

I'm with another guy working. We're hauling brush to the dump. We missed the tournament end up going through a residential neighborhood as we try to get back to the main road. The truck is pretty long so we're trying to turn around using side streets. The rural Street we choose dead ends into a family's backyard. They see us and offer to open a gate and lets us through to the front of their property to get back on our way. At some point I get off the truck, my coworker takes off. This gives me a chance to get to know the people. They're nice and we connect. The dream transforms into another dream.

Hmm

I'm installing a front end onto a panel truck or camper van. It's for a friend who's tall. Using some metal epoxy borrowed from the house and dream

number two. We do a fantastic job. All the while my friends are away and out perhaps on an errand? I'm cleaning up the final scene, wiping up excess epoxy. The job is fabulous and I change clothes. Await my friends return. Hang with the female residents of the property until the owner is back. He loves the job. So more work might be done on it, to make it easier for him to move into the camper shell. But it's a clean job.

August 22nd, 2014. Afternoon dreams.
Garden scene. Planning veggies. Transplants.

Opening up a yogurt franchise. Like a menchie's. I'm helping construct the final Marquee for the opening day. There's a bracket that needs to be attached onto a column some 10 to 14 feet up and I'm trying to figure out a way to safely do it with the ladder I have. Seems of frozen yogurt samples being ready. Behind the scenes action. Kind of like undercover boss.

August 22nd continued this might be actually August 23rd it looks like.

Going to feed the bulls popsicles. Cows are kept out a lot nearby. Questions have arisen over their care. I'm invited to take a look at them after work. I'm told to bring popsicles. I'm going to stop at the supermarket and get some or maybe somewhere cheaper. But I can't find my car.

Note: whenever I'm dreaming and I come across a scene where I can't find my car I know I'm dreaming, and have the decision to make of whether I want to continue dreaming or wake up.

Theater setting and I'm above the stage working the rigging perhaps. There's a drunk lady, actress? Who's on stage. Suggestions of drug use.

Note: seems I've had a lot of theater dreams that involve scenery or rigging or lighting which is something I've done in my past.

This dream is entitled lucid flying.

We start at a house or apartment but go shopping. Kind of like a small home goods or Big lots type store. There's two people with me and I'm riding with them. In a mountain region. They're tweakers. I think I'm high on acid. They're picking up some pillows and cushions, looking for deals and I've got some greeting cards. There are good deals to be had. I get a little anxious and tired, and don't feel well. I go out to the truck / Vans / suv. There's a football player asleep in the vehicle. He gets up and goes. I go to move the truck closer to pick up my friends, but bail for some reason and take off. I don't know why or where I go really. But there's a brief scene, in which a guy wants to race me. I end up back at the apartment hours later. I'm not sure at this point if they've made it back or not. I'm in no condition to drive. Should just chill out. Here's where the dream really takes off. I revisit the locations, but time has unraveled. It's like I've gone into the past seen the places I visited and they're being built. Everyone was real understanding about the whole truck thing. I feel like part of a family of sorts. The dream ends with me flying racing down the road, sidewalk. Pastries. It's exhilarating. A really good dream.

This dream culminates with me driving a cool old cadillac. It's a real muscle car.

I'm in the garage playing soccer with a water paper. Garage doors closed. Garage pretty much empty.

August 24th 2014. The stream is entitled spies at the beach.

My senior partner and I are investigating a beach below a seafood restaurant. By the time I get there in the evening it's empty. The tides coming in. I suggest we go down the beach and try and beat the tide. He says no it's too late, the tides too high. I venture off, he goes back to the car. He's right, the tides too high and I head up to the road overland. Have to negotiate offense, climb up and over some dunes through ice plant I end up on the patio of the restaurant and I make my way to the entry it's through an open security gate. Bus to a locked door with a flimsy lock. My partner is nowhere to be seen.

Note: I have a very vivid memory of being in cayucos crossing the beach between the 16th Street Beach Walk and the cayucos Pier at high tide and having to climb up and scramble over ice plant to get back up to the road.

This dream ends in a romantic hookup at a city hotel. We're ready to get down but I need to use the bathroom and wake up. Cheesy hotel interior. We had broken off from a larger group of friends.

This dream is entitled book sale nacho machine. I'm in cayucos. At mumsies. I'm heading out on a bike to some sort of book swap / book fair. The large thin book I have is propped between my handlebars. I lose it on a turn, notice it's gone later on the ride. Turn again so I'm headed up towards highway 1. Notice a lot for sale. It has a freshly paved parking spot and it's a

small lot. A trailer sits at the back. A picnic table and chairs is under a gazebo type structure. It's quaint and I'd love to live there. Right past a friend's house, remodeled sometime ago. She's the barber in town. I crossed the main dragon head up towards the public park. Up by the tennis courts. Then back down passing people on a pedestrian path. Until I come up to the machine. Have you ever seen a tortilla making machine? Like at a Mexican food restaurant? Well this was a cross between that and a copy machine with a mechanics of a dollar bill changer. Put the tortilla on the conveyor belt. It goes into the machine and toppings are put on it. Then it spits it out. But I go into a lucy-esque scene with tortillas going in and out multiple times. Some papers or napkins are dragged into the machine and it's funny to watch the process of the tortillas going in and out of the machine over and over.

Note to self I believe the friend of mine runs the cayucos Barber shop and her name was Diane. I think. It's been a long time. But she did shave my head before I went hitchhiking in like three perhaps perhaps earlier perhaps like late 1990s.

I'm at a neighborhood cafe, the kind of place where local gossip is exchanged George Clooney lives in the neighborhood. I'm ranting, joking the way I do. My Punch line quote is: tell George Clooney he owes me 20 bucks. He won't know who I am. It'll be hilarious. Something like that.

Nope: I've had two dreams that refer to George Clooney.

August 25th 2014. Fishing with the boss.

A first note, that I missed recording two dreams. These days I enjoy being in the dream state so much I just don't get up all the time to record. I'll try and do better. A boss figure has shown up to take me fishing. He's in a boat. I

live on a lakefront property. Have a doc in the backyard and my room is upstairs. I go to get ready, and by doing so we're going to get a late start. Takes me awhile to get high, get clothing, shoes together, etc classic getting ready to go stuff. By the time I'm ready, it's too late. I feel bad about keeping him waiting so long and try to blame it on him in my mind. Really, I wanted to get high and go swim. Which I do. Mom or a housekeeper is downstairs.

Interwoven into the scene in which I swim with my nieces in a pool. We have a super ring frisbee. It's wet and doesn't quite fly right, but I warn, it could sail out of the yard.

August 25th continued afternoon dreams. Finding a seat at an Italian restaurant. Every table seems full and there's plenty of us or so, but every table I go to seems to have four or five people already squeezed in to a booth. I had a large backpack and jacket as well, but found a place near the head table to stash the items. People try and make room, I almost sit with strangers.

August 26th 2014. In a downtown college town or hippie setting, I'm touring not just the area but a private rehab facility. It's set up like a state hospital, but without the doors and front walls. Like cubicles. In a private moment, the overseer facility expresses his personal wish for a rehab with no walls or doors. This place has different degrees of privacy. Some rooms open with the cubicles and others with walls/doors. It wasn't all about the place. We rode around in what resembled a carriage? Open bed of a truck perhaps?

I'm with a girl in bed and can't remember a damn thing.

Fun dream about doing stuff I like to do. Bushwhacking down a river, me and some friends set out for what looks like and earthen dam or reservoir in the

distance. It's a tangled riparian zone almost jungle like. We come to an old wooden structure. Part of a bridge or mill. I see a set of stairs that while sketchy looking, we'll get us started on our little hike. In the building I find a weird doll that looks woven out of twigs. I discard it as I negotiate the stairs. After hiking through the overgrowth, our Little adventures cut short, however. We come across a fence that prevents us from heading further upstream. At this point I wake up just enough to switch the dream gears in my head and go right into another dream. Like it was waiting for me.

Gone fishing is the title of the stream. Me and a father of three go fishing. We're seated five across in a pickup truck and given the size of the youngest kids it's a good fit. The dad is straight, I can tell. We get to the lake, but to go on the lake we fly a cool soaring sensation. Next thing you know, we're at dude's favorite spot. I take a b where the river flows into the lake. There's an overpass shading the area where at. I see poles, lures, bobbers.

The guy hooks a huge fish on his first short cast. I unhooked the fish and let it Go and there's conversation about how it was a planted fish. I get serious about fishing and to their astonishment, I can stand on the bottom on my tippy toes. I've got robbed, real, lure, bobber and general position, but people are starting to fill up the lake. I never really get a chance to fish. The one cast I get to do, I think I hook a big one. But I actually end up snagging a dog. I end up onshore and unhook him but by this time fishing seems impossible. The lake gets crowded, like wall to wall bodies. It metamorphosizes into a concert crowd where I recognize a girl selling ganja treats. I can't get any, don't have enough money, or only have some quarters and change. I want to connect with them. Also talk to some kids after the dog incident.

Dream fragments with familiar themes:

A bus ride.

Yard sale at a beachside town.

Somebody going for beer.

Hey this is the second last dream of the day. I'm at a beach cayucos. But it's all different. Much of the beaches blocked by a restaurant facade that looks vacant. I later can see how it could be a nightclub with its dark tinted plexiglass windows offering a beach side Ocean view, while protecting diners from the wind and surf. Adventure down to the beach through a door in the facade. I have to step down, like one has to do if the syrup has eroded away the sand at high tide. Someone wants to ask me a question and I tell them to hold on, while I negotiate the door and the drop down to the shoreline I wish I could remember exactly what was asked and what my response was. It was historical in nature. Perhaps, about a specific figure and how they influenced society. I had a great answer too. For not knowing what really to say, I used words like neo classicism or democracy or industrial revolution. I want to say the question was Faustian, or something like that? The highlight of the dream, however, was full body immersion in the ocean.

Last dream of April 26th 2014. More of a fragment: at a baseball stadium. A home run is caught. Didn't overzealous fan, who wanted the home run to be out of the park rushes up after catching the ball at the edge of the park and drops the ball over.

Notecone it seems like I saw that on tv. But fairly certain after my stay in jail.

April 27th 2014. This dream is titled hidden room under a rock. I'm going to backyard hosing down the landscape. There's a large rock that dominates the landscape. It's not real tall, and forms a mound. I hose it off, and around its edges, the dirt gives way and I see plywood. There's a small cabin/fort underground, underneath. As I hose it out, water fills it up. I want to get inside it. But to do so I'll have to swim underwater, muddy water, and come up in an air pocket. It reminds me of the inside of a small boat.

At a cabin with nice people and kids. I want to take a nap and then I'm served a big cup of iced tea. I still want to take my nap and I go to move, but have leg paralysis which is a classic dream sensation.

At a workshop, loading a truck. Some items fall against the garage door as the truck is moved. I'm with someone like rock or Tim those names referring to Rock Hammer, a sound man I used to know back in Pennsylvania. I think that "Tim" is Tim hacking who taught me carpentry, framing, & construction skills in Cayucos, California. I knocked a couple of boxes over, fortunately they're spilled only a little. No big deal.

I'm at a sort of visitors center in Oregon, with my brother Jeff and his wife jacqueline. We're shopping for keychains and postcards, stuff like that. We split up wandering around. I shopped for snacks, it's a bit like a natural food store. I see Jeff and Jacqueline take off and some guy is perhaps a bigot?

August 29th 2014. You know I never got a chance to make a big deal about my 100th or 1,000 dream recorded. I suppose someday I'll count them. But I've been doing this current Journal pretty much non-stop with me taking only a night or two off here and there. Some odd 8 and 1/2 months and I'm proud of the creation. Almost 300 pages long now. So woohoo! 300 pages! Can you believe it? I mean that's a lot of dreams. And while I still debate over whether the quality of my dream recollection has gone down since I'm on meds. I'm still damn proud of my accomplishment. How diligent I've been. Quantity sure hasn't been a problem but pencils are running low. Good ones at least. And as I said recently, I think I'm enjoying my dreams. Staying in the lucid moments like I did this morning. Something about my dad calling me. I had to answer with a weird microphone/desk monitor type setup. He was talking about Dave and Jimmy Fallon. Pretty sure that refers

to the late show. I've understood for quite some time now, that I incorporate audio, in this case most likely from the TV into my dreams. There were scenes of the comforts of home. My grandma's quilt that I might take a nap with on the sofa. Often it's less details and more feeling. Dreaming about intimacy with a woman for example. How comfortable I felt in a dream. The first dream today, I have noted friend with benefits. But have no idea what it's about. Or sometimes it's an uncomfortable feeling. That sense of worry no balloons or special fanfare. So I had 186 pages in my journal before I started over at atascadero give or take a page. Here we are at my 300th page in my dream journal. To quote the Grateful Dead: "What a long strange trip it's been."

And now back to the journal:

Dude climbs a tree. A bluebird, squirrel, and another bird come and visit him. Allah supercalifragilisticexpialidocious. Mr bluebird on my shoulder. I meant zippity Doo dah.

I'm working on a job, a brick Lane crew is working next door. I want to go watch them, the job is just starting or so I think. By the time I get out there much of a wall has been filled in. I can see technique. The job is part of a remodel. Reblocking a building. There's a window brick then, I'm fascinated by the work. The job is also a teaching opportunity. Novice layers are part of the crew.

Just an odd random Note: I recently saw this morning, a crew laying brick in the street. Market Street in San Francisco. Just around the corner from my hotel.

August 30th 2014. This dream weaves in and around mumsies my grandmother's house. Although Grand seems to be the grandparent in the other room. Anyways, I buy incense. I think I get it to cover up the strong smell of weed at the place. Buds are drying. In the middle of the dream, I go to a party. Like a fancy reception or a wedding or something like that.

There's a bar and I end up drinking. Go back to mumsies. There's two guys there and both are using a lot of water. Shane has a tub filled up and we're drying and smoking weed. I'm trying to place who Shane is?

August 31st 2014. I had more than just this one fragment: beach scene with people I had met before. Still in jail feeling, even though beach side with waves etc

Note: here in 2023 I just listened to Bertha and saw the similarities to the game.

September, 2014.

September 1st 2014.

Post-apocalyptic hunger games. War ravaged country. I'm in some sort of contest. Me and another guy are the last two winners. We decided to switch places, going so far as to dye hair red to impersonate one another. We want to go to the opposite place. We're caught at the end doing so.

Next is just a dream fragment: went to see Olga.

This was a whole scene about an aspiring writer. At times me, at times a college-aged woman. I'm hanging out with a professional rider, who's a big wig with the counterculture school newspaper. She's ultra cool. She knows I'm good, but wants to see how good and gives me an assignment. Read a book and something else either poetry or a paper for example, and see how the two relate. Then right about it. I'm also giving some Camel cigarettes to smoke. Supposedly, good writers smoke camels. There's an additional social interaction. Maybe a bit of flirting.

Here's where things get a little confusing. I go into another dream. And then want to take notes. I'm mentally write down notes for the next dream and the writing of one. Corner box is all I remember, however and noted upon waking

Small town downtown. I see a craftsman style home being built. Think how I should take a picture of it and blow it up to see it better. Just in case I ever have to work on one. I could see how to do the detail. I walked through a barber shop, maybe with pops, heading towards a law library. A joke about how I should stop in at both places.

Dream fragment: mom and a male friend of hers. I'm putting on a shirt? Someone's putting on a shirt.

September 2nd 2014. Generally bad note-taking. Some tweaker guy owns a bar. Something about going. And then a long talk with my mom is all I remember. There was more for sure.

September 3rd 2014. Hanging with locals at a bar and breakfast. I'm sure some strong tea. A favorite of one of the locals.

This next dream I felt like I had had it before. I'm walking down the street. The street turns as it hits an apartment complex. I would get to where I'm going faster if I cut through the complex. As opposed to taking the road through the neighborhood and out to the connecting avenue. Which I do.

Inside, it's like a country club. Or active Senior living scene. I look for the exit and when I get out I see new construction across the street. Concrete work. Freshly done sidewalks. I think about writing my name in the wet cement. I'm looking for a job.

Note: I think I've had that dream before or something like it. The country club Senior living scene crossing through it it sounds familiar. I'd have to check back and look through the journal.

I'm getting someone a ride in my new truck. A crew cab Ford 350 utility truck. It's big and powerful with some sort of ladder rack on it. Dude with me is rich. Like NFL football rich. Once the cash a check but doesn't have id. We know a guy who hooks us up. Even though it costs quite a bit to get the check cashed, we do so. It's late at night or early in the morning. And I think we're eventually going to party. We stop by my old house and check in. Then leave because we have to go run errands. We see a house under construction. Old doors are set out along the fence. We want to come back and get them.

September 4th afternoon. Doing time. Guards are cool, lucid state. I reflect if I'll recall specific locations in my dreams when I get out of jail.

September 5th 2014. No specifics. Just a long lucid state before waking.

September 6th 2014. Something runs along the entire side of a property. Like a cage. Iron tubing, flat metal bars we're working on it. I liken it to prime apart a bike frame in my notes. I use tools that I do appropriate. A cold chisel, pry bars, hammers etc.

In a large or large cabin. I hear new potato caboose being played over sound system. New p
Potato Caboose being a favorite Dead song of mine.

Dreamy stream consciousness about how a storm weather radio will alert me. I jump up and head out. Possibly to cut wood. Thoughts of the future.

September 7th 2014. Dream ends with me wanting bacon cheese fries.

Note: I wonder if Rally's will come out with that or if it's going to be somebody else.

Playing racquetball at Club Fed?

Another roommate house dream. And it does seem like I have an awful lot of dreams that are set in some house with a bunch of roommates. Anyway, I wished a good night and head for my room. I may have been drinking. It's dark, and I'm stumbling with a weary leg sensation. There's tons of dishes in the sink I use excuse me, in the dishwasher the sinks full too. I look for dish soap but don't see any. I head back out into the house. There's streamers, balloons or some kind of kids mobile hanging down that I make my way through. Someone says: "You could use a hug". I'm a mess and wouldn't want one even if I did want one. That's referring to how I felt being in that dream.

September 8th 2014.

1. The spider dream with Charlie's Angels or Mr and Mrs Smith type get up. Remember visuals of ammunition and guns in Crown Royal bags. Something about a company as a front. Computers, and something about gambling.

2. Dream fragment: all it says is chocolate.

3. Vivid scene of me being seated at a seafood restaurant. The seats are funky. Dude keeps trying to get me to drink. I want to order fried oysters. Waitress isn't sure they have them. They're listed for over \$20 as Quinto just killurants something like that. I want them, and found them as part of a seafood combo. Different types of alcohol.

4. Great visuals of skateboarding and then flying off a cliff.

5. Fashion designer women with padded bras. Guys padding their junk.

6. Shane and me with drugs. Spend time folding it up.

7. The stream revolves around a pyramid scheme. At a work site setting. People trying to get others "in".

September 9th 2014.

Along for a ride on a hippie bus or RV. Maybe going to work.

Seemed like an NCIS episode/plot with us arresting someone at a trailer.

Weird baseball game. It's like 50 on 50. Some of us fielding and hitting in the stands. I implore the kids to let me whack it. I've got a real strong swing and connect for the winning Home Run. I suggest that if we want anyone to hit, we go to the batting cages.

I'm wondering through a newly renovated high school. Masking hangs down from where they've been painting. I find an office, more of a workshop in back of the school where they've been working out of. I inquire about work. I wrote my number down over and over, but can't get the PIN to write. It's illegible. There's too many numbers and it's frustrating.

September 10th 2014.

1. A small town is celebrating a holiday weekend. Block parties, barbecues, affair etc. I'm looking for my car. I start and finish a walk at the same building, essentially walking a loop around town. The building has tall ceilings and wood accent interior. I'm not having any success finding my car. Don't even pick up any clues as to where I parked. There's a creek or canal of sorts that I used to cut back to the road I started on. Halfway upstream, I get the sense that the water is mostly White wine. I can smell it and I get drunk from it. Like a winery tank has burst or pouring its contents into the stream. Others are in the stream as well.

2. I'm at a shop looking at antiques and objects of art. Statuary mostly. Figurines. I've selected a wooden duck decoy as well as some other Americana.

Note: That actually sounds like when I was buying a Christmas gift for my father in 1987.

The sculptures are sorted by style and color. So my texture, materials used.

Note: that sounds reminiscent of Frankoma pottery.

3. Punk concert scene. Complete with Mosh pit once the music has started. Hooked up with women to watch show with. Smoke cigarettes etc.

4. & 5. Roommate houses first one has two sinks. I move ahead of romaine lettuce from one sink to the disposal of the other. In the next dream I'm going to write and need to buy paper. A roommate comes in to borrow my phone.

6. Dream with my mother and my brother. Jeff is a weird haircut he got on his birthday.

September 11th 2014.

I'm on a plane trip. I shoot off a gun before the plane takes off. I can clearly see the hole through the wall of the plane. The gun is a six shooter. Like a derringer but with six barrels. There seems to be no repercussion for me firing the gun. I'm a fed or something. With two others. One with me, the other not. The plane is readying to take off. It's stormy. The pilot says we'll have to fly low. I'm waiting for airbags to drop down due to decompression. Maybe we don't fly high enough.

2. Running my dog Buddy. He's a handful to manage. Something I'm out of big babe plus a scene with my Mom.

3. I'm heading home. In this case, someone like keys. I'm with some other people. The plan is that I ride my bike to my car, and then come and get them. I put a 12 pack of beer in my backpack. A walk a bit, and come to a yard with lots of bikes. I look for my bike. But at times it's like I'm looking for my car. I don't see my bike.

4. I'm working in a store that is in a residential property. I'm cleaning up for what I take to be the grand opening or an opening after a remodel. I'm purchasing some stuff. Perhaps items for Halloween costume. There's a package of things I buy, and I want some eyeball shaped things out of another, almost identical package. Like a different set of costume accessories. I take them out and put them in with one of the packages I'll buy. Like they're part of it. I didn't try to put the store back together. Cleaning up drop cloths and tools that I've used. I shove some old curtains or drapes in a storage closet underneath the stairs. I'll never go to the second story, I might add. There's actually a lot of work to do. I also decided against stealing and will put the eyeball thingies back in the package they belong in. The place is a mess. There's some bondage gear laid out. At first I think it's mine, but it's not. There's fur line cuffs and restraints. I'm relieved I don't have to clean more stuff up. They're items left by someone else. In a voiceover, from my monitor, I hear a female say something sexy "in my ear".

September 12th 2014.

I'm at a house that has a small cottage out back used for yoga and/or meditation. Kids sometimes use it to play in during the day. Me and a friend's coach dash is out there. We don't want the arriving kids to come

across it as we are using it in a clandestine manner unbeknownst to the residents of the house. Sneak back to take a hit and get the stash. I'm at a school and I'm going to take trombone lessons. I go to an administrative building to get sheet music and the instrument. Vivid picture of the used trombone. It's clearly secondhand, with a dent on the bell of the horn. The course costs next to nothing, however. But I'm horrible. Can't quite get the whole mouth thing right. I tried feeling my cheeks with air, blowing hard. But the sounds aren't very good. I'm outside, there's some construction workers hanging out. They say something about how: "The corn flakes will come out" or something like that.

Note: That's possibly bleed through audio from the pod.

September 13th 2014.

Football training through water. A lap around a track.

Pretty long dream. It starts at a near empty parking lot before show. I'm in a van or suv. The parking lot has space to play baseball in, which we try and do before it gets too crowded. There's a carnival atmosphere. Like before a show and there's a lot going on. Some friends are at another van. I go back and forth between the two bands. At my friends van, and neighboring vehicle wants to borrow an exacto knife to cut some cardboard. I asked the woman to wait but she uses it anyway. My friend upon returning is a little bummed. That tool wasn't for that kind of cutting. But the sign is for free puppies so what can you say. I see the Disco bus. My friends are selling guns and I get sort of assaulted by a large guy. He hugs and kisses me. He's all emotional colon probably high. Some weird baby face pins or something somebody's carrying around. There was a whole scene in a gas station as well. With me doing my best to wipe off really muddy windows. I go back to the vehicle that I came in, only to find a moved. It's on the other side of a fence in another parking lot. To get there we have to walk all the way out and around. Noted here is that I rode a weird bike or scooter. And that's actually been a theme and other dreams, possibly the kind of bike I've seen with two wheels in front one in back. The light is 3/4 full now and we walk. Selling brownies. We have to cross the road then back on the median I get stuck in the mud. Loose filter like mulch. Heavy legs sensation as I try to move through it, which I finally do. It was like the dirt was put there as he burned to prevent people from crossing the road there.

September 15th 2014.

I'm roommates back at Keith's house. With Call me at 559 four seven six six three eight three if you can help Keith and Terry Carr. Their sweets in the fridge. I fixed my bike. We're having plumbing issues. Water bill? Just like old times.

In a house that's showing off angels, weird dolls, and statuary.

Get your atmosphere. Like tour is going to happen. I'm at a McDonald's getting breakfast and I have a backpack.

Afternoon dream. In jail, got extra toilet paper. I'm asking the pod colon who didn't get a roll? Whoever didn't get a roll needs to speak up. I might know where that all is etc. Then I'm filling up a water pistol. Ensuing horse play. The drinking fountains shot water up and it was difficult to fill the gun. But when I did get the stream of water to go in it did fill. Used two different drinking fountains right next to each other. Shot others with the water gun. Mocked shooting myself with it. Noting a "Dead to the World" reference.

September 16th 2014.

1. Metalworking. House clean up. School bus. Football game.

2. Friendly hippie folk in an outdoor setting. There's an old shrub and it looks almost dead, but there's spring growth. Somebody goes to cut it and ends up cutting a redwood. It's explained by me as follows: the old shrub was growing out of a y in the tree. Me and some other folks are a little bummed. I'm going to be doing some work to the yard. There's a small party of folks in the back. I set aside some wood to use when needed later.

September 17th 2014.

1. Scene with a man and wife and a very small woman. They came by a business that I guess I was at, and we talk. I note my sobriety to them. Almost 17 years.
2. Two pool scenes. I'm helping out at a senior center. I'm with the guy who knows how to get some of the more senior members of the retirement home up and moving.
We go around announcing the upcoming party which includes going to the pool. I hope him go around and rally everyone. My dad is there. There's consideration of how my work will help my case.
3. The next pool scene involved halfway house. We're swimming, diving. We go in for meals and watch tv.
4. Left from halfway house and watched parade.
5. Hotel scene. Move the bed. An ocean view. Leave and come back for sex. Room's been cleaned, and bed in different spot.
6. Bus trip to la. One guy is going to a funeral, that may be audio from the tv. But I can visualize his exit. First we stop in a suburb with beautiful redwood trees and we get out to smoke. Take a break. I asked others for a lighter as we look at trees. Interrupt guy buying pot. Suddenly my sign is lit. I don't remember lighting it. I can see me getting the smokes out of my backpack when getting off the bus.

September 18th 2014.

1. I'm at a bike shop getting my tire fixed. It's an intricate process involving taking a wooden dowel out of the entire circumference of the wheel. He has to order parts. They're local so they'll be here that same afternoon.
2. I'm playing a kite with a bird cage attached to it. I'm trying to attach a second line to it so it will be stationary in the air. At one point it generator is to be flown up there. Very odd rigging project.
3. Dream fragment about something regarding MSDS sheets.

September 19th 2014.

1. Transitional living space. In the parking lot, of a bar. We go to get drink shots. Tequila and tuaca.
2. Morning coffee scene. Wrong coffee filters. Bean grinders. Two bags of decaf. One bad colombia. A weird filter that wraps around so it's like a tea bag. Looks like it's made out of a dust mask.
3. In an airport Mall setting or a hotel that has shops on its ground floor. On my way out or back to the room and I stopped for dessert.
4. Back at a bar? I printed a room and I'm getting my stuff together. I'm dreaming well. Lingering in the moments. Sometimes I'd rather stay in the dream state and wake up, even if it's for a good reason like recording.

September 20th 2014.

1. The schliebert's house. Phone reminder OCD with cassandra. Something about a Reese's peanut butter cup. And we talk about the Addams family.
2. It's early morning and I'm trying to go to sleep. I'm in a house with Matt and a sister of his. Myspace is in the dining room. On a cot in the corner. Or on the dining room table. I tried both at points in the dream. I'm rearranging chairs to get a little privacy etc. Light streams in a window as I try and shut the drapes. I need to go to sleep. It's understood I sleep at this time. Matt's mom is arriving. His dad is upstairs listening to the TV, or in my mind the radio. I hear great audio. Something about stealing cars, car theft. Like a detective show on the radio. Another subplot is about a lost dog that's mom has found. Talk of making a sign describing the animal. Vivid imagery of the sliding pocket doors that lead from the dining room into the kitchen.
3. All I have written is a great flying scene.
4. Vivid weekend newspaper on wheat front steps. I want to see what it is there to do around town. At this point I recognize that I'm in the dream state.
5. At a pool area. I'm vacuuming up AstroTurf that surrounds the pool. The decking. Worried as vacuum is in pool and cord and plug could electrocute water. More dreams during the morning. Enjoyable waking state.

September 21st 2014.

A murder takes place and I witness it. Stabbing has occurred. A son or daughter killing the elder mom of the family. I'm somehow caught up in it with the siblings. Getting in a large limo to flee the scene. We're at another house. No one talks about it. They want to give me high so I won't think about it. I feel stuck at the house. The knife is there. And I go to leave. Nonchalantly, excusing myself. But I can't find my shoes. Have a beer. Finally make it out. Sounds shoes. I'll walk barefoot, I don't care I just want out of there. I walk with heavy legs practically crawl to a neighbors to ask for a no questions asked right. various thought process about what I should do. Go to police? Wait for police to talk to me? It's disconcerting.

2. Me and friend are some kind of wheelers and dealers. Packages are sent. Money picked up. Vivid images of driving up a steep road. We are smugglers or something.

September 22nd 2014.

I get into it with the church youth group leader? They won't let us leave her house, wanting to preach to us. They're borderline violent. Terrorizing us keeping from going about our routine.

Vivid scene in which I'm in an apartment. It starts outside in a sunny village like Santa Barbara, in a shopping district. I can see the various corners of a multi-use shopping center small shops, and a cafe with apartments on top. One of these apartments is my immediate destination. To use the bathroom, kick back a minute, take a break from whatever it is I'm in town for. Once in, and looking around, I get a sense of what the woman who lives there is like. And I want to meet her. She has a large Conga drum, is into yoga, nd smokes pot. The place is painted a cool robin's egg blue color or maybe sky blue. I want to leave her a note with my phone number on it so she can call me. But I can't get a pen to write, or choose the right sticky note. She has a rather extensive collection of notes, everything from Little stickies to 3x5 cards. Some with images on them. Others plain.

Note: I think I'm describing sheets of LSD either 10x10 or maybe maybe larger maybe like a 15x20?

3. In a coffee shop, that also serves beer. To get one brew, the barista/bartenders has to climb a ladder to get to the tap. I order a dark brew. But was brought something pale.
 4. On location for a movie shoot.
 5. Cleaning up after a party, stick umbrellas and other things like canes.
 6. A beach apartment scene. We walk on the beach. I comment on how I can smell the ocean, to Raj.
- September 23rd 2014.
1. Working on a stage crew. Order a cheeseburger after eating a sandwich. Going to move seats.
 2. Dressing up an old clothes from the '60s for Gran.
 3. This dream is another one entitled huge roommate house. I have a room, I also have a shop which is nice. Mom's there and she's letting some people stay there / move in. I come in from the shop having been away, and people are in my room. I'm like no no no no and go to get them set up in another room. There's a few people including a baby. The room I would like them to stand has a broken window I insist on fixing it right then. I told him it won't

be a problem to repair it, at least put up some plywood to cover the window missing. I can see the window and vivid detail. There's an unusual detail between the top and bottom pains. Like tiny glass bricks, all designer like. I want to get it patched up to prevent a draft from the night air. There's men and women helping me reclaim my room. Realizing my mom had given it in error. Everyone seems understanding enough. So I'm on my way to the shop. There's beer in the fridge. I accidentally step into a closet, a small room that is all icky. Like where is sump pump would be. I get clothes to change into, because mine are disgusting. the next room has dogs in it. I have what looks like ectoplasm from Ghostbusters and some bits of hot dog or some jerky treat all over me. The dogs like whatever I'm giving them. And I see fresh hot dogs. I'm still on my way to the shop but before I get there, there's a problem with the lighting. Short's out a bit. The last room I passed through is sort of like a mud room or covered porch. Essentially, a pantry/shop area as well. There's light bulbs, workbench, and a guy working on some ductwork I gather. I never make it to my shop. Interesting note, I think this is just a different part of another house I've dreamed about.

September 24th 2014.

These look more like dream fragments:

1. Give a girl \$5 for a fundraiser but her mom is grabbing for more.
2. Yet again another "roommate's house." I play with a kid, doing some kid stuff?
3. An afternoon dream. It was sweet. With my mom and myself at one of those "roommate houses" talking with the housemates about having a party and a potluck

September 26th 2014

I'm traveling in a trailer or motorhome. It's packed with stuff but we stopped and empty it. This gives us room to dance. There's music and I'm told it's grateful Wilson the dead and Brian Wilson playing together. There's young kids who speak cajun. And we're making a video.

This dream has Keith Hansen in it. We're hauling multiple stock car shells behind a large travel trailer- towing them. We're hanging out, doing the haul, when we have to stop for gas. We miss the gas station and go to swing through the parking lot of a supermarket and as we back up, we "total" two of the shells and damage one as the car jacknifes. That leaves us with two. Apparently we're at our destination after all. It's a restaurant/bar. Keith apparently has a gambling debt. The car is getting totaled doesn't seem like a big deal. The good frames being unloaded into the bar.

A dream fragment with my dog Buddy, he's running around.

Drinking at some college campus. Not to be confused with the next dream fragment.

Drinking out of college bar. I'm pretty sure this was a separate dream. I'm with a few people and we're drinking shots. Some guy tries to pick a fight. We stay on one side of a partition in the bar. He's on the other. When we check on him, he's being hazed by other members of a military unit he's in. In this dream I'm in jail. My name is called for me to go take an educational aptitude test. I go upstairs and take a seat. The test seems way easy. I'm older than most of the students. I suffer intense vertigo trying to sit in a desk seat and as I try to leave I'm finding myself losing my balance. Falling over.

September 27th 2014.

1. Familiar dream setting. Houses by the ocean this time. They're empty, abandoned, or condemned. Most likely too close to the ocean. Possibly the result of global warming and rising tides. There's a beachwalk and I'm barefoot. With somebody who's wearing shoes. We both get our feet wet because of the high tide.

September 28th 2014.

Looks like this one is in a casino setting. Laughing about a dead show. I clearly hear us joking hit on 16, you'll win lots of money. I continue to joke about how if I had an Entourage, I'd make them listen to the Dead.

Dreams 2 and 3. These next two dreams are of a similar vein. I'm involved with some crazy play with props. I have to perform different roles. My main character is barely human. The next play is more of a game with us dressing up like comic book anime characters. There's an audition process that utilizes colored spots to keep track of who's Who. Like 24 of them. There's concern about the list I've made. It's off by a number, like I've repeated one. Something's off. In creating the new list I'm having trouble getting all the colors right. There's multiple colors.

Dream fragment something about pizza.

Extended dream states. The last thing I remember was I was smoking a joint with some folks on a college campus. Wrapped all weird. Get busted. Have a huge stash of hash.

September 29th 2014. Visiting India burning incense write a pill. Kids playing soccer.

Dream fragments: helicopter, pilot, girlfriend

Various scenes in and around a fishing marina. A store, a boat dock. Pipes flow oil out to sea. One can camp in their vehicle. Buy fish. Cook outside. Long comfortable dream and a good setting.

September 30th 2014. Setting up sound the night before concert. It's break. Going behind the stage.

Shopping center restaurant, kids in parking lot.

October 1st 2014. I'm "play" golfing around my estate. It's a real nice home. We go to pizza and there's an opportunity to play on a real course. Lots of dreaming going on, with extended periods of that special lucid state. But poor recording habits.

October 2nd 2014. Something to do with a medical office building wanting to clean up uniforms something about pills something about a couch maybe?

Okay this was the best dream of the night. I can't remember it really but it advertised fog closers. Fog closers are the cool way to close filing matters? Want something cool? Fog closures. They admit a little bit of fog as they shut whatever it is you have open like blinds.

Talking about court. Eating hot dogs with dad. Going to take some to eat with some other folks.

October 3rd 2014. Such good dreams but recall is horrible as of late. The notes just don't do them justice.

Playing soccer eating all the dream, sweet and spicy breadsticks?

Thrift store salad back to dream number one rehearsal for a comedy routine.

Mumsie preparing dinner.

Nice people at a house I'm cooking a burger and potato chips. Pay attention to the gas light, the pilot of the burners, to make sure they're off.

October 4th. A wedding up north in modesto. Going to rehearsal, Willow trees, barbecue, old truck. Two events: truck stop bathroom on the way.

Writing a kids bike. Had stolen money or a shirt from the laundromat?

Big Cadillac trip. Wish I got all of this one. I've left work or somewhere maybe a bar and I'm driving a styling caddy. I take a rural turn real wide. See the road sign. I'm barreling along at a good clip. One feature of the car is cushions arm cushions that vibrate if you're out of your lane. Somewhere along the way I transfer into a pedestrian mode. Go through what looks like a second hand collectibles store, or maybe stuff for a garage sale? On the way through through somebody's house I end up with two mugs of draft beer in hand. One gets drank by a dog. Meet some women.

A little town up between Orrville and Chico, east of Hamilton and Orland named Gridley is the kiwi capital of the world and sister city to Dubuque New Zealand this is one of my general discourses.

October 5th 2014. I'm at a food court or a collection of restaurants. I'm looking at the options. Restaurants are in various stages of readiness. Some half open. Some of the meals are done up Allah Hell's kitchen or ultimate chef style. But it's an old Pizza joint that has caught my eye. It's a classic place, there's coupons, sure. But I order a sausage, pepperoni combo that bears the owner's name. The pizza comes to just under 20 bucks. I have 21 to \$23. One of the owners/managers suggest that I tip more and I give 40. I'm insulted. I tell them it's an \$8 pizza.

I had many dream sequences today. I decided to keep dreaming instead of waking up and doing my notes. I probably had 10 at least. But only noted three upon waking. This one a work type setting with Billy loading a truck. That's Bill Huffman by the way. I'm really in the dream not wanting to wake up. I'm moving stuff on a dolly or some such roly platform. The wheel breaks off and a bunch of stuff spills including what I think look like malt liquor bottles.

Doug Aldrich hot tub party. Long dreams, didn't want to wake. Filling the hot tub. Turning up the heat. Poolside setting. Fun atmosphere.

Halfway house. I want to talk to someone on an intimate level as I'm wanting to do. Stuff falls from a fridge or upright piece of furniture, a TV console maybe?

October, 2014.

October 1st 2014. I'm "play" golfing around my estate. It's a real nice home. We go to pizza and there's an opportunity to play on a real course. Lots of dreaming going on, with extended periods of that special lucid state. But poor recording habits.

October 2nd 2014. Something to do with a medical office building wanting to clean up uniforms something about pills something about a couch maybe?

Okay this was the best dream of the night. I can't remember it really but it advertised fog closers. Fog closers are the cool way to close filing matters? Want something cool? Fog closures. They admit a little bit of fog as they shut whatever it is you have open like blinds.

Talking about court. Eating hot dogs with dad. Going to take some to eat with some other folks.

October 3rd 2014. Such good dreams but recall is horrible as of late. The notes just don't do them justice.

Playing soccer eating all the dream, sweet and spicy breadsticks?

Thrift store salad back to dream number one rehearsal for a comedy routine.

Mumsie preparing dinner.

Nice people at a house I'm cooking a burger and potato chips. Pay attention to the gas light, the pilot of the burners, to make sure they're off.

October 4th. A wedding up north in modesto. Going to rehearsal, Willow trees, barbecue, old truck. Two events: truck stop bathroom on the way.

Writing a kids bike. Had stolen money or a shirt from the laundromat?

Big Cadillac trip. Wish I got all of this one. I've left work or somewhere maybe a bar and I'm driving a styling caddy. I take a rural turn real wide. See the road sign. I'm barreling along at a good clip. One feature of the car is cushions arm cushions that vibrate if you're out of your lane. Somewhere along the way I transfer into a pedestrian mode. Go through what looks like a second hand collectibles store, or maybe stuff for a garage sale? On the way through through somebody's house I end up with two mugs of draft beer in hand. One gets drank by a dog. Meet some women.

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October 6th 2014.

1. Tattoo shop in San francisco. Nice waiting lounge for the pool table.
2. Mountain vistas in southern oregon.

3. Dream fragment colon an assortment of coffee pot chords are brought to the pod, we lost our coffee pot.

4. In school with my niece Elizabeth. I'm going back and forth between rooms and buildings. Decide to order pizza. Pizza slice folds weird. Foreign professor, British perhaps, with a spaniel.

5. I'm in the city, getting settled in an apartment. Putting away toilet paper. Throwing away a small bags of weird odds and ends like one might find in a junk drawer. I want to call my girlfriend, but don't have her number. Nor does she have mine.

October 7th 2014.

This dream I called spy games. I remember saying cool as a cookie cutter.

Bus, kids, three women: like on a trip.

Racing. Tracy Hanson. Hotel, aww jail.

Checking into a hotel with someone. There's a USA theme. We find the hotel by locating a Golden Harp symbol on its sign. We split up the keys, they're weird. Like pens with furry stuff on them. Feathers maybe. From the back of the motel, which is in a downtown area I can see the motel bar and dining. It looks fun. Like a place to go late for food and drink. I feel / think Olympia is there.

Street kids have an underground newspaper. Gives tips on where to get stuff. Clothing, free meals, etc. At some point I heard uffie.

Long lucid dream looking for a truck.

Big deal at mumsies.

In jail. Therapist calls on the phone. There's a few people by the phone. It's co-ed. I'm excited, the therapy sessions will get me out of jail and take some time. There's a real sense I'm talking on the phone.

Industrial workshop cleaning a space heater. Wiping soot off the grill. Taking it apart to clean it right.

October 8th 2014. There's only one dream I can remember involving a Jack in The box restaurant. I'm going there with a friend to buy or sell something. Our business is with the manager. As we get to the counter I do my we're with corporate gag. The manager is amused. She stressed about opening the new, or newly remodeled restaurant. I'm not sure what our business was about. Maybe buying a car?

October 9th 2014.

In a big house. Lots of rooms and residents. I spent the night there, lived communally in a fashion maybe for weeks.

Subplot calling there's a flea market or antique Fair in town. People are getting ready to haul stuff over in anticipation of the week-long event. One guy has a pile of speakers. There's also lighting equipment. I'm not sure if the lighting, which includes fresnels, can lights, and I think a lighting tree are for sale. Or perhaps to advertise and like the booth that's going to be set up. Meanwhile, I'm trying to go back into my room. Every door I try is a different room but none are mine. I even walk in on a person now and then. I know the layout of the house, know where my room is supposed to be at. Even the hall it's off of. Just no room. I realize I'm dreaming.

2. The first dream sort of segues into the second one. I'm with Jeff, I'm assuming I'm referring to my brother, and we have a flatbed truck. We're parking in advance of the weekend celebration. Parking a flatbed is no easy task. But there is a spot. A little ways from the center of town. I hook up with some people, perhaps from the house and dream number one? To go and smoke with. It's in the mountains.

Goes back into dream number one. They want me to move out. I tried to negotiate staying. Tell them I'll be more into the communal lifestyle. That I've been in a bad mood, and I'll be nicer to be around. I'm adamant. I won't leave unless legally thrown out, citing tenancy laws I actually don't know anything about tenancy laws.

Dream fragments: baskets, like Easter ones. Buddy, my old dog, whose birthday was the day before on October 8th makes an appearance. I see the interior of a brand new Corolla I bought.

Want to go skipping.

Domestic scene where I'm visiting a couple with kids or babysitting. We played big time wrestling, while watching Star Trek. I make a comment about how the two are incongruous.

October 10th 2014.

I mean what appears to be a library. Somewhere with tall windows like the halls in atascadero. I hear the Grateful Dead playing. Would I take to be the album Dead Set. Definitely estimated profit at one point. I see two people

climbing a window. There's another song playing, with a repeating voice you can you can

Note: that might be a Brent song you can run but you can't hide not sure.

I'm with the kelly-esque girl. I believe Kelly is referring to Kelly Marsh or Kelly Flanagan perhaps. We shut your earbuds. We getting her to listen to what I'm grooving to. She looks a little stressed. The music will calm her down and give us an intimate moment.

At the beach. Dog stretching rocks. I also have noted guy in backyard.

Lunch with Mom. She ordered something that's not on their normal menu. But it may be that it's on a holiday menu. Like for the 4th of july. It's called fizzles and hiss or fever and hiss? It's a cold Bean black dish. Pleasant setting with attentive staff.

With Mom during Christmas time. Getting out decorations.

Roommates come over and party. See hockey sticks near boarded up entrance.

Afternoon. In the dream, I'm sitting with my dad. I need to make or receive a phone call. In reality I can't hear my monitors in one year and then I get the call in the other ear. I hear John 100 as I wake up I was in a really good mood too.

October 11th 2014. I had a few dreams in which the setting was mumsies at cayucos. Mom was there. Brittany too. And when I was installing a pond feature. The other I was going to go out. In both I was bummed a bit that I had to wake up. I was in linger mode. Finger mode is the point in lucid dreaming where you decide to stay and linger in the dream or wake up when you have that choice.

October 12th 2014. Several parts to his sons of anarchy dream. Biker girlfriends. A whole drug scene. Someone double-crossing someone. Someone going straight. I've only seen a few episodes, but figure it was something like that.

October 13th 2014. I'm in a really good mood, I stay up a bit later. Get a bit more tired. Sleep better. It only stands to reason that I dream better. All the recall still gets trumped by a desire to just stay asleep. Here's what I got.

Going out music.

Mom scene.

Billy scene.

Seen it which I'm washing up and my hair is gray.

I'm with Darla. I'm taking her to a halfway house to either get her stuff or let a guy know she won't be working. There's a guy out back painting what looks like an old bandstand or gazebo. Inside the main house people are milling about. It gives the impression of a shelter. A table holds some brochures. I do my whole paint speech at least the part about how painting for money is different versus painting one's room.

In jail. Have a casual conversation with the guards after accidentally calling them on an intercom. How's it going? Etc suddenly 12 guys get added to our cell.

October 14th guy uses church wedding to rub in point

Ok. This one is titled "Boar jizz". The stream had a real wax scene in it. It started out normal enough. I'm supposed to work on a job. I go by old jobs in the neighborhood. In a family room with billy. All of a sudden, however, there's something on tv. A nature or cooking show that has something about boars eating rattlesnakes. Something about bore jizzing. How it neutralizes the poison so it can eat the snakes. Vivid scene of the board getting off. And complete non sequitur the kids hanging upside down like from monkey bars. Nice interaction with billy, the work at hand etc.

Vivid getting ready scene. At Mom's. Going to go out and see a band. A digital display clock shows it's 11:41 p.m. .

October 15th 2014.

Seen outside a house. Guy in an animal costume that blended into background like a chameleon. Two or three people like that.

October 17th 2014. A couple of dreams that had something to do with arts and crafts supplies.

Football superhero costume. Son owe you field thermometer showing 110 . Something to do with Chris hansen?

Dreamfrag with Keith hansen.

Broke sobriety. Reminiscing about time in jail at a table in the backyard of a nice suburban home sitting in sunshine.

October 18th 2014.

My recall just isn't there like it used to be. My guess is the meds. Maybe I'm just not as into it. Whatever the reason, I can't seem to remember the twists and turns of my dreams. Whether it be from notes, or just memory the way I'd like it to be.

1.

The dream was "grand". I have written, "huge mansion". And then "sunny". Followed by "to bed". And then "going to room", food and a kiss from The Host. Then I have noted: "bizarro". I know this dream was amazing. It might have been two dreams, but that's all I wrote down.

2.

The stream is a futuristic scene, perhaps. After, or in preparation, for an Ebola outbreak. I remember putting up "zombie fencing", and stuff like that.

3.

I'm at a supermarket that has a bobsled course in it. I'm also at a strange soda fountain that serves lemonade, raspberry iced tea, and water. Someone complains about my body odor in one scene. I defend myself. Because I do shower, used deodorant, etc. But it's true, that today I need a shower.

(When you're locked up in jail, you pretty much need a shower everyday.)

October 19th, 2014.

1.

I play a race car driver in the stream. And there's something about getting a tune up, like during a pit stop, perhaps.

The following are more just fragments of a dream, as opposed to a complete dream.

2.

Play dungeons & dragons. I have written: "fought".

3.

The next was something about a "hookup game".

4.

This one had something with a "diplomacy" theme throughout it. I have noted "exchanging gifts".

5.

In this dream fragment I have stayed at a hotel room, and in getting the room ready after using it.

(Note: I always leave hotel rooms in great shape upon checking out.)

7.

Scene in which I smoke marijuana.

October 20th, 2014.

1.

I have written "Honey boo boo". I don't really know who that is.

2.

I have this dream titled as "Parking a big rig".

We're leaving to go somewhere. In a "semi", a tractor trailer. My dog buddy is there, jumping into the truck. He can fit in a door pocket where you would store stuff. Such as sodas, maps, tissues. Like on the side of a car's interior in the door. At one point, I'm carrying a bottle of champagne, and I may be tipsy. We need the tractor trailer backed up. Next to the house we're at. Presumably, to access something left up on, or thrown up upon the roof.

3.

At a large casino or entertainment complex like on a ship, perhaps. All appears to be relatively brand new. It's as if we've just checked in. I go to explore the place, looking for something to drink. After walking around a bit, I find a big open gym type facility. There's trampolines or what look like bounce houses. The area is titled "jump". And it's offered as an "experience". It's like a fantasy gymnastics, diving, or x games camp or some sort of training facility, where one gets to do twists and turns in the air. (Maybe like for a trapeze?) There's a small line of people waiting for their turn. There's sodas and snacks: fruit, cookies, etc. But to get to them, I'd have to wait in line. I surmise that I should check in as a person to jump. But it appears that it would end up taking too much time, and instead, choose to leave. I retraced my steps back to where I started. I still want a

soda like a Dr pepper or a coke. But now I need to use the restroom. I find one in the back of an office type setting. It's weird at this point, I'm a woman "taking a crap". I'm worried about the lack of toilet paper. It's messy. And worried that someone will see, although the small doors do offer privacy. The toilets were in a dressing room sized room. Afterwards, I think I finally found my soda.

4.

Walked through a hospital. Looking for room #1. See #2 & #3, just like you would in a medical setting. But there's no patients or doctors. Although there's a sense that they're in the background.

5.

I'm in my mom's room after her death. I'm going through some of her stuff. Trying to place dressers in the right place. Maybe hanging stuff on the wall. Setting the room. There's a small radio I try, and place where it can be heard. I see door thresholds.

October 21st, 2014.

1. The band Phish is coming to Fresno. This was heard after we go to watch a show on tape. It's a rumor. There's a tweaker dude who knocks over a computer. This, after it's apparent he's been watching porn on the PC. Weird porn is viewed. I put the computer back. Dude breaks it. And we fight.

2.

This just has a few dream fragments in it. I have noted:

"Relationship at bar".

"On the streets".

"Bankruptcy booth".

3.

At a bar. There's relationship advice for a third party. This was actually like two dreams in one. Lengthy scenes of me at the bar socializing and meaning folks. Talk about the band that's going to play. What happened the night before.

4.

Building large train models. There's to be two different layouts. I have to pull weeds where the tracks will go. The tracks, hence the trains, are quite big. They're rideable. I envisioned the way they will go. The feel of the ride. I suddenly have a propane leak. I can hear the hissing sound and I go to try

and screw it tighter. But bail and run away. Worried about sparking an explosion.

5.

The stream takes place at Keith Hansen's house.

I'm going to go home before I go out for the evening. I have multiple small bags, briefcases, etc. I'm planning on going back to the bar in dream number two or dream number three. And I'm in conversation with keith. I take a close look at a mini cassette player.

October 22nd, 2014.

This one I have titled: "Giant Mall", but it was more like going to a big campus. Something like the Google complex in mountain view. There's a big parking lot, and I ride in with Craig hanson. I'm navigating towards what turns out to be an office break room setting. I checked for phone reception. Yogurt is served. There's a casual party going on. Like an after hours one. There's some drinking going on and I hear what's on tv? With you a guitar montage. It's a nice friendly setting..

November 1st, 2014.

1.

All I have noted: zombie hunting.

2.

Doing work on a hose. Attaching a hose end sprayer. A woman comes home, inspects my work. She's on some sort of house arrest. I have to climb over some sort of shed or garage. I'm carrying a few things, a gallon glass jug among them.

3.

Jeff and I are shopping.

4.

School campus. I have a locker. Guy can score mushrooms.

5.

Poolside with a girl.

November 2nd, 2014.

1.
All I have noted is: baseboards.
2.
Upstairs at a bar... Spill trays of grain.
3.
Dressing room. Getting a job. Work overnight.
4.
At a restaurant or nightclub. Some sort of nefarious deal. To get paid, the owner hands me a business card with 4200 written on it. Getting paid in some alternative way.
5.
Mom goes flying. A jet no less. She's already flown it one leg of the journey. We pick some drugs up and are flying back. I went to fly but it's "in her name". Bathroom scene. Airport scenes. Other people on the jet. Interior of a Gulfstream type jet.
6. Dream fragments of streams/rivers.

Of note: I've had recent changes in medication. The Zoloft is long gone. Visceral and ibuprofen are what I take now. Visceral an anti-anxiety was recently discontinued as of yesterday. So the only drug I'm taking is geodon. Sleep schedule is a little bit out of whack. We'll see how these losses affect everything. It's apparent that both the vistaril and ibuprofen helped me sleep. Zoloft, perhaps the opposite.

November 3rd, 2014.

1.
Dad Brown and Mumsie come and visit me while I'm locked up somewhere.
2.
Two dreams with JT and his wife.

1st. At a seaside home that John's recently purchased. Interior scenes. Approach to the house. I'm spending the night there. It's like he's having people over for the weekend.

2nd. At the Philo Music Festival. We've got three pizzas. It's a park like setting. There's a stage and we're trying to find a good spot. We settle down near a small trailer which I take to be some sort of first aid check. A guy asks me: "Who's playing?" I respond: "Charlieâ€¢?"
As people file in, the trailer pulls down an awning of sorts, for privacy.

November 4th, 2014.

1.

I'm in some sort of Mall setting. I'm trying to fill up a cup of water from a drinking fountain. The problem is, the stream from the fountain is so little, that given the angle of the cup it's almost impossible to get any water into it. The water fountain quits working. I go to another phone. I wonder if the whole mall and this town might just have bad, low water pressure. Or suffer from some kind of drought.

2.

Concert venue, like dead shows. It's after the shows, I find a diamond Duprees news flyer that lists upcoming shows or shows from the current tour. It's blue and has spring tour date info. I can't find my black LA gear high tops.

3.

Jeff climbing a ladder. Something about how we're doing things that we did in high school.

November 6th, 2014. No dreams yesterday. Today, one dream that I'm calling "Stadium Hospital".

Are there a hospital or some other large Civic building. It's like a huge remodel has been done. An existing, old wall runs through the center of the building. New additions have been made in closing it in the structure. You can see the old wall sticking out above the new building from the outside. I show it to a couple. Something about a bag of chips.

November 7th, 2014.

1.

Wonderful "getting stoned" dream at a restaurant. The bud was rich and golden. The pipe, however, was composed of two pieces. That one had to hold together in order to smoke.

2.

Writing an odd bike. There's a bunch of people in line riding. Like they're going to class. They funneled towards the same opening and offense that is perhaps situated on a burn. I take it more difficult approach, hopping my bike over a steep section of the burn. It's closer to the ocean, where I intend to go swimming.

November 8th, 2014.

1.

Pleasant hippie House atmosphere. Old tour friends. There's pot smoking, talk of growing colon seeds given away that day. One of the people want a gazebo built in the backyard. I discuss options: Wood versus synthetic materials. How the synthetics have come a long way. Taco mold inhibitors, UV protection, etc. Nice feeling from the folks.

2.

This one's titled "A Bill job". Which means we end up waiting for the people to get home so we can acquire materials etc. It's a nice home in the woods. A stepping stone path goes around to the left. Bill and I talk candidly. How we don't rush the job. How I come in and work super hard to catch us up. There's a cool zipline scene where I'm writing it through the woods. And something with the school bus. I talk of maybe going home and then coming back.

3. Going to a concert like electric at the eel on the eel River in mendocino. I'm on a main road and I hang an illegal u turn to get onto the frontage road which appears to be dirt. Hippie vans and school buses are in line. I do a

series of wheelies in a small school bus. I'm next to a much larger School bus. The concert is sold out. Getting a ticket and going in is looking to be difficult.

November 9th, 2014.

1.

Beach town, although I don't see a beach. Trying to find a parking spot, but I want to get closer than where I'm currently at.

I have noted:

"watching dog"

I'm getting some beer at a grocery store. Debating whether to get import or domestic. There's this guy in the store. I have noted, "dude".

2.

This dream I don't recall all the details just that my jeans fit perfect. There are 38 waist, 32 length, bootcut.

3.

I only have two notes on this dream:

"water balloon fight"

"urban sprawl"

November 10th, 2014.

1.

Having dinner with Hmong family. At least that was my first impression. Definitely get the feeling that they are from either Laos, Cambodia, or perhaps of Mongolian descent.

I remember the odd varieties of squash to be cooked. The fridge blocking the kitchen hall. A dishwasher full of small chip bags.

2.

I'm with a group of socially awkward teens. "Misfits", perhaps. Maybe they're "theater geeks". We're all in some sort of college agricultural or gardening class. This morphs into dream number #â€!

3.

This dream has us hanging outside a house that we've squatted. We've stayed in it while its occupants have been away. The house is a "row home" style dwelling in the Bay area. Well, the people have come home and one

guy enters the house. Two more talking out front, one has a really nice set of clothes on that make him look rich.

4.

I need some beds. One has a leather poncho on. I comment how it was probably from the Renaissance fair.

5.

A friend is sitting on the trunk of a limousine. Going with the people inside? It might be the day of a Grateful Dead show?

November 11th, 2014.

1.

I'm with two girls and some other people in a room at night. We're going to do drugs. One of the girls like: "We'll do mine". And continues with: "What's in it for me?" I'm trying to get them to: "Keep it down", because people are sleeping in the room. I hear music playing: "Hang on Sloopy, Sloopy hang onâ€!"

2.

Absurd scene in which I'm assembling a huge "Operation" game. Also, my mom has taken in a family from Burkina Faso. I'm thinking pizza is in order.

November 12th, 2014.

1. "Ultra Cool Coffee Club". There's absurd accessories being worn. One couple has Day Glo light sticks on.

At this point I'm in a dreamy, dream state. There's at least two other lingering dreams, but no recollection of them. Just know that I dreamt.

November 14th, 2014.

1.

In a house, from which we are going to go out for the night. I stole my virtues as a sober driver to the family of the girl I'm taking out. That said, I

end up going outside and across the street to do drugs with her. At this point, I see what appears to be a "mangled bike" coming down the street.

November 15th, 2014.

I only have three dream fragments for that night:

"Birds in a closet"

"With Mom, going for dinner in an RV."

"Juice school" (Which I might add: Wasn't about "juice" at all

Of note: I'm troubled by my dream recall. I blame it on the medication. And the position of my writing tablet, which I have under the corner of my mattress pad, on my bunk in jail. and just an overall lack of immediate memory recall ability when I need it. Some lack of effort too, I guess.

Maybe Atascadero will be different. When I'm allowed to sleep the whole night through. I just don't sleep in as much as I used to. Something invariably draws me into a waking conscious state. The bathroom.

Something going on in the day room, etc. It's probably a good thing I'm to end "the dream journal" in a few weeks.

I don't like laboring and being disappointed with something that has brought me such joy.

November 16th, 2014.

1.

For this first dream, all I have noted is: "duty free liquor".

2.

Almost finished Bill house. I see where the doors need to be fine-tuned. Shaved down a little. Touch up paint. Nice open airy house.

3.

Ellen DeGeneres on the set of the show. Some gag about scaring the audience.

November 17th, 2014.

1.

On a farm. I'm instructed to get a variety of bell pepper called "Big Meaty" for us to grow. See a pack of seeds.

2.

Shopping at a music festival. Talk with one vendor who is out of the flow when it comes to customers. He has nice enough wares, some stuff by Mickey Hart. There's a cool jumpsuit. Another vendor has CDs of the show.

3.

Two dreams overlapping. First one is called "Work for Bill", and the second, "Pay the Rent".

"Mom" was in it. My rent's \$500. I like the place enough, and don't want to let my roommates down. Trying to figure out how to pay and I borrow money from "Mom"... maybe "Dad". Look for phone numbers in my phone. "Mom" is going on about something. It's always good to see my mom in a dream. Think about getting in advance from "Bill".

November 18th, 2014.

1.

A weird crowd scene that I place in Africa. There's a group of people who are about to be subdued. We have them somewhat surrounded. We have cans of Mace and I accidentally get shot. I was hiding behind a gate in a fence. I was to be an aggressor with the mace, but ended up getting caught in the crossfire.

2.

Steakhouse/bar. I'm there for a game, perhaps football. At times, I'm ready to go home. Other times, it's as if I'm going out. Regardless, I can't find my car outside. So I'll have to get a ride home with Graham?

Dream fragment colon I open and place a small bundle of snuff into a box.

3. Not sure, but this might have been a continuation of Dream #2. I've gotten a Ride part way home with the trucker. We stopped at his apartment or a motel. The plan is to take a nap. I want to take a bath. I can hear

neighbors, perhaps audio bleed, through a hole in a wall. A small hole is seen through what appears to be stucco.

November 20th, 2014. I have noted that: "I'm trying". I interpret that to mean that I was trying to remember the dreams. All that was retained, however, was the following dream fragment.

I'm heading into a carnival tent with someone. We don't have tickets. I give the ticket taker something, however, and we just walk in. It's got those crowd control Lanes like at the DMV or an amusement park ride. But there's no one waiting. We go through the switchbacks, and head into an area with some people hanging out. Think about trying to transfer hand stamps.

I'll note that there were other dreams that day, but just no recall.

November 21st, 2014.

1.

This dream had a weird election theme to it. Something about picking ballots by goat. With their mouths. How the mouth knows which to pick.

2.

I'm with a girl that I'm interested in. We go next door to our neighbor's house or apartment. They're college kids just getting up from a night of partying. As I go to leave, they give me clothes that aren't mine. Including a pair of waiters. I'll note the dreams were enjoyable. Long and lingering.

November 22nd, 2014. Just fragments of two good dreams.

1.

"One Direction" on tour. Hot tub in a car.

2.

Waiting for two people to shower. Early morning departure. Leaving driveway.

November 23rd, 2014. A couple of dreams. All I can remember is a fragment of me remodeling Mumsie's kitchen.
Redoing her countertops.

November 24th, 2014. Great dreaming!

1.

Feeling in the dark for plants. There's climbing vines on walls. It's dark. I am negotiating my way by feeling my way around the house.

2.

I climb up sand dunes to a cul-de-sac. There's two burnt-out VW buses there. I have indicated that they are for cover. It's clear that the area is open to enemy fire. I descend on the other side of the cul-de-sac back down the dune.

3.

AI bit. You remember old robots going does not compute. I guess that's a reference to Lost in Space. Well, in this dream, I've given an answer or done something that defies logic I guess.

4.

In the process of rolling large joints. I have the crumpled paper ready. Can't find it for a minute. So I ready another one.

5.

Shopping for food. Looking for lunch.

6.

Long one. Cooking a meal. Something about out-of-state and treatment for mom.

7.

Making some sort of treefort. From stumps of trees that have some trunk left. It's to be suspended somehow. Neat idea. A project I'm into.

8.

Ironing my jeans so they look sharp. The irons in a plastic bag. So I'm careful to take it out and get all the plastic off before using it.

9. At library. Have bought some books. Going to buy library pass. Get into a bit with the librarian over my book bag, a backpack. Leave, reenter. Decide to leave without getting brown wristband pass.

November 25th, 2014.

1.

Mysterious men come to visit me at Gran's? Dad and Uncle Jerry are there. My legit family. I feel as if I'm being recruited by the intelligence division. I want to serve them water and try to get some from a weird coffee maker. It comes out light brown. I'm using the nice Crystal drinking glasses, the rocks glasses. I must have pushed the wrong button on the coffee/water dispenser. I filled your glasses as we sit down in the living room. "We have a common enemy" one says.

2. Dream fragment: Chomolungma.

3. Dream fragment: running a bath for someone.

November 26th, 2014.

1.

Something about breakfast. Some kind of combo that a bunch of us ordered. A rum runner or buccaneer.

November 27th, 2014. A couple of dreams. Happy thanksgiving.

November 28th, 2014.

1. At a gun range.
2. Guns are fishing.
3. I'm on a residential street. I run into an elderly woman who I've worked for before. I go back to her house. They want me to help with the flower bed. It's a couple and their dog pees a little on the carpet. I assist in planning flowers in the bed.

4. I'm with the basketball player who's flying out of the country.

November 29th, 2014.

1.

Apartment setting. We've arrived to find our window AC unit has been tagged for blocking the sliding glass door. Doesn't make a lot of sense. Inside a chair needs reupholstering. Something I would be into doing.

2.

Buying a shirt. Unclear if this is the same dream as the long one I had. A magnificent one. It's at a college or camp setting. I'm working with some people on some sort of display with plants or animals. I'll be back the next day. Securing everything for the night. Putting away stuff. I walk with some people who spend the night on the site. Into a dorm like setting. They want to drink. Something's going on that night. I see laundry facilities. A hall filled with fraternity brothers. I'm to be back early to check on the animals.

November 30th, 2014.

1.

Something about work. A Bill, house dream.

2.

Going to a music festival. I've left home. Met up with a friend. We're walking and meet a group of people. One girl in particular, she's got her eye on the dude I'm with. The group might be a band. Anyways, I forgot Bud for the concert back at home and I'm going to cut back, hoof at home, and come back. Shooting girl are going to the festival together. I'm a little bummed that I'm getting ditched.

December 1st, 2014.

1. Meth dream. I'm with a fellow inmate and we haven't looks like a broken fluorescent tube that has meth on it. We're trying to smoke the jagged glass. There's a fireplace. After using lighters, we try setting it in the fire to heat up. Very bright fire skate.
2. Going to M_____? "Beer translation".?

December 2nd, 2014.

Three dream fragments:

Hook up dishwasher.

Dirty dishes.

Gangland stuff.

December 3rd, 2014.

1. Chinese food.
2. I'm soaking in a hot tub and I get up and walk through a store. I'm looking for soap and bubble bath. I see the display for Dr bronner's.

December 4th, 2014.

1. Can't understand notes. All I have written is: for family.
2. Hiking.
3. Going to _____ cow dung? To help clean up horse house with tools mixed in? No it's not legible.
4. Preparing food. Like a barbecue. I'm cooking a roast, and it's rather large. I'm slow cooking it, but it's not getting done. I'm going to cut it into four parts, wrapping foil, and roast in the oven.
5. Stayed at a cabin in the woods. It's time to go, like in the morning. I'm putting on my shoes and getting ready to go.

December 5th, 2014.

1. A recently departed inmate returns. With his sister. There's a new guy. Manny switched sides in the pod.
2. Having bread with olive oil.

December 6th, 2014.

1. Exterior of some apartments or a hotel. Coastal climate, like next to the ocean. There's a barbecue pit or fire ring.

December 7th, 2014. My dreams are good this morning. It's just a matter of getting enough sleep. Sleeping in, etc. But recall and record is still another thing altogether. I go into relish mode, enjoying the dreams and not recording them. I keep thinking my general end up with a whimper, not a bang. But we'll see. It will be hard for me to just give it up.

1. Of the ones I recalled, there's a lot more I'm sure. I have noted Danny Beck at the coast. Parking behind some fence and dilapidated shacks for cover. Hidden from sight. But still with a great view of the coast.
2. Restaurant/garden. I'm tending a flower about out under some trees next to a lawn. Talking investing in the business.
3. Something about going to a concert.

December 9th, 2014 well, this is the monumental day. One year! One year of being locked up. One year of recording dreams. I'd say I can hardly believe it, but it's oh so real. Whatever. It's a major accomplishment. With few exceptions, I remembered and recorded my dreams for an entire year. I plan to reread what I written again. And write a little encompassing synopsis about them. For now, here's this morning's dreams:

1. I'm in jail. There's an opening in the bars. Like a short order window. I'm in the hall. Other inmates are in the cell. I reach up to touch where a screen would be, but in admonished by a guard. The guard says a little saying about: wisdom before age, age before beauty. Like his dad used to, or maybe Grandpa used to tell him. Then suddenly he may SES somebody, or something, over my left shoulder. It's an intense visual.

2. I hear estimated prophet. As if at a concert by the Grateful Dead.
3. I'm on a pier, I think it has something to do with mining large volcanic rocks. There's a big pile of them at the beginning of the pier. Like a wall. As I climb over, rocks fall.
4. Classroom.
5. Picking up my niece at school.

December 10th, 2014.

Working at a house with bill. Scenes of me working on a wall. Not going to get it done that day. Billy's talking on the phone. The owners of the house want a window put in. Weird plate of jalapenos. Something I've put in the jalapenos. Like a fish or a piece of bread? Like some holiday potpourri plate.

December 11th, 2014.

1. Bosses swimming pool party.
2. Mom and I driving a new van.
3. Waiting at DMV/jail.

December 12th, 2014.

1. Hotel with dog and Brittany. Looking through leashes with dog clips broken.
2. Civil war shootout.

December 13th, 2014.

1. One of the most memorable things that a kid remembers from his childhood. In a dream, no doubt: making toll House cookies.
2. On the street. Trying to get a job. I'm in jail, but there's activities that keep you busy. And all Day concert, festival style. I get my ticket and check out who's performing.

3. In an auditorium. People are breaking off into groups for some contest, like on big brother or amazing race. I'm looking for a team to join up with. A few are like no. One guy says, yes, but it's all weird in front of a camera about how he doesn't play by the rules. It's more like he's trying to bend them.

December 14th, 2014.

1. I work for some kind of water sports company. Swimming, fishing, boating. Personal watercraft. I have written in big letters: know what bosses like. Not sure what that's in reference to. Seeing where I put my shorts on underwater.
2. Laundry. Fragment of inside a warehouse or barn with a dirt floor. Doing small odd jobs with the johnsons or Becks. It's a big old house. There's a scene across the street as well. But it all comes back to a scene where we're going to sell some old stuff. In particular, an old jukebox that could be worth thousands. We're trying to get some money to get rolling.

December 15th, 2014.

1. I'm with some native tribesmen. They offer me a small line of some drug. Saying I haven't been experienced in their ways. Or something like that.
2. Restaurants / kitchen / murder mystery. At times, I'm a different species like a half bunny, half bird creature. It's a food and wine type demo. Working with the chef. Pairing wines and foods. The stove is a huge hearth. To access the food that's cooking, one has to walk on planks. Some half-charred over the fire. Really cool setting. Background story of how someone's missing or murdered.

December 16th, 2014.

1. Beautiful hiking along the creek. Turns into an estuary or small bay. Hike along mud Creek beds. Walk through seaside neighborhood with houses under repair. Hurricane damage, perhaps?. See steps to fishing dock. End up

jumping into the water from some height. It wasn't that deep, but it was okay. Great visuals. Long dream.

2. Double flat tires on my truck or van. Think of all that goes with getting such repairs or new tires. See the blown out punctured tires.

December 17th, 2014. Squirt acid that seems funk. Concert setting. Lawn. With people.

December 19th, 2014.

1. In a huge house. Maybe Dennis from casey's? It's next to him even larger house. I want to rent out this smaller studio. It has open walls, like a theater? There's a barber shop / hair salon attached to it. But the kind you'd find at a department store. You can open a wall.

2. Going to a football game. See tail getting line.

December 20th, 2014.

1. Roommates with Terry carr. I broke in a glass table. Possibly have to move out? She closed thrown down by shards of glass. Broken eggs. Eggshell and yolk. I'm worried about the yolks standing my shirts, which are folded on hangers. It's the second time I've broken the table, perhaps? I curse and wake up as I'm doing so.

2. I don't know Western saloon. The place has history. Where people were shot, etc. I meet Nina.

3. This might be a continuation of dream number two. Having a beer with a woman and her mom. Bar/restaurant down the street from other restaurants/bar. Sometimes been thrown out of the one down the street and is headed this way. Notify staff?

December 21st, 2014.

1. Weird floating in air. An air taxi along the beach. Beachside scene. Cayucos type town.

December 22nd, 2014. Britney is held hostage. Even surrounding it. Like I've lived through the ordeal with her. Not scared for her safety. The gun the guy has is small.

December 23rd, 2014.

1. A campground setting. It's large. Meet owner and a mobile home. She numbered sites in the thousands, specifically \$1,034. Reminds me more of a drive-in than a campground. Or perhaps a vineyard. There's a sense that people will fill the place up for a concert. And have come from nearby. The manager has gone away. We may stay there.

2. Wondering around outdoors at a concert or campground. More like a large campus. I noted berkeley, or Santa cruz. A Jeff Rider type friend asks if we want to see a slideshow in a nearby building. Go sit through the slideshow/movies. Educational in nature. About environmentalism, population growth, etc. Scientific viewpoint. Remember the classroom setting, study materials. A cup of coffee or tea with something in it.

December 24th, 2014.

1.

Weird house with couches.

2. Going to school? Have to be at a class at a certain time. Have to bring ice? Ice water? Get ice and have to cut through the women's locker room to get to the classroom. Real vivid dreaming this morning. I was extra warm and cozy.

December 25th, 2014. Crazy, long vivid dreaming. I'm at so many different people. At a house, out on the town? I tell it like it is much to the chagrin of

the woman I'm with, about her friends. How she prefers the overly dramatic ones, thus insulting said friends. Oops. So long!

December 26th, 2014.

1. Carpenter job.
2. Three dream fragments:

Flowers: hydrangea.

Car.

House.

December 27th, 2014.

1. Halloween bar potluck. Set up like a haunted house. It's got black plastic. Different rooms. I say it's potluck themed, because someone wants somebody to pick up hot sauce for blood. To make the dishes look halloweeny? Black plastic gets caved in somewhat, ooh scary. I associate it with S&M people or goths.

December 28th, 2014.

1. Dinner and a play. Mom and her friends. I'm backstage off to the side. I have noted gigs/gag, which is a play on words. Kids at table, meet woman. Something about a joke. Bump? Off?
2. Long lucid dream. Outside of club. Get a pass to get in after midnight. Portlandia setting? A group of Townsville getting ready for an event. Someone's going to get in a tank with a killer whale. Preparations. Psych interviews. There was so much more to this dream.

December 30th, 2014.

Mr day, perhaps?

1. Anyways, there's a Grateful Dead cassette tape that I'm about to play. Then, I hear the milkshake song.

2. Dinner at an Italian pizzeria. My mom and I plus one. We ordered three pizzas. The last one is brought. A light is turned out. The Pizza has toppings that are unusual, plus some small celery sticks.

December 31st, 2014. Happy birthday me!

1. Something about a party for firefighters or carpenters. Liquor.
2. Roommate house. My room is at the top of a ladder or some weird stairs. A steel bathtub.
3. An Italian restaurant with mom. And others. Seating is weird, I have to exit and reenter from a neighboring deli to get to my seat. Which is not in the normal seating. I'm to be inducted into some sort of club however. Which is cool. Good dream. Just lousy recall.

January 2nd, 2015.

1. A submarine is beached. A passenger, or perhaps a member of the crew, is offloading. Like a rescue operation. With people being ferried in a small boat sure.

January 3rd through January 4th, 2015.

This is 4 dreams, comprised mostly of fragments:

1.
Multiple friends. Olympia. I'm hanging from an awning.
2.
Disappearing garden.
3.
Visiting hours with family. At house.
4.
Space alien thingy.

January 5th, 2015.

1.

Running a fabric / costume shop at a theater. I'm going through loose clothing, putting away clothes. I'm tagging them. I see one of mom's dresses. A rack gets moved.

2.

Mountain hot spring.

There are other dreams, but just lagging on recall.

January 6th, 2015.

1.

In a foreign country as a journalist. People in a store are thankful for me, and I'm assuming because of my work, once they're told who I am. Seen as in a local store. A lesser developed country than the us. But not by much.

January 11th, 2015.

Three weird fragments:

Justin meds his "mom".

Garage door biker

Up into car

January 12th, 2015.

A fashion party. Like at a department store. I'm looking at shirts and slacks. Afterwards, people are departing. One guy has a fancy car. Like a Jeep with seats in the back that are open.

January 15th, 2015.

Walking along a road. In the road, police are detaining a guy. His hands are on his head and he's face down. We continue walking down to a beach. There's some sort of surf competition. Cars are lined up along the surf. We think we can hitch a ride from someone down the expanse of the beach.

January 18th, 2015. I'm playing football and I'm quarterback. Having trouble throwing a flat football. Throw it twice.

January 19th, 2015. Return to the farm. Checking on crops planted in another farm dream. I've noted it's lunch time.

January 20th, 2015.

1.

I'm getting a ride home from a bar. Maybe, because I've been drinking. We get halfway there, and I have the woman driving turn around, and drive us back to get my vehicle.

2.

Weird scene. Loading my bike into a truck. Distort for the night.

3.

Hanging from a rope swing/ladder.

January 21st, 2015. Going through board games. Mumsy and Dad Brown's stuff.

January 22nd, 2015.

1. Two fragments:

Tab was erased.

Going back.

2. I chat with the bartender. Order a pepsi. She gets me to drink a sobe. She's going to a movie later. I want to go. I'm like going do you date? She admonishes me in a friendly manner about how I'm being too forward, but she doesn't dismiss the idea. I'm trying to pay \$2.50 for the sobe. There's money on the bar. Her tips. I plan on tipping her \$2.50. looking for a \$5 bill. She has a pitcher of drinks like shooters or something.

January 24th, 2015. At a house in the country. Like on a farmer ranch. Maybe even in the mountains. Woman brings me a rain poncho, and the black plastic bag to wear, in hopes I'll get up and go help with some wood cutting. I got in my boots. I go through the multiple pairs, one by one, settling on a sturdy set of work boots. Adventure outside. There's a huge tree falling next to the house. I'm informed it's an apple. One of the guys who's going to work on it is like: we can lay it down and cut it right here. I'm just happy to help. Other thoughts about how I'll be dropped off at a park to take a walk.

January 27th, 2015.

1.

Driving into a neighborhood. See a place to eat. See a big building with a glass shop/head shop type business in it. Thinking how it would be a good neighborhood to live in. Even see a real estate place to look into.

2.

Go look at four new apartments built by guys out of state. Look at one. Size up the neighbors. The realtor pulled a little mat and blanket out onto the porch to show how one could sleep outside. It's a nice, I'll be it small, apartment. I'm with mom. Kind of a real setting.

January 29th, 2015. Beach scene with waves.

January 30th, 2015.

1.

Tony Romo and other Dallas cowboys come and visit. I'm trying to find my remote jersey in the closet. I find it, but they're out the door before I can show it. Awww.

2.

Going over potential work with billy. I really want to work and I'm a bit bummed when I wake and realize that I'm in jail. Went over the "gran" project. Talked about contacting old customers.

3.

Big house with an amphitheater and Mom cooking prime rib. I'm trying to set up a television to play music. Easy listening, that I think will annoy everybody. Jokingly. Courts are coming out of a control panel on the front. It's a huge theater.

January 31st, 2015.

1.

Return to farm. A familiar setting. The place where I previously started a garden. I go outside after putting on shoes and socks to discover it's snowing, get sunny. I walk towards the back of the house and pass exterior patios and small garden spaces. I'm heading out to the far reaches of the property. It's the end of the day, dusk. Very beautiful scenery. The snow and sun visual.

2.

Going to a show. In a big green van. We're looking for tickets before I goâ€¦ but can't find the tix. Figure I'll have to score at the show. There's four or five of us going. We go, part wayâ€¦ come back. Then go again. There's concern about getting there in time.

3.

Large parking lot of a fair scene. One scene has something to do with the kid. There's people gathered, there's concerned that the kid has been abandoned. An inflatable teepee is erected to keep the kid out of the sun. I

chat with people. Have a bag of stuff. There was more to the scene, but then I go walking. Presumably back to the car just stash stuff. I exit through a building. People in the building show me a back way out. I then cut through a small side yard. There's a small waist high chain link fence. I go out into the parking lots. I'm still quite a ways from my vehicle. By the time I get to the parking lot, I've got only a few things with me. Not the backpack I started out with.

February 1st, 2015.

1. Going on a river adventure with rad. Process of renting gear to wait in rapids. Like you rent the boots, etcâ€¦we have to buy socks, warm wool ones. Vivid River scenes.

February 2nd, 2015.

1. I see Jeff purcell. Go about exchanging phone numbers. Telling him I need some friends.
2. Something with a girlfriend. She's riding home on a bicycle. I'm stopping by the store first for lunch. I see deli meats, but didn't have my wallet.
3. Scene with dad. Talking about getting something for Graham. He's parking at a lot a ways away from where we're staying. I took about maybe getting a caddy for Grand to ride around in it's all he hasn't parked closer.

February 3rd, 2015.

1. Swimming in a pool. They were ramps that criss-crossed it.
2. Two different ones. Dreams that is. Gardens. Did a guy do some kind of check on his gardens at home? Overgrown with weeds.
3. I'm heading back to my hotel room, or apartment. It's like at a train station with multiple ramps. Walkways, stairs. Like at a Bart maybe.
4. Cooking breakfast sausage. I'm using an assortment of pans, griddles, maybe a toaster oven. I'm working with two different packages of sausage. Some with onions and peppers. I get the sense that I'm at a house in another country. Or back east, or up north. There's an old stove I consider using, but it's way high up and has stuff on it. It's a mess for sure. But in making headway.

February 4th, 2015.

1. Going out on the town. The plan is to go to a show at a club later. But first, I'm partying a bit and then going to a cafe of sorts. On the way, I stop at some sort of studio. Like modern art or something. I get "heavy legs", leaving and can't walk in the parking lot.
2. I'm at a seaside cafe. The water splashes up. Increasing high tides. We go inside from the patio and I eat a little. Some heavy crusts of bread. I go to move and spin and fall down. Like I'm drunk. Have trouble getting my balance and getting up.

February 7th, 2015.

1. Garage and front drive. Doing chores. I open the garage door and I have to plant a large shrub or tree. I get gloves, shovel and am ready to work!
2. Crowd scene. Like at a concert. Music plays. Part of scarlet begonias. It's like I'm playing it from memory. The crowd is letting out and we get all turned around like we're going in a circle. Image of lids to go mugs. I'm picking out the best two lids. We make it out of the amphitheater and there's tennis courts. There's multiple courts in play. Like a tournament, and we want to get around the courts. To do so, we cut through empty side quartz. We say we're ball boys. No One believes us. But we make it. The next building is a cafeteria or dining room. Like one might find on a college campus. Inside, we stop and eat cheese toast.

February 8th, 2015.

1. A c-clipse scene with us remembering how the ocean used to blow water up through holes in the ground.
2. Refrigerator / freezer. Looking for something to drink. Sodas, mixes for drinks. Coconut pineapple juice or Pina colada mix in bottles. Iced tea.

February 9th, 2015.

1. Taking a walk, it's a mountain town setting. I've got my eyes set on some distant mountains. There's a lake in between where I'm at and the peaks. I'm walking on a trail. It leads to an old drive in movie theater. Seems like a dead end. There's a chain link fence blocking my way. But there's a gate that's open. Leads to a storage complex. Another gate leads me out. Come down to a road where a guy is working construction and I inquire about work in the area. It's my aim to move there. He tells me wages are good. \$25 an hour.
2. I wish some people. Same mountain setting. A guy and I go to get bourbon. We stop at an old McDonald's. I want fries. It's more like a dairy queen. It's weird inside. I think the guy I'm with this drunk.

February 10th, 2015. Going on River adventure?

February 11th, 2015.

1. Landscape job, possibly at a large house.
2. I'm in a large supermarket. We're in the checkout lane. Because of some mistake, we're given 152 of dinner credit. We're waiting around. I decide to eat out of a round container of ice cream. Dryers. I'm eating while waiting to go. As I finish three quarters of the half gallon, the ice cream is starting to melt. There's a large square freezer unit, that sits on the floor not upright with doors. I placed the ice cream in it to keep it cold while I wait. Wait for

what I don't know, I guess for the dinner voucher. Suddenly the freezer cases are moved as if being rotated out or something. I want my ice cream back. But it's gone. I'm confused as to where I put it. It seemingly out of reach etc.

3. Dream fragment: someone moves in the vacant bunk and promptly craps his pants.

February 12th, 2015.

I'm walking through a school, intermediate or high school. I'm trying to get back out, but can't find the right set of doors to exit. It's crowded in the hallways, like between classes. I passed by a rack of letterman jackets made of the school's colors red and blue. I finally take a door into what looks like a multi-purpose room or shop with a roll-up garage door to the outside. A teacher lets me out through the door. Outside there's a crowd scene. Students are gathered to protest some meeting going on in the adjacent office complex. This is when I see fifi. A small grave fluff of a dog, that I can barely make out running through the crowd. It's a small, very small fluffy Gray dog. I walked toward the office complex, around the buildings, and check them out to see where the meeting is taking place. Around this side are various limos and Town cars for those taking part in the meetings.

February 13th, 2015. Roommate house. It begins with me sitting on a balcony of swords or the roof of the first floor of the house. I live on the second floor. It says if I crawled out a window and I'm sitting in a lawn chair overlooking the backyard. Roommates of mine are below. I accidentally knock some sand from the roof on to them. They already don't like me that much. The neighbors, however, I get along with. The next scene is with them chatting amicably. The following scene is inside the house I live in. I'm sitting on a couch next to some shelves with the large assortment of each, Knick knacks, figurines etc. They're the property of one of my roommates. Using my hand I move them some so they're out of place. I'm admonished: he won't like it, if it's all messed up.

February 14th, 2015.

1. Familiar country house. Mom and mumsy. Ambulance call.
2. Familiar country house. I work there. Live there. I'm buying a flat of pairs for \$5. I forgot the pairs and I'm thinking about going to get them.
3. A using dream.
4. I'm driving out of Fresno on a rural road. It's passing through the outskirts of town and I see some ponds with lilies floating. They're spread across the top and cover the surface of the pond. A little further out, I see what I presume to be huge sugar beets. They look like Giant radishes, but not so shiny and red. It's now a gravel road. I have buddy. I turn around. Think about getting a beat as a novelty. They look like giant beets, really. The size of a basketball. On the way back into town, I see an old building. Quite dilapidated. There's some steel framed trellis and other items in the back on what looks like a patio. I see the place as a potential fiction wrapper, but in reality it's really quite far gone.

February 15th, 2015. Deli meat at a festival. Mark's on Lake, guy distracted by people bought ham or salami. All I remember is the hand being sliced. And elaine, Julia louis-dreyfus, and Jason Alexander were there. It was some sort of theater.

February 17th, 2015. I'm getting ready to go to a concert. Picking out cds. Problem is the truck doesn't have a CD player. Aren't sure if we can hook it up in time and not be late. Decide to go without.

February 18th, 2015. I actually see my garden plot ready for harvest. Except for the romaine, everything looks good. It looks cut back.

February 19th, 2015.

1. Chilling with lazy drunks. The kind that sit outside in lawn chairs all day. I'm talking with a guy and joke about going to Big lots and getting a change lounge.

2. The job.

I'm in a large building under construction. Watching, tagging along with a guy working. He shows me how various parts of the room she's working on get finished off. Talks of me working there. It felt good to be so close to being hired.

February 21st, 2015. At a restaurant/bar doing shots and beers. Later at a beach at high tide. A wave gets a pack of cigarettes I have almighty. Pull out a dry cigarette and smoke it. Lighting it with a lighter.

February 22nd, 2015. Playing with Buddy. Have some sort of dog toy made from foam and duct tape. At a house I want to say is Matt's parents.

February 23rd, 2015.

1. With a friend in the city. He has the weirdest office / apartment. It's way up in the air a top another building. It's quite a scary precipice.
2. Something all dungeons & dragons like. Outdoorsy. I wish I could remember more. I went into a real lucid State this morning several times. Dreaming while half awake. It was real enjoyable. Reminded me of old times.

